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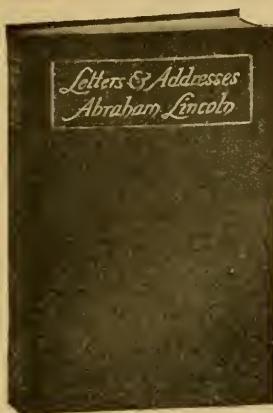
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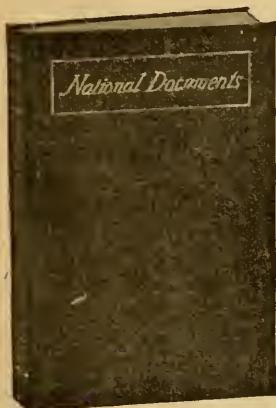
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Nearly 103 years ago Thomas Jefferson, while “overwhelmed with other business,” cut such passages from the Evangelists as he believed would best present the ethical teachings of Jesus, and “arranged them on the pages of a blank book in a certain order of time or subject.” This book he called “The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth.” Before the original was turned over to the State Department, an accurate copy of the English text was made while in the possession of Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Mr. Jefferson’s oldest grandson. From this copy was printed the edition now offered to our subscribers. Bound in green cloth, stamped in gold; 168 pages and frontispiece. Regular price, \$1.00. Book sent postpaid to subscribers and news-stand buyers for 35 cents; with the magazine 1 year, \$1.35.

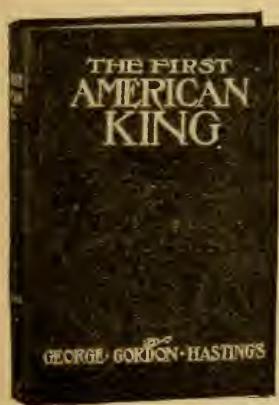
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INCREASE IN PRICE

FOR eight months TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE has deferred doing what, after three numbers had been issued, seemed imperative; that is, to raise the price to 15 cents per copy at book stores and news-stands, and the subscription price to \$1.50 per year. The time has arrived when what *seemed* necessary to insure the highest success is found to be necessary.

In the third issue it was pointed out that no fair-minded man, no believer in "equal rights to all," could expect to secure a magazine like this for less than cost. It was then announced that we would raise the price to 15 cents in July; but upon later consideration we decided to postpone the change.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." "A square deal" must be accorded to all.

The newsdealer, sometimes a man in straitened circumstances or a widow supporting herself and family, is entitled to fair pay. This we are unable to give under the 10-cent rate.

The publisher is entitled to cost of production and a fair return on his capital invested. This he cannot have at the 10-cent rate.

The editor did not enter the magazine field to make money. He is not a wealthy man as the world now goes, but is free from the fear of want. His ambition is to bring about needed reforms which will relieve millions of others from that fear. The realization of this would mean more to him than all Rockefeller's millions.

The patron of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is always a man willing to pay a fair price for what he wants. He is not looking for "something for nothing." Hence, the raise in price will not drive him away. He will pay his 15 cents or \$1.50 a year without grumbling, feeling that he is receiving full value for his money, and that more nearly exact justice is being done to all concerned.

* * * * *

Beginning with the next number (February, 1906), the name will be shortened to WATSON'S MAGAZINE and a new and handsomer cover given. Several new features will be added. The price at bookstores and news-stands will be raised to 15 cents per copy.

A large proportion of our subscriptions expire with the February or March number. We have, therefore, decided to accept subscriptions at the **dollar** rate—both *renewals* and *new* ones—up to and including **March 31, 1906**, after which date the subscription price will be \$1.50 per year.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

January, 1906

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W. Gordon Nye

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THE LONG CLIMB OF THE CENTURIES.

Drawn by W. Gordon Nye

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1906

No. 3

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

The Widow and the Trust

WHAT story is this which escaped the eyes of the censors of the plutocratic press, and found its way into a few newspapers?

The city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is the home of the Steel Trust—the overcapitalized concern which enabled J. P. Morgan and associates to swindle the small investors out of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Pittsburg is one of those Tariff-made Conservatories where the laborer gets the Protection and the Capitalist gets the money.

In Pittsburg there lived (November, 1905) a widow by the name of Lot, and she owned one small bit of land therein; and upon this parcel of God's earth stood her modest cottage—the cottage to which her husband had led her as a bride, when *she* was young and pretty and *he* was young and strong.

Here they had lived and worked. Messengers from the unseen world had brought children to them; and the man and the wife had bent over the cradle with the same thoughts, the same hopes and fears that have made the hearts of fathers and mothers thrill or ache since Eve suckled Cain and Abel.

In that dim shanty in Pittsburg, Christmas Eve had come with its equal tread, as it had come to the lordliest palace in the land; and as mother and father crept over the floor to fill the little stocking which hung

upon the hearth, the angels of our better nature softened their souls with tender suggestions, even as they melted yours and mine in those years which cannot return.

Sickness and sorrow, health and joy, toil and success, labor and failure, good temper and bad, bright days and dark, loyal friends and time-servers, all the endless variety of feeling and experience which Life allots to us all, this couple felt and knew in the humble home whereof I speak.

The husband died: the children grew up and passed out into the world: the Widow was left alone; and the afternoon of life was drawing toward the night-time in the home which had so long been hers.

* * * * *

This is a land of schools and churches—a land of law and order. This is a land of Christians—followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, disciples of the Galilean Wanderer who had neither silver nor gold in His purse, who had not where to lay His head, who scourged the rich with the hottest words of His wrath, who blessed the widow's mite with words of eternal praise.

In our organic law we treat all men as equals; we pledge our national faith to the proposition that life, liberty and property shall be secure. Without due process of law, no citizen shall be deprived of anything which is his. With the same security that

Gould and Vanderbilt hold their palaces, Smith and Jones hold their huts.

Thus the law is written. We call it the *Constitution* and nestle under its cover as our protecting fortress.

* * * * *

If there ever was a case which we would have thought an ideal one to draw forth the sympathy and protection of the law and of the community in which she lived, it was that of the Widow Lot.

She was old, she was poor, she was alone.

Crooning over the dying embers on the hearth, she saw the shadows of the past troop by, and she lived, doubtless, more with the bygone years than with the busy scenes of every day. *Poor old woman!*

What brute could have the heart to hurt her with a harsh look or word? What ruffian would fail to respect those gray hairs? The midnight prowler might break into her house with intent to steal, but he would be a lost soul, indeed, if he could rob a feeble creature like that. No highwayman that ever beset the road, no pirate that ever roamed the seas would have refted her of her property, a poor old widow like her.

* * * * *

One of the big companies composing the Steel Trust found itself in need of more ground, to build on; and this additional ground which it covetted was the home of the Widow Lot.

Would she sell?

No. She would not sell. Would she accept \$10,000 for her little bit of land and her little bit of house?

No. The land was consecrated soil to her; the house was her home; her life had been spent there; she loved it; there was something in it which money could not buy; she had not much longer to live; she would stay there till the Master called; no other place on earth could compensate her for the loss of this; she was too old to be transplanted; she must keep her home.

* * * * *

This was very provoking to the Steel Trust. Should this obstinate old fool be allowed to block its plans?

Should one pig-headed hag be suffered to give a check to the mighty men of the Steel Trust?

Boiling with wrath the Steel Trust went to law. They sought to have the Courts compel the Widow Lot to sell. But the Courts have not yet reached the point where they countenance bare-faced robbery. The Steel Trust is not a Railroad and therefore could not, under forms of law, take another's property for its own use. Baffled, but still determined to have the land, what did the Steel Trust do?

It served notice on the Widow Lot that at a certain hour of the day *it would send men to tear her house down!*

* * * * *

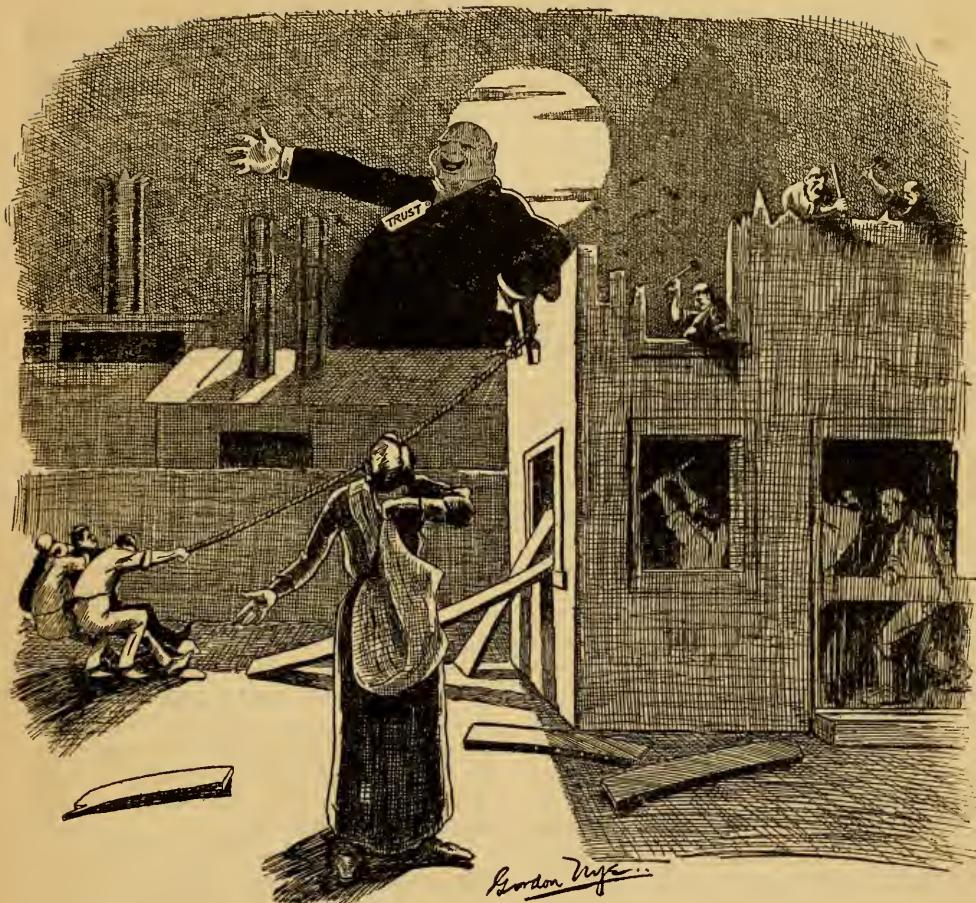
Distracted by this new form of attack, the wretched widow hastened to the office of a lawyer to find out what to do.

While she was gone the Steel Trust sent one thousand men to her place; and these men not only pulled down the house, but covered the ground with the steel beams, girders, etc., of the new plant which the Steel Trust meant to build.

When the Widow Lot got back from the lawyer's office *her house was gone*, her land was in the grip of the Steel Trust, *she was not allowed to put her foot upon her own ground*, she was a homeless waif in the world—in the American world of law and order, of churches and schools, of Christianity and Equal Rights, of ROOSEVELT AND THE SQUARE DEAL.

* * * * *

With an insolence born of the knowledge of the power of money, with a contempt for the weak and the poor which the rich and the strong make more manifest in this country every year, the Steel Trust outraged this old woman, pulling down her house, seizing upon her little home, doing it in broad daylight, doing it deliberately *after putting her on notice that they were going to do it*—so sure were the mighty men of the Steel Trust that her shrill



"The widow and the trust."

cries for help would find no echo and no response.

They robbed her publicly, violently, pitilessly, with never a fear of God or man to deter them!

* * * * *

The men of the Steel Trust needed the land and took it. They were willing to pay for it; they will pay for it even now; but they deny to the Widow Lot the right to keep for herself that which is hers, and which she has the legal right to keep. They want it for themselves, and in spite of the fact that there was no legal way for them to get it, *they have got it*. Now, let the Widow Lot go to law. She will get pay for the land, *but she will never get back her HOME*.

The brute who violates an unwilling woman and is lynched for it, commits, in morals, precisely the same kind of wrong upon the victim which these mighty men of the Steel Trust committed upon the Widow Lot.

* * * * *

What schoolboy does not recall the thrilling burst of eloquence in which William Pitt, the elder, alluded to the Englishman's home as his castle?

No matter how humble that home—the King of England himself dare not cross its threshold without due warrant of law.

Come back to us, Orator of the olden time! and speak again those soul-stirring words which rang through

Parliament like the very war-trump of Democracy!

"The poorest man in his cottage may bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter!—all his force dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

* * * * *

What reader of Napoleonic literature does not remember how the great Emperor was balked in his plans for a magnificent bridge across the Seine by an obstinate and grasping cooper who owned a bit of ground necessary to the bridge site? Time and again Napoleon met the increasing price which the cooper put upon his land; and as often as Napoleon did so the cooper leaped to a higher figure.

At length, the sum demanded became so exorbitant that Napoleon lost patience.

Did the great Emperor seize the poor man's land and leave it to the courts to say what it was really worth? No. At that time, Napoleon gave laws to 80,000,000 people; his armies were invincible; he was the terror of Kings; he had crowns and sceptres to give away; if any man ever had cause to be drunk with success and power it was he; *but he wouldn't rob the poor man of his land.*

"Change the plans!" cried Napoleon; "let the cooper keep his land. *It shall be a monument to my RESPECT FOR THE LAW!"*

* * * * *

What William Pitt, Lord Chatham, said the King of England dare not do, the Steel Trust did.

What Napoleon, the Emperor, would not venture to do, the Steel Trust did.

And the most frightful thing about it is that not a hand was lifted to stop the outrage, NOR TO AVENGE THE WRONG.

* * * * *

Who actually pulled down the house of the Widow Lot? The Steel Trust ordered it done, but the thousand men who dismantled that little home and left the gray-haired widow without

shelter from the storm were *not* Steel Trust magnates. They were men of the laboring class—they who tore down the house.

Were they UNION MEN, or were they scabs?

It is a question to be answered.

When a thousand laboring men, obeying the order of the Steel Trust, pull down the house of a woman of the laboring class, we instinctively recall the stern, cynical, perhaps truthful, remark alleged to have been made by the late Jay Gould:

"Talk about the people rising in revolt! Why, I can hire half the people to shoot down the other half."

* * * * *

The Steel Trust is worth more than a billion of dollars. It has property in many different states. It owns land by the thousands of acres. It owns houses and lots by the hundred. It was able to have bought what it wanted, from those who were willing to sell, but it chose to give loose rein to the lust of power and to take from the Widow Lot her bit of land—her all!—rather than be content with what it already had, or to go elsewhere and buy what it needed.

So the Trust took it—took it by force of arms, took it in contempt of Law, took it in defiance of Right, took it with insolent disregard of Public Opinion, took it as the lion takes his prey, took it as Tammany Hall took New York, took it as the ravisher takes the helpless victim of his lust.

* * * * *

Woe unto the weak, in this land of law and order, of churches and schools, of Democracy which prostitutes itself in the service of the rich and the brutally strong!

The poor have no rights which the corporate millionaires are bound to respect.

* * * * *

"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David—and he came unto him and said unto him:

"There were *two* men in *one* city—the *one* RICH—and the *other* POOR.

"The rich man had EXCEEDING MANY

flocks and herds—but the poor man had NOTHING—save one little ewe lamb—which he had bought and nourished up—and it grew up together with him and with HIS CHILDREN. It did eat of his own meat, and drank of HIS OWN CUP, and lay in his BOSOM, and was unto him as a DAUGHTER.

“And there came a traveler unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him—but took the POOR MAN’S LAMB, and dressed IT for the man that was come to him.

“And David’s anger was GREATLY kindled against the MAN—and he said to Nathan,

“As THE LORD liveth, the man that hath done THIS thing shall surely DIE—and he shall restore the lamb FOURFOLD, because he did this thing, and BECAUSE HE HAD NO PITY.””

* * * * *

The despatch which went over the wires, November 20, 1905, gave all the details of the crime upon which I have commented, and concluded with these words:

The widow, sobbing piteously, remained about the ruins of her home all the afternoon and late in the night.

NOTE.—Certain organs of plutocracy, notably *Public Opinion* (New York City), defend the action of the Corporation in destroying the house of the Widow Lot. *Public Opinion* states that she “only had a Dower Right.”

Only a Dower Right!

What is a Dower Right, my son?

It is an *estate for life*, and one of the most sacred known to law. *Marriage, seizin, death, DOWER*—is the chain of title, strong as life, holy as the marriage tie, sanctified by the final touch of the hand of Death.

That house, that land belonged to the Widow Lot *during her life*, and there was no legal method known to the law by which she could have been deprived of it *without her consent*.

The Trust robbed her of it because it was strong and she was weak. And the plutocratic press says it was no wrong—she had only a *Dower Right*!

Well, put it on that ground, then.

She *did* have a Dower Right—you say. What went with it? Where is that Dower Right now? What respect did the Corporation pay to the Dower Right?

The Widow Lot was in possession under her Dower Right, the Corporation offered her \$10,000 to get out, she refused to sell, and they tore her house down.

What was it that the Corporation wanted to get for its \$10,000?

Whatever that was, the Corporation took by force, paying nothing, and seizing it while the old woman was absent.

The point I make is this: The Widow Lot had an admitted interest in the property, and when she refused to sell she was robbed.

All the plutocratic press-hirelings on earth cannot get away from that fact.

AND IT IS A DAMNING FACT.

Temperate Comment Upon a Peculiar Situation

It would be impossible for outsiders to understand the campaign now raging in the State of Georgia if they were not put in possession of certain facts which are not generally understood.

The issues at stake are so great, the results of the combat between Hoke Smith and Clark Howell so certain to be felt in national politics for the next generation, that I consider it a benefit

to our readers to explain the situation which confronts us in Georgia.

The State is absolutely ruled by a corporation Ring which violates the Constitution, defies the Railroad Commission, ignores the decision of the Supreme Court, robs the people in freight rates, selects our Governor, dominates the legislature, and subsidizes the press.

The Railroads concerned are the Southern, the Louisville & Nashville and the Seaboard Air Line. These corporations are allies in interest and in action; they are owned by the Wall Street millionaires, August Belmont, J. P. Morgan and Thomas F. Ryan. The Morgan crowd are Republicans and Democrats. The Belmont-Ryan crowd are Democrats and Republicans.

To specify:

(1) They violate our Constitution by a joint ownership of competing lines, thus establishing the monopoly which the Constitution forbids.

(2) They defy the Railroad Commission by refusing to obey its rules, its decisions, its orders.

For instance, the corporations were ordered more than two years ago to provide accommodations at Flovilla for the thousands of summer visitors to the Indian Spring, and this order was treated with contempt, as I was informed by Hon. Pope Brown, President of the Railway Commission. This is but one instance of the many which could be cited.

(3) The Supreme Court decision in the "Social Circle case" has been ignored, and the Railroads continue to violate the rule as to the long and short haul. For instance, the merchants of the town in which I live have to pay western freights to Augusta, Georgia, which is thirty-seven miles beyond Thomson, to the East, and then pay *from Augusta back to Thomson*.

This robbery goes on all the time, in the teeth of the decision of the courts.

(4) They rob the people in freight rates by compelling them to pay dividends upon millions of dollars of fictitious value—watered stock—whereas, if reasonable dividends were required on *real values*, alone, freight and passenger rates could be cut in half, roadbed and equipment improved, better wages paid, shorter hours granted, life and limb saved from "accidents," and decent accommodations provided at the station for people who come to take the cars.

The manner in which the people of Georgia are now treated at most of the

stations outside the big cities is a shame and a disgrace to the present management of the roads. If our Grand Juries had half the spunk they ought to have they would long since have compelled the railroads to treat our wives and daughters as if they were something better than cattle.

On a few of the lines, mainly in South Georgia, decent and comfortable accommodations are provided at the stations; but on the Central Railroad and the Georgia Railroad there has been no material improvement in this respect for thirty years. Ladies and children have no privacy—nor do the men, for that matter. Coming to the station to take a night train, the passenger stands out in the weather—enduring wind, rain, sleet or snow as best he or she may.

Between Atlanta and Augusta there are more than twenty passenger stations and no private room for either men or women, no matter how great the necessity may be. The same thing is true of the line from Macon to Augusta, from Augusta to Savannah, from Macon to Savannah—in fact, on almost every line.

Why cannot J. P. Morgan spend money on the Central and provide decent accommodations?

Because he poured forty and odd millions of water into the stock of that road and by the time the public is squeezed to pay dividends on this fictitious value, nothing is left for the improvement of the service. Let the men, women and children build a fire by the track and stand in the cold night till the whistle blows; if money were wasted building fires in waiting-rooms for passengers Wall Street rascals would not get dividends on forty millions of fictitious value.

(5) They select the Governor. Yes, they put up \$10,000 to elect Terrell, and they elected him.

(6) They dominate Legislatures. Yes, their lobbyists, led on by the notorious Hamp McWhorter, come to the Capitol as the Members of the Legislature come, stay while they stay, go when they go—and the manner

in which free passes fly and other temptations fly, are too familiar to need mention.

(7) They subsidize the press.

Yes, directly or indirectly they own and control the leading daily papers of the state. You can't hit our Wall Street masters without making our Georgia editors howl.

In fact, they seem to be paid to howl every time our Wall Street bosses get hit.

* * * * *

Thus the New York millionaires have fettered us, hand and foot. They control the political party which rules the state, and the Democratic machinery works as smoothly for Morgan, the Republican, as it does for Belmont and Ryan, the Democrats.

* * * * *

Is it any wonder that the common people of Georgia should revolt against this state of things? Can outsiders fail to sympathize with the victims of this monstrous outrage? Can Democrats who are honest, and Republicans who believe in the square deal, marvel that we are doing everything in our power to smash the Ring of Corrupt politicians and editors who hold Georgia down while Wall Street robs her?

* * * * *

The clutch of the Corporations is on the Democratic machinery, and the people have been submissive to the Democratic machine for one reason only.

The fear of the Negro has hypnotized the Democratic voter into abject submission to Hamp McWhorter and the Corporation Ring.

"The Whites cannot afford to divide; if they do the Negro will become the balance of power and the master of the situation."

This never-failing formula has thus far kept the Wall Street representatives in power.

* * * * *

What do these corrupt politicians chiefly fear?

The Independent voter.

Above all things they dread the citizen who reads and thinks and acts for himself. What they love above all things is the blind, servile party hack who will be driven anywhere, at any time, by any driver "*for the sake of the party*," which means, of course, for the sake of the "men who control."

* * * * *

The Ring politicians are more subtle than serpents and they know what it is that will *always* lay the Independent flat on his back.

It is the fear of the Negro.

They know what it is that will *always* drive the Whites into the Democratic harness.

It is the fear of the Negro.

Therefore, the Ring Rulers who help Wall Street Corporations plunder our people are opposed to the disfranchisement of the Negro.

That bugaboo—Negro Domination—is their mainstay, their chief asset, their pet mascot, their never-failing means of striking terror into the souls of the Whites and of compelling them to swallow the Ring pill no matter how nasty.

To put the Negro out of politics would send the Ring Rulers into bankruptcy by depriving them of their most valuable asset.

Hence, their fierce, unscrupulous fight to keep for the Negro, *nominally*, what the detested Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments gave him.

* * * * *

I use the word "*nominally*" because the Ring Rulers have already disfranchised the negro, *in effect*, by the practice of the nominating primary, called the White Primary. In this nominating primary no negro is allowed to vote; and whoever gets the nomination in the White Primary gets what is equivalent to an election, for the reason that the negroes are in a minority in the state and could not elect a ticket if they tried.

The negro is not allowed to help nominate. He can cast his ballot in the general election and *ratify the action* of the White Primary, if he likes. Or he can cast a ballot of *vain protest*.

Neither his vote of ratification, nor of protest, amounts to a row of pins.

Everything has been already decided in the White Primary, and the vote of the negro is reduced to waste paper.

Is that plain?

* * * * *

At the present time the qualified negro voters of Georgia have a legal right which is of no value to them. They have a franchise, but nowhere to put it. They have a theoretical right to swim, but are practically denied access to the water. Burning with the thirst of Tantalus, the water surrounds them, but mocks them—for they cannot drink.

The White Primary completely deprives the negro of his opportunity to make use of his vote.

* * * * *

Therefore, the proposition to amend our Constitution so as to disfranchise him, does not injure the negro. It leaves him no worse than it finds him. It takes away nothing which he actually enjoys. The amendment to the Constitution would merely incorporate the principle of the White Primary into organic law.

* * * * *

But you ask:

If the amendment will do no more than the White Primary, why the amendment?

There's the crux of the whole matter. The White Primary is unknown to the law, is a party device, is temporary in its nature, depends upon a majority vote in the Democratic Executive Committee every two years, may be put aside at any time, settles nothing permanently, and leaves the negro where HE MIGHT BE called in to ACT AS UMPIRE in a dispute between the whites. In such a case the bugaboo of NEGRO DOMINATION would materialize, at once, into a grisly, revolutionary, chaos-making fact.

As an original proposition, the white Populists of Georgia did not favor the disfranchisement of the negro. We contended that, inasmuch as the black was clothed by law with the right to vote, he should be given a free ballot

and a fair count. We believed that, with the frank and full concession of this exercise of his legal rights, would disappear the friction between the two races, and that on economic questions, vitally concerning his welfare as a laborer and a citizen, the negro race would divide just as the whites divide. Whether we were right or wrong in this, God alone knows; but we thought we were right, and we stood manfully for that doctrine.

But we went down in defeat. Our position on the negro question had much to do with that defeat. After we were routed, the Democrats adopted the White Primary, and have been using it many years. Therefore we have to deal with the situation as we find it. We did not make it; we cannot unmake it; we have only the option of saying what we will do as between two, and only two possible policies:

(1) Shall we go with those who stand pat on the White Primary, which deprives the negro of his effective ballot so long as the faction in power wants him deprived, and thus insure the rule of the Corporations; or (2) shall we do by law what the White Primary does by factional vote and, having got rid of the fear of the Negro, rise in our might and smash the Corporation Ring?

The white Populists of Georgia could not get rid of the White Primary, if they wished to do so; therefore, they could not restore to the negro his effective ballot if they tried; but, in helping to settle the negro question by compelling the Ring Rulers to make the principle of their White Primary a law that all must obey, we do not make the condition of the negro any worse than it is now, and we make the position of the whites infinitely better, because infinitely more independent.

* * * * *

To free the State from this eternal peril, Hoke Smith says: "Enact the principle of the White Primary into organic law, so that white people may escape the haunting fear of Negro Domination. Liberate the whites, so

that they may act independently of the Ring Rulers, if they want to. Free the whites so that they may rise in revolt against the Wall Street corporations, without fear that a division among the whites may result in Negro Domination."

And what do the Ring Rulers reply to this?

"No. We will not disfranchise the blacks. *We may need them.* With the White Primary, we keep them out as long as we want them out. As long as we want them to stay out, they'll stay out. But whenever we are driven to that, *as a last resort, we will drop the White Primary*, declare for a general election, pay up the negro's back taxes, register him as a voter, *and use him as a prop to our power.* If we allow the negro to be disfranchised, he can never be used by either faction of the whites, the fear of Negro Domination will pass away, the crack of the party lash will lose its terror, *the white majority will*

rule the State, and we will fall, as Lucifer fell, never to rise again."

* * * * *

That is a true summing up of the situation in Georgia. *An unscrupulous minority controls a machine which controls the State in the name of Democracy*, and robs the people for the benefit of Wall Street. The fear of Negro Domination keeps that minority in power, because the whites *do not dare divide.*

The anti-corporation whites, led by Hoke Smith, want to remove the fear of Negro Domination, so that the whites will no longer be afraid to divide. *If the Negro is disfranchised, a white majority will rule the State.* THIS IS EVIDENT, IS IT NOT? And the Clark Howell Wall Streeters have determined that *rather than allow a majority of the whites to rule the State, they will bar out the white Populists from the White Primary and call in the negro, as a voter, if they cannot perpetuate their rule in any other way.*

How the Rascals Play the Game

DID you ever hear of Mister Morgan, John Pierpont Morgan? He is the Wall Street banker, you know. He not only owns a big bank in New York, but likewise a big bank in London. He owns magnificent town houses and country seats both in Europe and America. His son recently went to Russia to see about lending a portion of the \$300,000,000 which the Czar wants to borrow.

The Morgan syndicate arrived on the ground too late to get more than \$20,000,000 of the loan. The firm will take a mortgage on the Russian Empire to secure the repayment of the \$20,000,000. The papers will be called bonds, but in effect they will be the strongest sort of mortgage on the Russian Empire.

I shouldn't wonder if you could find in the vaults of the Morgan banking syndicate a mortgage on every nation of Europe. You would be almost certain to find a mortgage on Turkey, Greece and Egypt.

You would also find a mortgage on the United States of America.

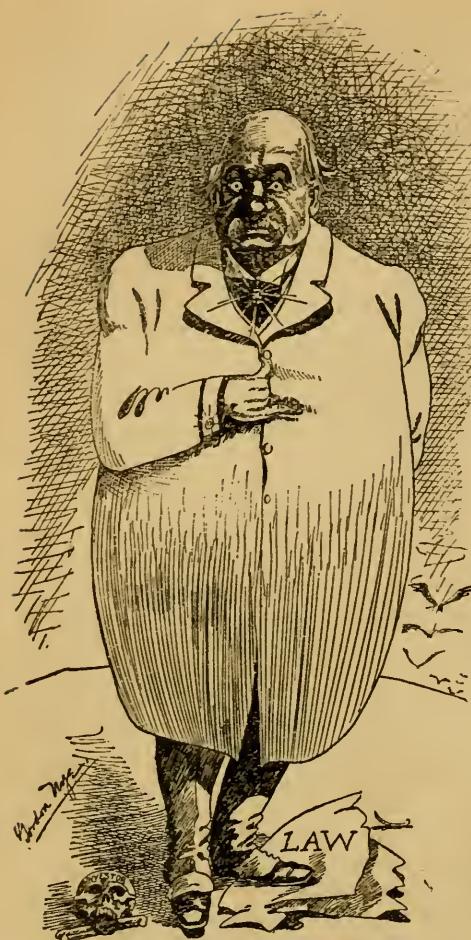
How did Mister Morgan get this mortgage on his native land?

The facts are these:

Morgan, Mister Morgan, as our Federal Supreme Court deferentially calls him, is a Republican in his politics, and he was one of the mighty men who brought about the election of Benjamin Harrison to the Presidency.

Having helped Harrison to the Presidency, Mr. Morgan naturally thought that Harrison should help the Morgan syndicate in the carrying out of certain plans which it had made. In short, Mister Morgan wanted bonds. He and August Belmont and the Rothschilds were determined to have another issue of bonds.

They called the Secretary of the Treasury, Charles Foster, over to New York, wined him, dined him, showed him glittering visions, perhaps, and converted him to the necessity of an immediate issue of bonds.



"Did you ever hear of Mr. Morgan?"

There had been no war; there was no danger of war; there wasn't a cloud upon the horizon. Profound peace prevailed; what reason, then, was there for an issue of bonds?

The President could see none. Harrison was not the biggest man who was ever sent to the White House, but he was honest, stubborn and independent.

When he found out what Foster was about to do, he put his foot down hard, and forbade the issue of the bonds. *Foster had gone so far as to prepare the plates on which the bonds were to be printed.*

Balked in their efforts to control

Harrison, what did the bond-seekers do?

They knifed Harrison in the next campaign, threw the victory to Grover Cleveland, and got the bonds.

From the very plates which Foster had prepared and which a Republican President would not allow to be used, were printed those bonds which Cleveland sold to Morgan, Belmont and Rothschild at a midnight conference at the White House. *Mister Morgan, the Republican, got bonds from a Democratic President, and got them for less than the niggers of Jamaica were getting for theirs.* When Rothschild of Paris died, recently, he was found to have been in possession of \$40,000,000 of those bonds.

Altogether, this episode constitutes the darkest and most infamous sell-out of the people that our financial history can show.

How was the game worked?

Mister Morgan the Republican, and August Belmont the Democrat, made themselves partners, elected a willing Democrat instead of an unwilling Republican, and thus steered to success their robbery of the people.

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The manner in which the Morgan-Belmont-Rothschild combination punished Harrison for his disobedience sunk its lesson deep in the hearts of the Republican politicians, and the next President whom they cashed to the White House was warranted by Mark Hanna to be "safe and sound—one that any lady could drive."

Personally, McKinley was an amiable man, but a more pliant tool of plutocracy never lived than the bankrupt who was selected by Mark Hanna to win back the confidence and the support of the money-kings of Wall Street.

Republicans of Wall Street had helped to elect Cleveland when Harrison refused to be their tool.

And Democrats of Wall Street helped to elect the Republican President who succeeded Cleveland. John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, one of the most

powerful Democrats in the North, stated under oath that he helped McKinley with money both times. Fifty thousand dollars at a clip was his contribution to the campaign funds of the Republican Party.

And to get the money he stole it from the trust funds committed to his keeping.

* * * * *

That's the way the game is played.

Money buys the Presidency for the candidate who will do the bidding of Money.

Democratic money-kings want the same privileges, favors, monopolies, franchises that Republican money-kings want, and there is *never* a division among *them*. They divide the people into two warring camps and they control the leaders of both camps. If a Republican President kicks over the traces, they take him out of harness, and hook up a safe and sane Democrat. If a Democrat is nominated on

a platform which they do not like, they throw influence and money to elect the Republican.

The big Democrats of the insurance companies, the metropolitan banks, the railroad corporations and the protected industries all contributed to Mark Hanna's slush fund which elected the well-broken, go-all-the-gaits McKinley.

And they would do it again!

The big Republican financiers who were turned down by President Harrison contributed to the election of a safe and sane Democrat to succeed him—

And they would do it again!

* * * * *

Special Privilege, corporate greed, concentrated wealth are divided throughout the Union between those who call themselves Republicans and those who call themselves Democrats, but the difference in the name will not forever succeed in hiding from the people the fact that *Democrats of that*



"The partners."

sort want exactly the same governmental favors which are demanded by *Republicans of that sort*. Who controls the national machinery of the Republican Party?

Republicans who fatten on Special Privilege, embody corporate greed, revel in concentrated wealth.

Examples: Andrew Carnegie, H. C. Frick, J. Ogden Armour, John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, A. J. Cassatt, H. H. Rogers, Chauncey Depew, Thomas Platt, Stephen B. Elkins, E. H. Harriman, James J. Hill.

Who controls the national machinery of the Democratic Party? Democrats who labor for Special Privilege, represent corporate greed, and feast on concentrated wealth.

Examples: Thomas Ryan, August Belmont, Arthur P. Gorman, Samuel Spencer, John A. McCall, Gassaway Davis, Charles Murphy, Patrick McCarren.

* * * * *

Let us see what the men who control the national Republican machinery stand for.

Andrew Carnegie got rich by reason of the monopoly of the American home market which our blessed Tariff gave him. The blessed Tariff was so constructed that foreign capital could not compete with Andrew. Hence Andrew had it all his own way.

Of course, the Quays of the Senate and the Dalzells of the House who voted to maintain high Tariffs did not profess to be serving Carnegie. Oh, no. The Quays and Dalzells always contend that they erect Tariff walls for the good of American labor.

But the Quays and Dalzells open wide the doors of immigration to the foreign laborer; and he comes marching in from all parts of the world by the hundreds, thousands, millions, to compete with American labor, and to serve the purposes of Carnegie in maintaining his monopoly of the home market.

But the laborers never see it. They keep on voting for Carnegie's Tariff which gives him a monopoly, and which enables him to devote his loose

change to the purchase of a few books for them to read, the creation of hero funds, and the muzzling of public discontent by donations to churches and schools.

H. C. Frick belongs in the same class with Carnegie; got his money at the same place and in the same way.

J. Ogden Armour; he is the man of the Beef Trust, and that's as much as you need to know of him.

John D. Rockefeller; he is the man who compelled the railroads to give him secret rates of freight, much lower than his rivals got, and who also compelled the roads to divide with him the freight which they charged his rivals. Thus the diabolical old thief stole from three classes at the same time—the people who had to pay for his oil, his rivals whose freights were divided with him, and the railroads who hauled his stuff.

J. Pierpont Morgan; you already know about him.

A. J. Cassatt; is chief of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which politically owns Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and which, through venal Congressmen, robbed the people of millions of dollars' worth of their land in Washington City.

H. H. Rogers; he of Lawson's "Frenzied Finance"—enough said.

Chauncey Depew; the Senator of the Vanderbilt family, incidentally one of the thieves who stole part of the money which you and I, and other fools, had paid into the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

Thomas Platt; Senator from the Express Companies who rob the people of millions of dollars every year in the carriage of small parcels which the Government ought to carry. Platt's business in the United States Senate is to see to it that the Government does not interfere with the monopoly enjoyed by the Express Companies. To aid him in this noble work, Platt employed a woman named Eva Wood to act as a spy for him. She had a situation in the Postal Service, and the Government paid her a salary, but her business was to tell Platt of

anything which happened in the Post-Office Department which might be favorable to the public but injurious to the Express Companies.

Stephen B. Elkins; represents Coal and Iron Corporations in the United States Senate.

E. H. Harriman; railroad king and millionaire.

James J. Hill; railroad king, millionaire, partner of Mister Morgan in the Northern Securities affair; stands so high that the Supreme Court calls him "Mister Hill," when it catches him in the act of violating the law.

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Now let us consider the men who control the national machinery of the Democratic Party.

Thomas Ryan; scooper of the Equitable scoopers, who had previously scooped me and you and four hundred thousand other fools; secret chief of that den of thieves known as Tammany Hall; boss of the New York Gas Monopoly; ditto of the Street Car Monopoly; ditto of the Seaboard Airline Railway; ditto of one or two New York banks; a man sunk up to his very eyebrows in the depths of the corruption, the graft, the legalized robbery of the weak by the strong, the rapacious plundering of the people by the corporations which have their fortress in Wall Street.

August Belmont; American agent for the Rothschilds as his father was before him; King of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, King of the Subway Railroads of New York City; ditto of a great banking institution which has always been mixed up in national bond issues and refunding schemes.

Arthur P. Gorman; stands for corporate greed, power and corruption in the United States Senate; fixed up the Tariff bill of Cleveland's second Administration just as the Standard Oil, the Sugar Trust and other ravenous monopolies wanted it; has become a millionaire many times over on a yearly salary of \$5,000, besides supporting a family in Washington, educating his children, and maintaining a first-class position in high society.

Which proves that a Senator may get rich on his salary if he tries.

Samuel Spencer; one of Mister Morgan's men; titular President of the Southern Railroad which rules and robs the South; aids his master to plunder the people of the South of millions of dollars every year, over and above a fair interest on the capital invested. Sam, the faithful servant of Mister Morgan, says that any law which Congress might pass to give the Federal Government the power to stop this annual and perpetual robbery of the South would be *LYNCH LAW*.

John A. McCall; President of the New York Life Insurance Company; has been stealing trust funds intended for widows and orphans; helped his son to steal also; helped his son-in-law, likewise; stole \$50,000 of the trust funds to help elect William McKinley; liked McKinley's first term so well that he stole \$50,000 more of the trust funds to elect McKinley the second time.

Gassaway Davis; millionaire owner of coal and iron properties. He is the nice old party who was nominated on the Democratic Presidential ticket with Alton B. Parker, and who rushed up to New York, after the nomination, and tried to win the confidence of the Wall Street Kings by assuring them in a public speech that the platforms of the two old parties were now "*almost identical*."

Charles Murphy; nominal chief of Tammany; owns and operates a contracting Trust in New York, out of which he is making bushels of money; is the useful and valuable tool of Thomas Ryan, August Belmont and the Standard Oil Company; belongs body and soul to the greedy Corporations, among which his own corporation is one of the most ravenously greedy.

Patrick McCarren; the Brooklyn edition of Charles Murphy; is the paid lobbyist of the Standard Oil Company; was one of the most active workers at St. Louis for the nomination of Parker, as also were Charles Murphy, August Belmont and Thomas Ryan.

* * * * *

It is hardly necessary to point to the fact that the Commander-in-Chief of the National Democratic Party is Thomas Taggart, Chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee. What sort of human being is Thomas Taggart?

Thomas has for many years been at the head of the American Monte Carlo at French Lick Springs, Ind., where the gay, giddy, fashionable sports, male and female, go during the good old summertime to enjoy themselves—eating, drinking, dancing and *gambling*.

Yes. Tom Taggart, at the time he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Democratic Party, was the manager of the biggest and most fashionable gambling-hell in the United States.

Not long ago the State Auditor of Indiana gambled away ten thousand dollars of the state's funds at Tom Taggart's establishment, and the Governor ousted him in disgrace from office.

The Appeal to Reason states that Vice-President Fairbanks, the Republican, was a partner in this gambling establishment with Tom Taggart, the Democrat.

I do not know whether the statement is correct or not, but *The Appeal to Reason* is generally correct in its statements of fact.

If Taggart, the Democratic Chief, went into copartnership with Fairbanks, the Republican Chief, to operate this Monte Carlo, he simply followed a well-established precedent.

That is the way they organize every other predatory money-grabbing scheme—part Democrat and part Republican. The idea is to have friends at court no matter which of the two parties is in power.

That's the way they play the game.

* * * * *

Will the time never come when the people who compose the rank and file of both these old parties will realize that the game when played by such players is one in which the common people can win no stakes?

Such players will always play into each other's hands.

A fight over the offices there may be, and will be; but *never* a fight over principles.

As Gassaway Davis said, "*The Platforms are almost identical.*"

And had Parker been elected, the "almost identical" program would have prevailed throughout his administration.

That's the way they play the game.

And the people are beginning to see it as they never did before.

No Law for the Gold Reserve

At the request of a good friend in Florida we state that there is no law whatever requiring one hundred million dollars in gold to be held idle in the Treasury of the United States as a reserve fund with which to redeem the Greenbacks.

There is no law requiring any reserve of any amount for such a purpose.

The Gold-Reserve rascality began with John Sherman, and the Democrats humbly imitated the Republicans upon that subject, as they have done upon all others. John Sherman, when Secretary of the Treasury, arbitrarily

set aside \$100,000,000 in gold to "redeem" Greenbacks. There was absolutely no law justifying such action. Nor did any practical necessity excuse it. The Greenbacks were circulating freely among the people, answering every demand that money is made for. Nobody was afraid to offer them, accept them or keep them. All the complaint we heard was that various citizens could not get enough of them.

The only men who feared the Greenbacks were the National Bankers who wanted a monopoly for their own notes, and the "hard money" hoarders

who wanted the markets ruled by silver and gold coin.

John Sherman was an ally of the National Bankers, and, having made HIS millions, favored contraction.

Hence he retired from circulation \$100,000,000 of gold, put it aside in the Treasury, and there it lay idle for twenty-odd years.

The Democrats made a business of reviling the Republicans on account of this unlawful Gold Reserve; but when they ousted said Republicans and went into office pledged to restore free silver and expand the currency, they not only wiped off the statute book the only law favoring Free Silver which the Republicans had left remaining there, but they also protected, fondled and fostered John Sherman's Gold Reserve as if it had been a pet child of their own.

During the entire Republican regime the Gold Reserve had lain dormant, inactive, unaggressive.

The gold was idle while it should have been at work. Its busy hands should have been doing duty in every field of labor, every mart of trade.

Merchants needed it, farmers needed it, miners needed it, manufacturers needed it, lenders needed it, borrowers

needed it. The law had coined it for USE; the politicians had cornered it and kept it idle. But when the Democrats came into power the gold reserve woke up. Its sins of omission became sins of commission.

The negative became positive. The volcano, asleep for twenty years, began to belch forth burning lava, which destroyed many a happy home, devastated many a fruitful field.

Cleveland and Carlisle gave the nod of acquiescence to their Wall Street partners, and the endless chain of pulling out the gold with Greenbacks and pulling it back in with bonds began.

Every Greenback redeemed by this scheme was redeemed in violation of law. Every silver purchase note retired in that manner was retired in violation of law.

The simple-minded citizens who are following the Democratic Party, trusting to get reform and a general reversal of Republican politics from it, had better employ at least a portion of their valuable time in following the rainbow to get the bag of gold at the end. The disappointment will be the same in each case, but the exercise and the variety will be healthful and stimulating.

Paper Money and John Law

IN all civilized countries the requirements of commerce have compelled the use of paper money. Not for a single day could the trade of Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia or the United States be sustained by metallic money alone.

The reasons are obvious. The metallic money is too scarce: it is too inconvenient: it is too easily cornered: it is too slow: it is too uncertain in its volume; it is too soft to bear the incessant handling.

For these reasons, and others, metallic money rarely circulates (in the full sense of the word) during these rushing days of modern commerce. Paper money really does the exchange

business of the world. But the Banks have seized upon the paper money business, and they monopolize it. They have driven the Government out of the governmental business of creating the money.

They have usurped the enormous power of expanding and contracting the volume of the currency on which the business of the world is done.

In this manner the Banks hold the world in chains. Their feet are upon the necks of the markets. They shrink the volume of money, and prices fall. They expand the volume of money and prices rise.

Voltaire, in one of his letters to a friend, explaining how he, residing at



"The Government should unhorse the Banks, and get back into the saddle itself."

Ferney, on the borders of Switzerland, could so readily make money in Paris, wrote:

"A friend of mine who is a director in the Bank of France lets me know in advance when they desire to lower prices by decreasing the amount of money, and then I sell; he also lets me know in advance when they decide to raise prices by increasing the supply of money, and then I buy."

The secret which Voltaire so frankly communicated to his correspondent a hundred and fifty years ago is the secret of the banker policy of today.

* * * * *

Every argument against paper money comes from those who have seized upon this great governmental function, and who are now using it for their own gain and to the injury of their fellow-citizens.

Populism says: coin all the gold, coin all the silver at the same mercan-

tile value which existed before you sunk the value of silver by making laws against it: then issue national paper money in place of the paper money of the Banks, and don't say that this paper money shall only have the power of being swapped for a metallic dollar, but declare by law that this paper dollar of the Government shall be receivable at its face value for all debts and taxes—and you will have a dollar which is as strong as your Government, and as rich as your people.

The law overrides us all—controls our wealth and commands our obedience: Let the law say that a paper dollar shall be good for taxes, good for public and private debts, good for all the purposes which gold dollars answer, and you'll have paper dollars going side by side, as equals, with gold dollars—as far as the flag floats, and as long as the Government stands.

What will be "back of" such paper dollars?

The credit of the Government and the power of the law.

The same Governmental Credit which bears up an issue of bonds, *burdened with interest*, would surely bear up an equal amount of paper dollars *not burdened with interest*. The credit which Cleveland used to float a quarter billion of bonds to gratify the Wall Street millionaires was strong enough to bear that ungodly burden and carry the bonds to a magnificent premium. The bonds rose with the sun on the day that followed the midnight deal.

Why should editors be so mortally afraid to see the national credit tested in the interest of the people, by the issue of as much money, in paper dollars, as the bonds issued by Cleveland to the millionaires amount to?

There can be only one reply: the Banks are using the paper money monopoly, and they do not intend to return this prerogative to the Government from which they took it.

How much paper money would you have?

No man can say definitely, any more than he can say just how much he should eat and just how much he shall

drink. The question must be left to the wisdom of the Government.

Can't the Government decide it as impartially as the Banks now decide it?

Would it not be as safe to intrust the decision to all the people in Congress assembled as to intrust it to J. Pierpont Morgan, August Belmont, Thomas F. Ryan and other Bank magnates who meet in the private parlor of a Wall Street bank?

If we must submit to the Government on questions of property, of liberty and of life, shall it be said that we must not submit to it on questions of finance?

Cannot the Government as safely say how many paper dollars we shall have as it can say how many troops shall compose the Army, how many post-offices shall distribute the mail, how many officeholders shall collect its revenues, how much tax we shall pay, and how many dollars shall be spent every two years?

If the Government can't govern, then it should quit the business, and let the banks boss the job.

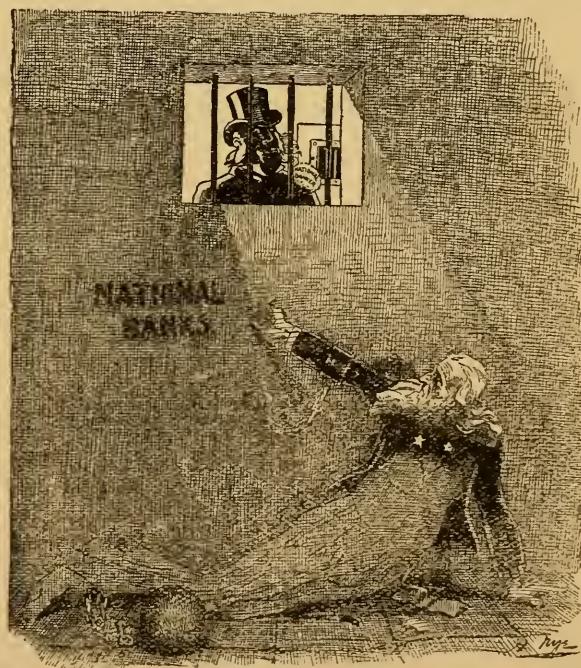
But the creation of money is not a banking function; they have usurped it; the making of money IS a governmental function, and the Government should unhorse the Banks, and get back into the saddle itself.

Some contend that the Government has no constitutional power to create money out of paper.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided otherwise. It has decided that the words "coin money" must be taken in the sense "make money," or "create money," and that the Government can in its discretion use paper or any other material in the creation of its money.

* * * *

Those who oppose paper money continually harp on John Law and his "Mississippi Bubble." I wonder, sometimes, how much these critics know about John Law. This scribe has given some study to the career and financial principles of the said John Law, and he ventures to say that Law has been utterly misunderstood. We have not studied Law's own books; we have studied him through the books of those who condemn him, and YET we say that John Law has not been impartially tried nor justly condemned. John Law's theory of finance is the very same as that upon which Lord Macaulay eulogized the National Debt of Great Britain. John Law's theory of finance is the very same as that which the statesmen of Great Britain adopted when they wanted more money for the overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte. John Law's theory was put into practice by our own Government when it needed more money with which to put down the Southern Confederacy, gold and silver



"If the Government can't govern, then it should quit the business, and let the banks boss the job."

having "hid out," as they always do when most needed.

John Law's bank in Paris was the parent of the present Bank of France, and was a brilliant success until the Regent of France (the Duke of Orleans) insisted upon its becoming a Government bank. Even then it prospered until Law fell into the clutches of the most voracious and unprincipled aristocrats that ever plundered a people. The Regent and his favorite nobles robbed the bank and ruined it. That is the real truth, and I can prove it from authorities unfriendly to Law.

It has been the fashion to jeer at the "Mississippi scheme" of Law, as though it were the craziest of day-dreams.

What is the truth about it?

John Law's company owned the vast "Louisiana Purchase," including New Orleans and the Mississippi River, and all the great states and territories that have since been carved out of that imperial domain. John Law "had as good a thing" in the United States of America as the East India Company of England had in India. He had a far BETTER thing than the great Hudson's Bay Company had in Canada.

John Law had not only a magnificent territorial empire upon which to base the value of the stock he issued, but he went to work wisely and on system to develop his property. He established a line of vessels between New Orleans and France, exchanging the products of one country for the other. He sent out settlers from France to the New World just as Spain and England did. Those settlers are represented by their descendants in the "Louisiana Purchase" to this day. In other words, John Law foresaw the immense importance of our Mississippi country, its vast waterways, and its measureless capacities for production. He saw it in advance of his time. And that was his crime.

Jefferson saw it nearly a hundred years later, seized the opportunity, bought the John Law property, and all men praised Jefferson—justly—and ridiculed John Law—unjustly.

Out of the John Law property has been carved the great states of Louisiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Colorado and Montana.

Why did Law's company fail?

Because his associates demanded rich returns too quickly. They wanted to get rich in a day. The speculative mania seized the excitable French and hurried them into madness. Law tried to stem the torrent, but could not.

The nobility drove him into measures which wrecked all his plans. They not only compelled him to issue car-loads of paper money, but THEY demanded for themselves the cash he had in his bank—and they got the lion's share of it.

The Duke of Bourbon and the Prince of Conti, members of the royal family, not to mention lesser nobles, amassed hundreds of millions by looting the bank.

This is history, not slander.

John Law was rich when he went to France: he was driven into exile penniless.

While in France he was a very prince of charity—open-handed, affable, good-hearted, honest, sincere. He abolished many useless offices. He used his influence to get taxes lowered and equalized. He abolished feudal exactions in Paris, and reduced the price of wood, coal and fish one-half. He broke down the feudal barriers between the different provinces and established free trade between the departments, thus greatly encouraging trade and benefiting producers.

He left the public debt less than he found it. He put into his enterprises every dollar he possessed—he took nothing away but the clothes he stood in.

Surely he was not a common cheat and swindler.

Many people ruined themselves speculating in his stock—and many enriched themselves. We have no doubt that more money is lost and won in one day's "operations" on the Exchanges of Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna and New York in this good year 1905 than

was lost and won during the entire course of the "Gambling mania" connected with the despised John Law.

It was mostly by speculation in the stock that anybody (except Law himself) lost by Law's companies. The company broke because IT HAD ASSUMED THE ENTIRE NATIONAL DEBT OF FRANCE—a debt which represented all the expenditures of the most lavish of French Kings, Louis XIV, all his wars, all his buildings, all his fancy men and all his fancy women. When Law staggered under

this overwhelming load the state resumed the debt, and as Law had issued stock to cover the debt, the Government assumed the payment of the stock. There were reductions and scalings, but the Government's design was to ascertain the actual cash investment of each citizen who held Law's stock. When ascertained, the Government assumed payment. Consequently the holders of the stock lost little or nothing—and the Government lost nothing because it merely re-assumed its own debt.

Some Monetary History

IN 1806 Jefferson directed that the coinage of silver dollars be suspended, deeming this step wise, first, because of the export of these silver dollars, owing to the large use of worn foreign coin, which was at that time full legal tender; and second, because he thought it preferable that the mints should be employed in coining fifty and twenty-five cent pieces. These were full legal tender at the time, and two half dollars or four quarter dollars were of the same weight as the standard dollar. Jefferson, therefore, did not suspend the free coinage of silver. Indeed, he had no authority to do so, even if he had so wished. He simply decreed into what denominations the silver deposited at the mints for coinage should be coined. His order no more affected the value of the silver deposited for coinage than a decree of the Secretary of the Treasury at this time directing the coinage of gold deposited for coinage into half eagles and quarter eagles in place of eagles would affect the value of gold.

So there was no "crime of 1806."

In 1834 the ratio of gold to silver, which had been fixed in 1792 at 1 to 15, was changed by Act of Congress to 1 to 16.002. That is, the coinage value of an ounce of gold was made sixteen times that of silver in place of fifteen. This was effected by reducing the weight of the gold coin, the new gold

coins being made to weigh about 6 per cent. less than the old. Three years later the standard of both the gold and the silver coins was changed to 900 fine—that is, nine parts pure metal and one part alloy.

The silver coin was changed from 892,404 to 900 fine, and the fineness of the gold coin, which had been reduced by the Act of 1834 from 916 $\frac{2}{3}$ fine (the standard fixed in 1792) to 899,225, was also made 900 fine. This effected a slight change in the ratio, *i. e.*, from 1 to 16.002 to 1 to 15.988; this has been the ratio ever since. Neither the Act of 1834 nor 1837 closed the mints to either gold or silver; so there was no "crime of 1834."

In 1853 Congress reduced the weight of the minor silver coins by 10 per cent., and limited their legal tender value to sums of less than five dollars.

The weight was reduced to prevent their exportation. But the mints were not closed to the free coinage of silver. The right of the owner of silver to take it to the mints and have it coined into standard silver dollars was not denied. The free coinage of neither silver nor gold was suspended by the Act of 1853, and so there was no "crime of 1853." The free coinage of silver was never denied until 1873.

There is no paper money issued by the British Government. The Bank

of England issues notes, but, as the smallest denomination is £5 (nearly \$25), such notes are practically never received by wage-earners in payment for their services. They receive their pay in gold and silver coins, largely silver, but gold is not withdrawn from circulation in England, as it is in America. It is in general circulation. So it is also in France and Germany; but in France the use of silver is much larger.

The first nation to adopt the gold standard was England. She adopted the gold standard nominally in 1816, but practically not until three years later, for in 1816 England was on the paper basis. Germany, which adopted the single silver standard in 1857, took steps toward the establishment of the gold standard in 1871; but it was not until July, 1873, that she demonetized silver, undertook to melt down her sil-

ver coin, sell it for gold and establish the single gold standard. The Scandinavian nations adopted the single gold standard at the same time. In September, 1873, France restricted the free coinage of silver, and three years later entirely suspended such coinage, but has never undertaken to discard the silver coin she has in use or to treat it otherwise than as on an equality with gold. The action of France in restricting and then suspending the coinage of silver on private account was followed by the other nations of the Latin Union—Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Greece—and Spain suspended the coinage of silver in 1878. Holland, which had established the single silver standard in place of the bimetallic standard in 1847, suspended the coinage of silver in 1872 and opened her mints to the coinage of gold on private account in 1877.

Another National Bank

ONCE upon a time, I made a speech in Congress on the money question and quoted the report which William H. English (Democratic candidate for Vice-President on the Hancock and English ticket) had made to his board of directors, after serving for fourteen years as president of the First National Bank of Indianapolis.

"We commenced," said Mr. English, "with a capital of \$500,000.

"During the fourteen years we have run the bank we have returned voluntarily to the stockholders \$500,000.

"During that time we have paid in dividends \$1,496,000.

"I now turn the bank over to you with the capital stock (\$500,000) unimpaired, and on hand there are \$327,000 of undivided earnings, besides \$36,000 premium on our bonds, and besides a large sum to our credit for lost and destroyed bills."

This is what I would call a mighty nice report—a clear profit of \$2,383,000 on an investment of \$500,000, besides the interest regularly paid

by the Government on the untaxed bonds.

During the fourteen years Mr. English and his associates of course enjoyed good salaries and juicy perquisites as part of the cost of running the bank.

Simple interest on \$500,000 at 8 per cent. for fourteen years is \$560,000.

In ordinary investments the taxes and expenses of management would have to be deducted from the \$560,000.

Mr. English's bank invested \$500,000 in bonds and thus put the money where the Tax Collector could not touch it. That was his first saving. Then the Government paid him the interest always about a year in advance. That was another little advantage. The interest paid him on the bonds was a return for the investment of the \$500,000, which of itself made the investment attractive. Then came the \$36,000 in premiums.

Then came the separate profits made on the same \$500,000 by issuing \$90 in bank-notes for every \$100 in bonds.

It is to this part of the business, only, that Mr. English's report refers.

No man can study these facts without being deeply conscious of the injustice of the law which allows a favored class to make such colossal gains from so small an investment.

That the bank of Mr. English was not making greater profits than other national banks have made is shown by the testimony of Mr. G. G. Williams, president of the Chemical National Bank, of New York.

In response to a question asked him by a member of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, Mr. Williams stated that his bank had a capital of \$300,000; that it had a surplus of \$1,000,000, and undivided profits of \$1,000,000; its dividends were *one hundred and fifty per cent. per annum.*

The shares of stock were one hundred dollars each, and they were selling on the market at *forty-five hundred dollars per share.*

In God's name, what per cent. of gain is this?

Can a system be humane, can it be defended from the standpoint of morality and religion, when it gives to a favored few such tremendous advantages over their fellow-creatures?

Yet it is this system which "the Baltimore plan" of Cleveland and Carlisle proposed to fasten upon this country in perpetuity.

It is the strangest of things that 99 per cent. of the business men of the Union should sit down in quiet unconcern while 1 per cent. of their number openly dig the pitfalls into which the 99 will inevitably tumble.

Is the Study of Latin and Greek Necessary to the Practical Lawyer?

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI,
COLUMBIA, Mo., September 30, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: I read with interest in the last number of your Magazine your advice regarding what you consider a proper preparation for the study of the law, and while your eminent success as a lawyer and statesman abundantly qualifies you to speak with authority on the subject, yet I believe your statements in that connection would not command general assent.

You say, for instance, not to waste four years on a general college course; that a thorough English education is sufficient as a basis for specializing. But how can one obtain a thorough English education who has neglected the Latin language from which we directly derive more than a third of our English words, and how is it possible to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Latin language without having studied the Greek? The Latin language is, without doubt, the most logical language the world has ever seen, and the value of translation in forming a correct English style has always been recognized. It was largely by this method, combined with practice in debate, that Grattan, Pitt, Brougham, Gladstone—great lights of the legal profession—were enabled to conquer a style

which convinced courts, persuaded juries and moved parliaments.

And, again, how can a student really understand constitutional law, the great questions of personal liberty, who has not sought the genesis of these provisions in the forests of Germany, who has not traced their development in Holland and England, whence we have received them as a precious inheritance? How can he thoroughly understand even the technical rules of the law of real property unless he is familiar with the history of the Middle Ages and the rise and development of the feudal system?

Of course, one may become a successful *practitioner*, a conductor of litigations, without knowing any of these things, but I doubt if he would ever become a great *lawyer*. While a four years' college course may be unnecessary for a prospective law student, he who aspires to proficiency in the greatest of all sciences, the science of justice, should have a broad and firm foundation on which to build, whether he lays that foundation in the halls of academic learning or in private study, and, other things being equal, the student who has the best preparation will be likely to distance his competitors in the race for success.

Yours respectfully,

V. E. PHELPS.

ANSWER

THE foregoing letter, which comes from one of the best of our colleges, is cheerfully published. The writer takes issue with me on the proposition that a four years' course in college is *not* necessary to prepare a young man for the practice of law.

It is a subject upon which we may have an honest difference of opinion without any hair pulling. Mr. Phelps thinks that we must learn Latin before we can know the English language, and that we must learn Greek before we can know the Latin. Where does that lane lead to? Were there no languages back of the Greek?

If we must learn Latin to understand English, and learn Greek to understand Latin, what *must* we learn to understand Greek? Won't we have to finally hook on to Hebrew, Sanscrit or some other old language away back yonder in the dim regions of antiquity? This thing of rooting up the dead languages to learn how to *talk English* is a tremendous suggestion.

I hope Mr. Phelps will not think hard of me for saying that his plan might result in a first-class philologist, but would not necessarily bring forth a first-class lawyer.

* * * * *

"How can one obtain a thorough English Education who has neglected the Latin languages from which we directly derive more than a third of our English words?"

That is Mr. Phelps's first question.

It occurs to me that it is possible to learn the meaning of the one-third of the words which came from the Latin source in the same way that one learns the meaning of the *other two-thirds*.

Mr. Phelps says one-third came from the Latin. I haven't counted them, but take his word for it.

Now, where did the other two-thirds come from?

What languages must one study to get at the source of the other two-thirds?

Some of the words composing the other two-thirds came from the French—the Norman French. Must I study the French language before I can learn the meaning of these words?

Some of the words of the other two-thirds come from Celtic sources, some from Scandinavia, some from the land of the Moor, some from the Saracen, some from the native tongues spoken by the races who were overrun by the Germanic tribes.

Must I learn each of these mother-tongues before I can talk English?

Then we have a few expressive words which we get from the Indians and the negroes.

Must I study the savage dialects of the Red Man and the black before I can, with proper intelligence, fling at the head of the jury the words "squaw" and "tote"?

* * * * *

This, of course, is the "Reduction to the absurd," but the case warrants it. The study of words is a beautiful study. It is one which can be sincerely recommended and encouraged. There is no issue between Mr. Phelps and me on *that*.

But the point I make is that such a study of words is not a condition precedent to becoming a tiptop, all-round, successful lawyer.

"And the same I am free to maintain."

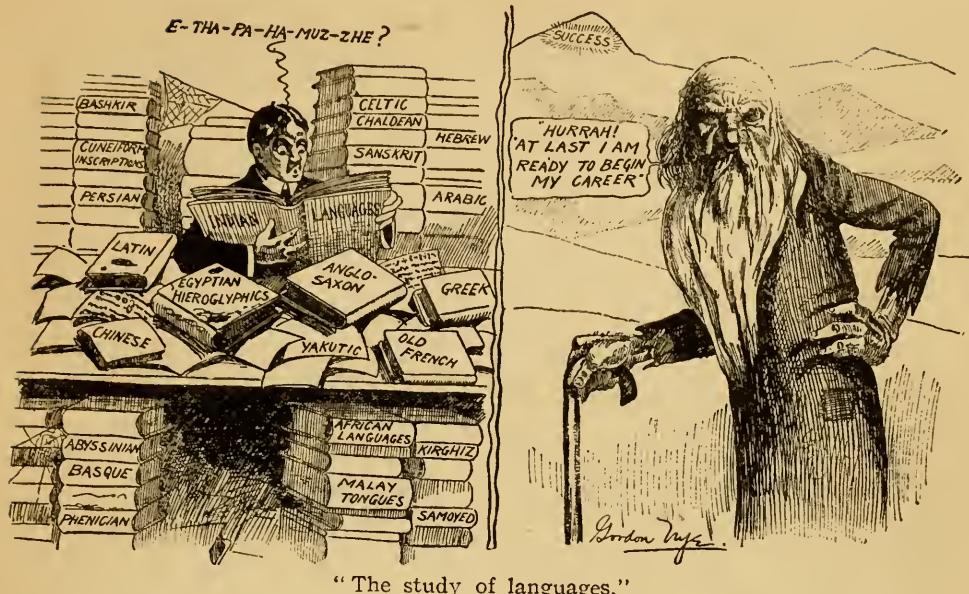
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In the course of a thorough High School education a boy learns just as many words as he knows what to do with. If he needs more, in later years, there is the Unabridged Dictionary. But he will *not* need more. A good High School training will give him absolutely every English word that he need ever use before court or jury, before the people on the hustings or the Solons in the Senate.

* * * * *

Mr. Phelps alludes to Grattan, Pitt, Brougham and Gladstone.

Those names neither conflict with my theory nor prove his. Each one of those great men would have been great without Latin and Greek. Their



"The study of languages."

knowledge of Latin and Greek did not make them what they were.

God made them great—not the schoolmaster.

Patrick Henry was not only their superior as an orator, but he was superior to Brougham and Grattan as a lawyer. Pitt and Gladstone were not lawyers, but statesmen, and Henry's debates with Edmund, Randolph and James Madison on the adoption of the Constitution of 1789 prove him the equal of Pitt and Gladstone in his mastery of the principles of government.

* * * * *

Did Shakespeare understand the English language?

Mr. Phelps will remember that the man to whom is conceded the first place among the intellectual monarchs of the human race was a country boy who did not even have a good High School education. Did he not know how to use English words? Did he have to learn Latin to know his own tongue? Milton and Dr. Sam Johnson were laboriously educated in Latin and Greek. They clung to Latin and Greek forms and derivatives throughout their lives.

Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Byron,

Burns, clung to English forms and English words.

Few people now read Milton save as a necessary task; nobody reads Dr. Johnson at all; millions of people read Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Byron and Burns.

* * * * *

Lord Macaulay was a fine scholar, but his *speech* was English, not Latin-Greek-English.

When the Edinburgh cobbler boasted that he had understood every word of a great speech which Macaulay had just made Macaulay took it as the highest compliment which the cobbler could have paid him.

And for the best of reasons.

The speaker who does not use words which all can understand does not know his business.

The lawyer who thinks more of showing off his big words than he does of making the jury catch his meaning will lose his case.

* * * * *

Read John Bright's speeches—John Bright, who was a greater orator than Gladstone or Pitt.

Do you find any Latin-Greek-English? No. You find English—brief, strong, clear English; English which

cuts like a knife when he wants to cut, and which is sweet as music when he wants to charm. Read the speeches of Daniel Webster, who was classed by Thomas Carlyle as the greatest word-fighter in the world. Do you find his language to be dependent upon Latin and Greek derivatives?

To the highest possible degree Webster's speeches are monuments to the power, grace, force and endless variety of the English tongue.

You will find more big words in one of Grover Cleveland's ponderous "Messages" than you will find in all of Daniel Webster's speeches.

Yet Mr. Phelps would hardly contend that Cleveland ranks with Webster as a scholar, a statesman, an orator or a lawyer.

Henry Clay had no classical training, but no man of his day knew better how to use the English language. No man could stand against him in the court-house or on the hustings; and on one memorable occasion he cowed and silenced Rufus Choate in the Senate—Choate the great classical scholar.

It cannot be too often repeated: school-books and schoolmasters cannot make great men.

Andrew Jackson had no classical education, yet he put to rout the combined hosts of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. They had the better *schooling*, but he was the greater *man*. Before the onset of his resistless purpose, courage and sense of being Right the scholars went down like broken reeds.

* * * * *

Consider the case of Charles Dickens. Where did he learn how to use the English language?

He had almost no education, so far as the schoolhouse was concerned. As a student, he never saw the inside of a high school, much less a college. Yet who excels him as a master of expression? Who uses the English language with finer effect?

His description of the storm at sea in "David Copperfield" is the sublimest thing of its sort in the whole range of literature.

"A Child's Dream of a Star" is a prose poem which needs no classical lore to make it perfect.

His Christmas pieces will melt hearts as long as sweetness and tenderness and pity abide in the homes of men. No English was ever more fitted to pathos, humor, scorn, hatred, eloquence, gentle play of fancy or connected narrative of fact.

In truth, Charles Dickens was so absolute a master of the art of expressing himself in the English language as to draw to his feet, in loving admiration, the whole English-speaking world.

And he did not learn how to talk and write at a college, either. He did not learn English by studying Latin, and learn Latin by studying Greek. Had he waited for all that he might not have sprung into fame at twenty-four by writing the "Pickwick Papers." Had he adopted the idea of Mr. Phelps, he would have spent four years learning dead languages and might then have awakened to the disagreeable fact that the "morning-glories" of his genius had begun to lose their freshness. In the running of a race it is possible to go back so far to get a start that the runner is tired before he reaches the starting-point.

* * * * *

Consider, likewise, the case of Abraham Lincoln.

This country-born lad had almost no schooling at all. He never did become, in any ordinary sense of the term, a scholar or a learned man. He was not even profoundly versed in the law. But how many lawyers of Lincoln's day were his match in the court-room? How many of our scholars, learned men and profound jurists could cope with him on the stump? How many of our intellectual and cultured people could write or speak the English language so well?

I do not now recall any passage in the writings of the scholarly John Quincy Adams or the scholarly Thomas Jefferson which will compare in majestic simplicity, dignity, force and pathos with Lincoln's concluding para-

graphs in his first Inaugural and his memorable brief speech at Gettysburg.

On that occasion the untutored backwoodsman soared far and away beyond and above the most cultured of scholars, Edward Everett.

* * * * *

"How can a student really understand Constitutional law, the great questions of personal liberty, who has not sought the genesis of these provisions in the forests of Germany, who has not traced their development in Holland and England, whence we have received them as a precious inheritance?"

That is Mr. Phelps's second question.

A student will not thoroughly understand the subjects named unless he makes a study of them, but he need not spend four years of his life in a college to make that study. To become a practical lawyer, the student has already been advised, in former articles, to study Blackstone, Kent's Commentaries, Greenleaf on Evidence and the Code of his own state.

When he shall have mastered these I venture the statement that he will be able to attend to all the practice he is likely to get during the first few years after his shingle has been hung out.

Of course, I have assumed that the young lawyer will continue his reading, broaden and deepen his studies all the while that he is speaking to justices of the peace and to juries about the issues involved in the first cases he will get.

The average Justice of the Peace is not an expert in Germanic "genesis," nor is the average jury greatly influenced by a knowledge of the "developments in Holland and England."

The mind of judges and juries will be found to be concerned mainly with prosaic, practical, almost vulgar considerations of sworn testimony and statute law.

Did my client take and carry away the personal goods of the other fellow with intent to steal the same?

Did my client say of and concerning the other fellow the following false and malicious words, to wit:

"You are a d—d thief"?

Did my client burn the ginhouse of Abe Jones, being led thereto by the instigation of the devil?

Did my client take possession of land which belonged to someone else, refuse to surrender the same, and thus compel John Doe to arm himself for another tilt against Richard Roe?

Did my Sambo steal the other Sambo's hog?

Concrete issues like these will engage the best attention of the young lawyer from the first day that he opens an office, and he will find the fewest number of occasions to display his knowledge of what happened in Germany and Holland a thousand years ago without hurting his case.

Abstract questions of "personal liberty" cut no ice in the court-house, and the petition of a prisoner to be allowed to come out of jail on bond can be argued for all it is worth by a lawyer who understands that particular case, no matter if he has not chased "the genesis of these provisions in the forests of Germany."

* * * * *

"The technical rules of the law of real property" are laid down in Blackstone, and the Feudal system is therein explained as fully as a practical lawyer needs to know it.

Hallam's "Middle Ages," Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," and such works as Hallam's "Constitutional History," May's "Constitutional History of England," Tapp's "History of Anglo-Saxon Institutions" are valuable to the statesman and, in some respects, to the lawyer, but they are books which can be read at leisure, and *at home* while the young lawyer is attending to the practical work of his profession. *Such books will in no wise help him to win his cases in the court-house.*

Practical lawyers will bear me out when I say that expert knowledge of Latin and Greek, and laborious research into Germanic origins of the great principles, had no more to do with their success at the bar than a scholastic knowledge of Botany, of

Chemistry, of the ethnological status of the negro, and of the historic genesis of the turn-plow and the mule has to do with the success of a Southern

farmer who manages free niggers and makes buckle and tongue meet by steady attention to the practical details of farming.

As to Orators and Oratory

(Response to the letter of inquiry of a subscriber)

A GREAT orator is eloquent by reason of certain inherent mental and emotional qualities, and these qualities will bring him success in any department of public speaking. To say that a man who is an orator of the first class would be eloquent in the pulpit only is, in my judgment, as untenable a proposition as to say that a refined lady is refined only in her own parlor.

Intrinsic qualities are inseparable from the person: they go with us. Acquired culture may be lost, our power to use it may vary with the accident of locality and circumstances, but a man who is a born poet will make verses even behind a plow, as Burns did; and the born orator will be eloquent in whatever field he goes—whether that of lecturing, law-pleading, stump-speaking or preaching.

I do not say that the born orator will not sometimes fail. On the contrary, it is the born orator who will make the very greatest failures. The reasons are not far to seek. He relies much on the inspiration of the occasion: he must be under the spell of a certain amount of mental irritation, excitement and exhilaration: his natural faculties must get into a glow, a heat, a struggle for expression: great thoughts, generous feelings must crowd forward for utterance, and the peculiar language of oratory stands ready to fold its drapery around each mortal creation as the inspiration bodies it forth.

Orators of the first class must have the faculty of composing instantaneously—of creating as they go.

What are the laws of this mysterious power?

Nobody knows. It may come when

least expected: it may be sought in vain when most needed.

The man of talent, capable of making a certain sort of speech, can always make that sort of speech: just as a poet of a certain talented class may manufacture a certain number of talented verses at any time he may see fit to turn the grindstone.

But the man of genius cannot work that way. He cannot write to order and he cannot speak to order. To arouse his peculiar and mysterious mental and emotional powers, is an absolute prerequisite to his success, either in writing or speaking. Hence, he is more in danger of making failures than the man of talent.

But when he *does* succeed it is Shelley rhapsodizing on "The Cloud"; it is Coleridge lifting his voice in the Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni; it is Byron penning the last two cantos of "Childe Harold"; it is Burns wringing his hands in grief for "Mary in Heaven"; it is Poe tracing the weird lines of "El Dorado"; it is Mirabeau in the Assembly, denouncing Bourbonism on the one hand and Sansculottism on the other; it is Henry before the Burgess, O'Connell on the hustings, Wendell Phillips on the lecture platform, and Sargeant Prentiss—everywhere.

Oratory like Grattan's had no arbitrary limits of time, place and circumstances. He was a master in every sphere of speech. O'Connell was supreme at the bar, on the hustings and in Parliament. Gladstone says he was greatest on the hustings, yet in the British Parliament, where his audience was hostile, he spoke the pen out of the hands of the official reporter—Charles Dickens—and the record was

blotted with tears instead of stenographic notes.

Wherever Phillips spoke he was eloquent; wherever Toombs and Yancey and Ben Hill spoke they inflamed the hearts of men.

Henry was as great in the courthouse as on the hustings; as great before the Legislature and before Congress as he had been before the bench when "he plead against the parsons."

And where was it that Prentiss found a realm he could not conquer? What boundary line stayed his winged feet? He was matchless at the bar, matchless on the stump, matchless in Congress, matchless in the lecture field—for he took, at New Orleans, an audience which Richard Henry Wilde had soothed into somnolent apathy on the subject of Art, and in ten minutes he had electrified it into cheers.

"Hello! Wilde is waking up!" said some gentlemen who had been in the audience, and who had stepped out to get a drink, and who heard a sudden burst of applause from the theatre where they had left Wilde speaking.

"There it goes again!" they said as they sipped their liquor, another round of applause having come thundering from the theatre.

And then, as they put their glasses down, there was a crash of cheers from the audience.

"Hell! that's Prentiss!" they cried, and they broke for the theatre to find that the princely orator, Prentiss, was in full career of inspired speech, clothing "thoughts that breathe, in words that burn"—upon the old, old subject of "Art."

So true is it that the orator is born, not made; so true is it that the orator is eloquent because he was born that way; so true is it that it comes as naturally to him to move the hearts and minds of others *when his are moved* as it does to a bird to sing when the sunlight of spring flashes over the awakening woods.

Both Webster and Clay were powerful at the bar and on the hustings as they were in the Senate; and Toombs was never greater than when he lectured in Tremont Temple on slavery or in Georgia, later, on "*Magna Charta*."

When an orator devotes his life to one department of speaking he may not eminently succeed in others, if he comes to them late. This is because his mind may have acquired a certain rigidity of thought and mode of expression; but I cannot think that one who is really endowed with the gift of eloquence would find himself bereft of it simply because he stepped from the hustings to the lecture hall.

Editorial Comment

THREE years ago I dedicated to William Randolph Hearst my "*Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson*." What it then said about this wonderful young man the whole country is beginning to indorse. If he lives, his career will mark an epoch in our history.

* * * * *

In Russia the downtrodden people are rising in revolt against Grand Dukal extortion and brutality.

In this country the Trusts are the Grand Dukes, and we are too cowardly to resist them.

* * * * *

Tom Ryan, the boss Democrat, organizes a Tobacco Trust, plunders the thousands who grow "the weed," and the millions who chew it or smoke it. Democrats submit to the robbery, because Tom Ryan is such a good Democrat that he actually helps to buy the nomination of Parker and hauls the Virginia delegation to the National Convention in his private car. John Pierpont Morgan, the boss Republican, organizes the Steel Trust, plunders the thousands who produce the raw material and the millions who use the finished product. Republicans

submit to the robbery because Morgan is such a good Republican that he can always be relied on for campaign funds and for the maintenance of the present method of working both the old parties to the chariot of the Grand Dukes.

* * * * *

A fearless priest of the Catholic Church declares that it would be justifiable to shoot and kill the reckless driver (chauffeur) of an automobile to prevent him from running over and killing *you*.

Bully for the priest!

I've been wanting to say something like that, but was afraid.

Every time I go North and see the manner in which the men, women and children have to hop, skip and jump to save their lives from reckless drivers of cabs, wagons, carriages and automobiles I wonder why it is that the people on foot do not take pistols in their hands and make *the reckless drivers* do the hop, the skip and the jump.

The change would, at least, relieve the monotony.

* * * * *

Now that the McCurdy family have followed their sworn confessions by unconditional surrender and resignation, I wonder if Bishop Potter could not permit the Reverend Mr. Chew to have a vote on his Resolution denouncing Insurance rottenness in New York.

The Reverend Mr. Chew, it will be remembered, offered a Resolution to the foregoing effect shortly after the Hydes, Depews, Alexanders, McCalls, McCurdys, etc., had been shown to be a very precious lot of rascals. Their own testimony, under oath, had shown that the managers of the big Insurance Companies of New York had been stealing the trust funds created for widows and orphans. Bishop Potter apparently believed that the McCurdys and McCalls were such abandoned villains that their sworn confessions in open court were not to be taken as true until corroborated by further testimony.

Consequently the Reverend Mr. Chew and his Resolution were laid on the table.

Now that the sworn confessions have

been duly corroborated and we have convinced ourselves that it would not be rash, premature, intemperate or demagogical to reprove the custodians of trust funds who steal from widows and orphans, I trust that Bishop Potter will give the nod to the Reverend Mr. Chew and let him go his length.

Speak up, Brother Chew!

* * * * *

There's a banker in my town who attended that glorious Convention which was held in Washington, D. C., in October last.

He's a genial, good fellow, and we went to school together when we were boys, and although he is now a prosperous member of the great banking fraternity, he is not "pampered" or stuck up; and when he has nothing more important to do he lets me talk to him. Of course, this is a privilege which I never abuse by saying too much to him at any one time.

Well, when Bill got back from that Convention in Washington I ventured into his private office, and finding that he was just as affable as ever, I began to jolly him about the doings of the Convention, Leslie Shaw's propositions for "emergency currency," etc.

* * * * *

Said I,

"Bill, what the dickens did you fellows mean by giving your sanction to that rascally scheme of Shaw—that plan for a secret issue of unsecured bank-notes?"

Bill hemmed and hawed a little, as though he had not until then seen the thing in that light, but he rallied gamely and replied:

"Why, you see, that emergency currency is to be taxed 5 per cent., and therefore it will not stay out long. The tax will cause it to be soon retired because the bankers can't afford to pay 5 per cent."

Said I to Bill:

"That depends upon how much the bankers tax the fellows who get the notes."

Bill laughed, and we changed the subject.

Interest upon "Call loans" in Wall

Street recently soared to 25 per cent. "Emergency currency" would have netted the national banks 20 per cent. after paying the tax of 5 per cent.

* * * * *

But suppose the bank does not survive the "emergency," suppose it does not weather the storm—unsecured notes for millions of dollars will be left in the hands of innocent holders who did not know they were unsecured and worthless. Then the Government must pay the notes or the holder is lost.

I don't know what Leslie Shaw is, but I do know what his plan for "emergency money" is—it is out and out rascality.

* * * * *

"What must I do with my policy?"
"Must I drop it?"

Questions like these are frequent. Well, I have dropped all mine, excepting my nearly matured Policy in the Equitable—which I yet hope to unload on Robinson Crusoe or some other innocent purchaser. Hereafter I mean to spend my money myself or to invest it where I can look at the investment once in a while.

I don't intend to send another dollar to New York to buy chairs at \$2,000 apiece for sleek rascals up there to loll in, nor to buy rugs at \$12,000 each for the offices of luxurious thieves, nor to help pay salaries of \$80,000, \$100,000 and \$150,000 for the Paul Morton Republicans and the John McCall Democrats. If my money has got to be wasted, I'll waste it myself. I don't need to employ a high-priced New York scoundrel to help me do it.

* * * * *

Several months ago a friend of mine, deplored the unkind remarks I was making about the Equitable, sent me a fine display of figures to show how much "surplus" our Equitable Society had.

Turn back to the September number of this Magazine and read what was said about those "figures" and that "surplus." Then turn to the daily papers and watch the "surplus" dwindle.

Thirteen millions of dollars was the

cool amount which *it lost on one examination during November, 1905.*

How much more would vanish if the Society had to "cash in" nobody knows.

Is there any real surplus at all?
I doubt it.

There is a bookkeeping surplus, and there may not be anything else.

When it comes to a show-down of ACTUAL CASH, it may be that the Equitable has no surplus whatever.

Talk about young men carrying policies in bunco concerns like the Equitable!

Pouring water into a rat hole would be less expensive.

* * * * *

Whitelaw Reid, our Ambassador to Great Britain, has appointed a Lord's son to the best position in the Embassy.

It will be remembered that Whitelaw made a speech some time ago explaining what Ambassadors were good for. The speech was very timely, because nobody seemed to know what Ambassadors did to earn their wages. With fresh and gracious frankness Whitelaw explained that "*the chief duty of an Ambassador (to England) is to raise himself to the demands of British welcome and British hospitality.*"

Fearful that he might not know all "the ropes," Whitelaw has hired a British nobleman's son to pilot him along.

This was wise, but I wish we did not have to pay both these men to do the same job. If we have got to pay an Englishman to show Whitelaw how, let's appoint the Englishman as our British agent and be done with it.

If our English Ambassador spoke the truth when he said his "chief duty" was, in effect, to shake hands, make bows, eat dinners, drink champagne and smoke cigars, it cannot matter much to us common people who performs this "chief duty."

* * * * *

Mr. Bryan, sojourning in Japan, asked to be allowed to sit down in the "War Chair," which the Japanese use in certain religious observances.

Admiral Togo had sat in the chair

during the celebrations and ceremonials which followed his return home after the "Roosevelt Peace."

Japanese heroes had for many generations been seated on the War Stool, and in the eyes and in the hearts of the people of Japan it was sacred. When Mr. Bryan asked to be allowed to sit on the stool his request was granted, though it must have been considered an extraordinary request. Having sat on the stool, however, Mr. Bryan asked them *to sell it to him!*

The Japs are patient, courteous, long-suffering, but there is a limit, and Bryan went beyond it.

So offended were they at his amazing proposition that he has been roundly rebuked by the Japanese newspapers. The whole nation seems to take to heart the implied insult that money can buy their sacred possessions.

* * * * *

When W. J. B. gets to St. Petersburg I wonder if he will ask Nicholas to let him sit on the throne of Peter the Great.

Then, will he ask:

"What will you take for this old throne, Nick, my boy?"

* * * * *

When our illustrious traveler reaches Germany I wonder if he will ask Billy Hohenzollern to let him "try on" the old coat of Frederick the Great and then inquire:

"What's the price of this old second-hand coat, Bill?"

* * * * *

When our Nebraska friend gets to Paris he will not forget to visit the Invalides, where rests Napoleon Bonaparte. The dim, religious awe of that mighty temple need not affect him. The banners which waved over the heads of victorious Frenchmen at Marengo, at Austerlitz, at Wagram, at Borodino, are there, not far from the bones of the marvelous Corsican who commenced life a poor boy at a public school, and who rode his war-horse triumphantly into the Capitals of the fugitive Kings of Europe.

Mr. Bryan will want to take one of those banners in his hands? Yes.

Will he then try to buy it, as he tried to buy the War Stool of the living and the dead heroes of Japan?

* * * * *

Lost for generations was the royal regalia of Scotland. It had disappeared, nobody knew where.

In the eyes of Scotchmen it held a place of reverence. Wallace had fought and died that the crown still might rest upon the head of Scotland's own King.

Bruce had made good the effort of the national hero who failed, and had worn the crown in spite of all that English ambition and English valor could do. On the head of William the Lion, on the brow of fair and unfortunate "Mary, Queen of Scots," the crown had lain, and when the last Stuart had gone his way into hopeless disaster the royal regalia of Scotland was lost to the eyes of men.

After the lapse of years it was found. Thousands flocked to see it. Young people who knew little of its historic association flocked to the exhibition, as did the elders who felt for these recovered treasures a veneration as deep as grow the roots of Love of Country.

Sir Walter Scott was one of those who went to see the ancient regalia of Scotland.

The great man took off his hat and, with bared, bowed head, looked upon the relics, which spoke to him of the mighty men of the past, spoke to him of Bannockburn and Flodden Field, spoke to him of Minstrel James, of unconquerable Bruce, of the good King Duncan and wicked Macbeth, and of the broken monarch, father of Mary, who said, in his defeat and despair, "*It came with a lass, it will go with a lass,*" and so died, feeling that he was the last of the old royal line of independent, invincible Scotland.

Memories like these filled the mind of Sir Walter while he gazed upon the ancient regalia of the kings of his native land.

A thoughtless young man caught up

the crown and offered to place it upon the head of one of the young ladies present, "to see how it would look."

"By God! No!" cried Sir Walter, shocked to the innermost fiber of his being that anyone should make sport of that which association had made sacred.

I wonder if Bryan will go to Edinburgh, try on the crown and offer to buy it?

* * * * *

Ex-SENATOR COCKRELL, of Missouri, declares that no political party in the United States has ever been in favor of Free Trade.

Well, I don't know about that, but I do know what one political party said.

The record shows that, in 1848, the Democratic Party, in its National Platform, "Congratulates the Country upon the noble impulse given to Free Trade by the repeal of the Tariff of 1842."

The record shows further that, in 1856, the National Platform of the Democratic Party contained this language:

"The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of Free Seas and progressive Free Trade throughout the world."

That's what they said: but they may not have meant what they said.

* * * * *

James Buchanan, Democrat, was elected President upon a Free Trade platform, and the country has never had a President since who was a Democrat in principle.

Ex-Senator Cockrell was twenty-two years old in 1856, and probably voted the Democrat ticket. If so, he voted for absolute Free Trade.

* * * * *

If the Democratic Party would return to the principles of Democracy as taught by the Fathers, it would again become a thing of life.

As long as it tries to be *almost* as Republican as the Republican Party

it will continue to be a mere job-lot of Outs, trying to displace the Ins.

The people naturally conclude that if the Republicans are so near right in principle and policy that the Democratic leaders are unable to state distinctly wherein they are wrong, the Republicans had as well remain where they are.

* * * * *

Is it any wonder that the young men of the present generation have so little knowledge of the historic principles of Democracy when a grand old man like General Cockrell forgets the platform upon which he probably made his first campaign?

When the veteran of politics and war first entered the field of active life political education was a part of the equipment of every citizen of the South.

Party ties were strong, but not despotic. Prejudice was great, but not blind. To be an independent voter was easier than now.

* * * * *

After the Civil War the sectional hatred which had sent brothers to kill each other was still so fierce, so unreasoning, that politicians made their fortunes out of it.

No Democrat would listen to an attack on his party, no Republican to any on his.

* * * * *

What has been the net result of this blind following of party names?

The individual voter lost his influence.

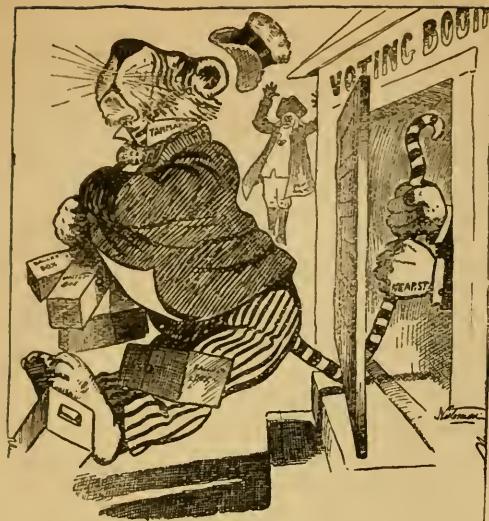
All the strength of the party was concentrated in *the machinery*, and not in the people.

The machine became everything, the people nothing.

What is the remedy?

Educate the people and encourage the independent.

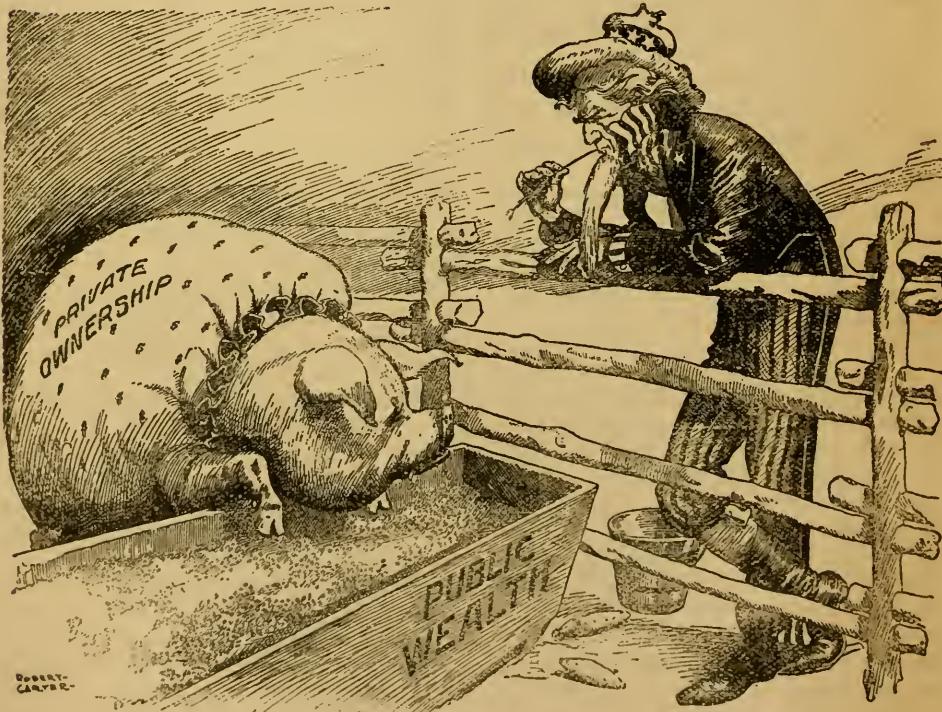
Let the bosses know that self-respecting men cannot be made to swallow *any* sort of candidate nor *any* sort of platform.



Westerman, in *Ohio State Journal*



Tammany's Idea of "Sitting on the Lid"
Bart, in *Minneapolis Journal*

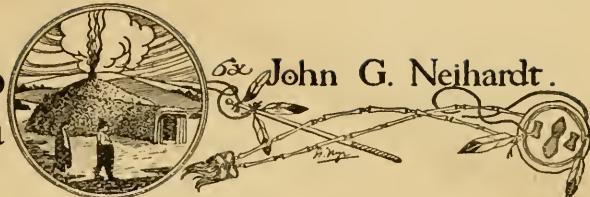


HE'S BEEN FATTENING A LONG TIME

Almost Fat Enough to Kill—Certainly Fat Enough to "Get His Feet Out of the Trough."
That Is the Opinion of Farmer Uncle Sam and of All His Children—Except the Small Number of Pig Children

Robert Carter, in *N. Y. American*

A Political Coup At Little Omaha



THE struggle for Congressional honors in the Third District of Nebraska was to be a hard one. The white voters being about evenly divided between the two parties, the necessary majority was to be found among the Omaha Indians, whose reservation is in the district.

So this remnant of the aborigines became of pivotal importance in twentieth century politics. For practical purposes the intelligent white voters ceased to exist and there was only a slothful, ignorant band of four hundred semi-savages who could choose by chance the national representative of educated thousands.

The typical reservation Indian is primarily a stomach, and secondarily, nothing in particular. Let him fill his belly and he is easily handled. This axiom has been taken as a basis of action by the whip-hands of the Democratic party, who had accordingly scattered broadcast quantities of the meat of superannuated bulls, sat in the feasts with cross-legged condescension, smoked the reeking stone pipe, drunk soup with the suppressed shudders, and called the brown men "brothers."

This had all worked well in the latter days of September, and there had been considerable rejoicing in Democratic circles over the bright prospects for a sweeping majority. It was not until the first of October that the opposition suddenly hurled a thunderbolt out of the blue sky of its serene inactivity. The Agent, holding his appointment under a Republican administration, announced at a weekly land payment that \$100,000 of the sum held in trust by the Government would be paid *pro rata* to the Omahas during that month. It was after this announcement that the leaders of the Republican party became active. They ex-

plained to their "brothers" how surpassingly good it was in them to bring about this payment at the beginning of the winter when the Indians would need it. Would their "brothers" forget this at the November election? Of course not!

Thus it happened that the Democratic bull meat lost its power of persuasion, and for several weeks there was not a brown Democrat on the reserve. At the opening of the big payment on a Monday morning, two weeks before election, the Democratic candidate for Congress found himself staring defeat in the face after having enjoyed several weeks of premature triumph.

The big payment, always picturesque, is now fast becoming a part of that great past of the prairie fire and the bison. It may be defined as the spectacular bow of the Present to the Past, with which Civilization lowers its proud plume and says to the Savage Age: "Sorry we faked your land; take that and don't feel sore!"

The opening days of the big payment were warm with the lazy warmth of the mellow, golden hours of late October. The untried hills of the reservation thrust themselves up into the autumn sunshine like the emaciated joints of one bedridden. The face of the prairie was as yellow as the skin of a fever patient, except in those rare spots where the melancholy corn struggled heartlessly up a hillside, making a blotch like a bedsore. The Agency building nestled forlornly in a creek valley surrounded by the yellow, wrinkled hills.

In the early morning a lazy stream of vehicles began to pour into the Agency from the dozen or more roads that outrage the compass with their crazy windings. Carts, buggies, wagons, carriages; some of glaring new-

ness, weighted down to the axles with squaws, papooses and the inevitable mortgage; others, in an epileptic stage of decay, with the weary air of having borne the weight of outlawed paper for many moons; ponies, long-haired and bony, with many unconsoling feedings of post and halter, bearing on their saw-like backs their sweating, heavy masters. These constituted the grotesque Republican procession that streamed into Little Omaha, as the Agency is called.

It was a tribal exodus. Twelve hundred and odd men, women and children had left their shacks and tepees that morning in search of the minted eagles of the Government, just as of old they moved in a body along the trail of the bison.

As this grand but dilapidated army of the primitive world closed in upon the Agency, it was met by the vanguard of the greater army of civilization, and a wordy skirmish ensued. These were the inevitable collectors who hang about an Indian payment like a cloud of crows scenting a carcass. One might have heard such a conversation as this above the tumult of the meeting races:

"Well, Big Bear, going to pay that note today?"

"Ugh?"

"I say," voice raised a key, "are you going to pay that note—muska (money)—wabugazee (note)?"

"Unkazhee!" (Don't understand).

"Damn your black hide, Big Bear; you can talk as good as I can! I say," voice raised to a shriek, "if you don't pay that note, I'll come to your place and get every doggasted, straw-bellied pony you've got!"

"Gad up!"

And the delinquent debtor put the whip to his long-haired, rawboned, shambling mortgages and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The Omaha is a genius for contracting debts. At the opening of the big payment the aggregate debts of the tribe were estimated at \$200,000, the living representative of long-digested groceries, starved ponies, shattered

vehicles and forgotten alcoholic debauches.

The Government, in the wisdom of blindness, had caused large placards to be posted at the entrances to the Agency grounds bearing this order: "No collector of any description shall be allowed within a radius of half a mile of the pay station." Accordingly, the Indian police strutted about in blue clothes and brass buttons, obstreperously hustling the white creditors over the half-mile line where they lounged in disconsolate groups along the dusty road, playing mumble-peg, pitching horseshoes and verbally sending the entire tribe to the devil.

"Be cussed if I don't hate to see the twentieth century kicked downstairs this way by the dark ages! Cussed if I don't!"

Thus a little, wiry, pale-faced undertaker was heard to exclaim. His name was Comfort, and he appeared to be a positive misery both to himself and to the relatives of the many good Indians he had laid away. Besides the little undertaker, there were lawyers, bank clerks, grocerymen, liverymen, middlemen, butchers, doctors and a half-dozen politicians of assorted doctrines for the purpose of whipping the brown votes into line. There were men like wolves, bears, dogs, goats, roosters, beetles, scorpions. The little undertaker was the scorpion; a middleman was like a bear; there was a banker's clerk like a goat, and a thin, tall, angular politician with a body like an interrogation point, who slunk about like a hungry gray wolf.

By ten o'clock the last stragglers of the tribe had arrived and the Agency grounds were filled with circles of sweating brown men, women and children, passing the stone pipe, tranquilly awaiting the coming of the Agent, whose name, upon a reservation, is a shout.

At ten-thirty the Agent rode in a carriage from his residence down the dusty road, preceded by mounted police of pompous bearing, who shouted "The Agent! Make way for the Agent!" to the circles of tribesmen

sitting comfortably in the dust of the highway.

A short while afterward the loungers at the half-mile line heard the voice of a crier at the door of the pay station calling, in the golden autumn silence, the first name on the roll.

"Nuzhee Mona! Geegoho!" (Rain Walker, come here!).

Then the fact that Mr. Rain Walker, a leader of the tribe much indebted to the white man, was being paid became volatile as ammonia, and the fluttering of time-yellowed legal paper was heard along the line of creditors.

"Owes me \$6.46 with interest for four years!"

"Me \$25 and interest."

"I've got the old cuss's note for forty—outlawed!"

"I buried his fourth and sixth wives," squeaked the little undertaker, "seven and nine years ago respectively!"

Such exclamations volleyed down the line in all the variations of vocal emphasis.

"Wonder how he's voting!" mused the hungry wolf of a politician.

"To the devil with politics!" roared the bear of a middleman. "I want the rent money back I advanced him."

At that moment Mr. Rain Walker was seen to leave the station, mount his pony and proceed down the dusty road toward the half-mile line. It had doubtless occurred to him that during past winters it had been necessary to eat, and he was coming forth to make his peace with the groceryman.

At sight of the approaching debtor the creditors straightened and stood at attention. The grocer, who spoke the Omaha tongue fluently and had a snug fortune stowed away in consequence, walked rapidly in advance of his fellows and met Rain Walker at the line.

Mr. Rain Walker had a large, round, flat, pockmarked face, that looked for the world like a pumpkin pie overbaked by a careless cook. His monstrous nose was in the centre of it. He sat placidly upon his pony, that had all the salient points of a starved cow and dozed luxuriously

in the sun at the shortest halt. The old chief presented the appearance of an optimistic joke sitting upon the bone-heap of a tragedy.

The grocer had barely collected the greater share of the old man's check when he became the centre of a noisy, gesticulating crowd of collectors. It was the chatter of the crows over carrion.

"You know you promised to settle that note," said the goat-like bank clerk in his bleating voice.

"How about that rent money I advanced, Rain Walker?" roared the bear-like middleman.

"I want my money for them wives I planted for you—two of 'em!" squeaked the scorpion-like undertaker, holding up two explanatory fingers and thrusting forth his thin, pale face.

"Ugh," the old man answered rather unsatisfactorily.

"If you don't pay me," shrieked the undertaker, "I'll go right out on the hill and dig up them boxes, by God!"

"Muska Ningay" (no money), said the old man. "No pay um chil'n's money tall. All time lie to us. Goan vote um Dimmiticrat, guess."

And with this statement, bearing with it the fate of a national representative, the old chief kicked his sleeping pony in the ribs and rode back to the Agency.

"Eh?" ejaculated the politician with the shape of an interrogation point. "Voting Democratic, eh? Well, I'll be cussed! That's a great mistake; it'll snow us under! Why in thunder do they refuse to pay the money to the minor children? It'll snow us under!"

"Drat politics!" squeaked the little undertaker. "Wish I'd 'a' buried 'em all afore now. Cussed if I don't go right out on the hill and dig them boxes up."

The day wore on with an alarming recrudescence of Democracy among the red men—who are not red, but chocolate. In the afternoon the little undertaker chased White Horse, another leader of the tribe, into the brush, and after many minutes returned with a broad grin on his face.

"Beats the devil!" exclaimed the thin politician, "where a body will find merriment. How's he voting, Comfort?"

"Votin' Democrat—the whole cussed posse of 'em! But I don't give a cuss—Democrat or Republican money's all the same to me. I got fifteen dollars. One of his kids I planted five years ago; died of Cuban itch; four-foot pine box. He-he-he! I don't give a cuss how they're votin'!"

That night there was a meeting of Republican politicians at the Agency office. A most alarming landslide had begun that day, bearing disaster to the ranks of the Grand Old Party.

"Some more of those confounded departmental rulings!" exclaimed the Agent to the company present. "It's this grandmotherly solicitude for the Indian that makes him an irresponsible scamp. Why, if the Government had turned them all loose a decade ago to sink or swim, natural law would, by this time, have solved the much-mooted Indian question. But what are we to do?" And the agent stroked his Van Dyke beard in perplexity.

"We've got to do something," said the lean wolf with a body like a question mark, "and there's only one thing to do. Get Meekleman here. You remember how he wheedled them into line four years ago? If there's a man in the world who can bring them around it's Meekleman. And we'd better get McBarty here too. The two of them may be able to kick up a successful powwow."

Charles D. Meekleman was a Nebraska politician who barely escaped being a statesman, and had held important positions in Washington official circles. McBarty was the Republican candidate for Congress. It was decided that they should be sent for at once.

Friday evening the two great men arrived, and Saturday morning they came forth and allowed themselves to be gazed upon freely. McBarty was a heavy-set, middle-sized man with an earnest expression of countenance and the rather bewildered air of a candi-

date led forth to sacrifice for the first time. Meekleman was tall, superbly built, clad faultlessly and bearing about him that general air of refinement which had won for him from his rural constituents the name of "Gentleman Charley." His way of shaking hands was the most consummate flattery; and although it was done with an air of magnanimous condescension, there was something masterful in his eyes, looking kindly down from under his heavy brows as from a battlemented tower, that established the utmost confidence. He had a happy faculty of disposing of a boiled potato at a farmhouse with a dignity acquired over many a French dish at the banquets of the distinguished. And the tone in which he addressed a bunch of squaws and bucks as "my dear ladies and gentlemen" was surpassingly suave.

The two great men strolled leisurely, arm in arm, down the dusty road to the pay station, stopping often to shake hands with the Omahas and radiating smiles like human suns. When they had reached the station Mr. Meekleman approached the Agent, busy signing checks, and said in his big, clear, slow voice, that it might be plainly heard by the lounging Indians, "Major, I wish you would announce to the gentlemen that I want to talk to them this evening over at Fire Chief Lodge. Tell the gentlemen I am very much grieved for them, and that I shall endeavor to right their wrongs." And he raised his heavy brows and condescendingly smiled upon the brown loungers, while the Agent instructed a policeman to make the announcement.

That evening a party consisting of the Agent, Messrs. Meekleman and McBarty and several local politicians proceeded on foot to Fire Chief Lodge, a large octagonal frame shack placed in a lonesome valley a mile distant from the Agency.

"Brace up, Mac," said Meekleman, as the two walked along the moonlit, prairie road, "tonight I shall have the honor to make a man of you—the Hon. James McBarty! Have a cigar and keep cool."

"Yes, thanks. I was just feeling a little surprised at the lonesome road that leads to Congress—that was all. Do you really have confidence in winning them over?"

"Well, you shall see," said Meekleman. "Follow my suit and don't make faces at the soup. One really must drink soup to be a Congressman from this district, you know."

"I say, Mac, did you ever smoke *killicinick*?" continued Meekleman. "Well, anyway, I advise you to smoke it tonight till the back of your neck aches! There is really no royal road to Congress, Mac!" And Meekleman slapped the candidate upon the shoulder and filled the great prairie silence with jovial laughter.

As the party neared the lodge, from which the light of the fire streamed through the open windows into the moon haze, they heard the sound of the drum and the singing that accompanies an Indian feast; a wild, melodious flight of notes, threaded with the throb of the drum, like the beat of a fevered temple, rising in ecstasy, like the wail of a fitful nightwind in the scrub oaks of a bluff, and falling melodiously to die in a guttural note like the burr of a wounded rattlesnake. A barbaric music filled with the sounds of nature and old as the wrinkled prairie!

"This," said Meekleman, stopping near the entrance to listen to the deep, beautiful voices within, "this, Mac, is the Indian of romance. Now for the bitter truth—and the soup!"

As they entered the long, narrow passage leading into the lodge they saw before them a large octagonal room, with a wood fire blazing in the centre. About the dusky walls the huge, perverted shadows of the singers flitted in a grotesque dance as they swayed their bodies in the rhythm of song. A circle of brown men sat around the sputtering fire, over which a huge kettle steamed forth the scent of beef. Near the circle sat the smaller circle of drummers round a washtub with a cowhide stretched across the top. Within the larger

circle near the fire sat a squaw, cutting bits of beef from a quantity of ribs she held conveniently in her lap, and, from time to time, casting handfuls of meat into the kettle.

"Shade of Mrs. Rorer!" exclaimed the would-be Congressman in a whisper to his friend, "is that the soup?"

"Sh!" said Meekleman, "one should be willing to suffer for his country!"

As the great men entered, the singing ceased abruptly, and the singers turned their sullen, brute-like eyes upon the visitors and grunted.

"Are there any of the leading men here?" asked Meekleman of the Agent. Rain Walker and White Horse were both present.

"Ah," said Meekleman, pointing to an unusually homely old Indian, "who is that black scamp with the big face and the *remarkably* stupendous nose?"

"Rain Walker," replied the Agent—"a leader. It would be well to make peace with him first."

Meekleman approached the old chief with his soft, white hand extended and his face the picture of rapture.

"Well, well, Rain Walker, here you are! I'm glad to see you, Rain Walker! How well you look! I needn't ask you about your health; your complexion could scarcely be surpassed!"

Mr. Rain Walker turned a shade lighter with pride and grinned, returning the great man's salutation with a large, fragrant bunch of beef-scented silence! Meekleman sat down cross-legged in the circle, took the circulating stone pipe in his turn, smoked heroically and drank large quantities of hot soup.

The sullen faces of the firelit circle brightened. Old Rain Walker began to talk in his own tongue, staring meanwhile meditatively into the fire. For several minutes his deep, musical voice ran on with occasional dignified pauses and gestures, indicating that he spoke of the great white man beside him. Meekleman gave an Indian youth a coin to serve as interpreter.

"He says," said the interpreter, "that you all time wear good clothes

and eat good stuff and walk with great people; but you are not too good, he says, to smoke and eat with us; he says, he like you pretty much, guess."

The old chief talked again for several minutes and then lapsed into dignified silence.

"He says," continued the interpreter, "that you have lived in the same lodge with the big white Father at Washington, and you can get the money for the chil'ns, he guess. That's what he says."

"Tell my dear brother," said Meekleman, "that my heart is warm toward my brown brothers and that the children shall have their money. Tell him that I played with the Big Father when he was a little boy, and that I know the Big Father would be terribly angry if he knew the children had been refused their money. Tell him that I will see that they get it."

This short speech, translated, sent a murmur of joy round the circle. White Horse arose from the opposite side of the circle and brought a cup of hot soup to his white brother as a special favor.

"And now," said Meekleman, arising majestically, as befitted the erstwhile playmate of the President, "I shall introduce Mr. McBarty to you. He will go to Washington for you, and while he is there he will do many good things for the Omahas."

Mr. McBarty came forth and fell to shaking the brown hands of the grown-up children. He started with Rain Walker, who carefully rubbed his left hand upon his dirty blanket before offering it to the future savior of his race. Then, after having shaken all the hands, including that of the squaw who stripped beef from the ribs, the potential Congressman fell heroically upon the soup and killicinick.

An old Indian placed cross-legged near a wood fire with the feel of hot soup in his belly and the tang of killicinick upon his tongue, invariably becomes reminiscent. Old White Horse sat staring at the sputtering flame, his face expressionless as the face of a

statue of Buddha. His voice began in a low, musical tone, rising as his memory quickened, and modulated with the expressive oratorical skill for which he was noted in the tribe. His words translated ran thus:

"These new times are not like the old times. When we old men were young and the bison still bellowed on the prairies we were strong and swift and wise. Now we are weak and slow and not wise. I cannot understand. It is all like a day when the fog is everywhere. When we were young and fought the Pawnees and the Sioux there were no bigger, wiser men than Rain Walker and White Horse. Look at us now. We are old and slow and we cannot see far today. Once when I was young I found a sick bison bull wandering in the hills. He was weak and half blind and he had lost the trail. We are weak and half blind and we have lost the old trail. I cannot understand."

"Ah, ah, ah," a groan ran about the firelit circle, intent upon the old wise man's words.

"We cannot find God any more. He is not in the valleys today nor on the hills. We cannot talk to the big white God. What can we old men say to our foolish people when they need wise words? Every day they grow more like badgers. They eat and drink firewater and are very foolish. But we have these white brothers and they are wise. We will listen to them. Their wisdom is the new wisdom. We will listen to them."

"Ah, ah," assented the listeners.

For an hour the circle sat staring into the dying flames, thinking of the old times. Then, without a word, Rain Walker and White Horse arose and passed out of the lodge and the others followed.

"Well," said Meekleman to McBarty as they walked along the lonesome road toward the Agency, "I have the honor to address the Hon. James McBarty!"

The other did not answer for several minutes.

"Meekleman," said McBarty at

length, "don't you suppose I *can* do something for these poor devils?"

"Ah, McBarty," returned Meekleman, "I am afraid you will never be a politician!"

The following Monday morning when the tribe gathered for the continuation of the big payment, the news began to circulate that the great white man had gone to see the Big Father at Washington about the payment of the money due the minor children. As this news was authenticated by White Horse and Rain Walker themselves, it was readily believed, and in one day four hundred brown votes swung to the Republican faith again.

On Tuesday, a week before the election, there was not a brown Democrat upon the reservation. This state of affairs continued through the week until Friday evening, at which time no word had yet come from the Big Father. The Democratic candidate for Congress, Judge Roberts, had arrived at the Agency during the week to battle in person against the impending calamity. All week he and his retainers had led the forlorn hope. But on Friday afternoon, when the news so impatiently awaited by the Omahas had not yet arrived, the all but lost cause began to gain a foothold in a persistent rumor that maybe Meekleman didn't intend to intercede for the Indian at all; maybe the Indian had been duped. And accordingly, one by one, the brown men wondered, doubted, wavered and lost hope, until by Saturday evening, when the pay station closed, there had begun a restless, slow but certain movement among the Omahas toward the Democratic ranks.

When Monday morning came, twenty-four hours before the opening of the polls, the political condition of Little Omaha could have been summed up in one laconic and characteristic conversation:

"Well, friend, how are you voting?"

"Dimmiticrat, guess!"

McBarty strolled leisurely among the Omahas with an enigmatic smile upon his face, seeming unconscious of

the defeat he was apparently about to receive. The day wore on, and every hour was an individual triumph for the Judge, who already felt himself "the gentleman from Nebraska."

At five o'clock in the evening the two candidates were talking together at the door of the pay station.

"Well, Mac," said the Judge, "it's looking a little dark for you. I swear, a week ago I would have taken a cent for my chances."

McBarty repeatedly looked up the dusty Government trail leading north from the Agency with an anxious expression.

"Well," he said, "allow me to congratulate the Hon. John Roberts, of Nebraska!" He smiled gravely as he shook the hand of his rival. "All I regret," he added; "is that I drank the soup."

"Thanks," said the Judge, "but it really is a shame that one should be obliged to go to Congress at the hands of these savages!"

"Yes," said McBarty, taking a long gaze up the road, "it *is* a shame."

At that moment a little farce was being enacted a mile up the old trail. There, within the covering of a wild plum thicket at the side of the road, a saddled and bridled horse was lariated to a stake, and a man sat nearby on a rock, repeatedly tapping the horse upon the flanks as it galloped about in a circle.

"Lather up there!" cried the man, as he nipped the horse with his whip-lash. "Lather up there!" And the horse dashed about the circle until its flanks were dripping and its mouth was white with foam.

At length the man took out his watch, saw that it was 5.30 o'clock, and, untying the lariat, mounted the horse, and, putting the spurs to his already jaded animal, dashed at a furious pace down the dusty road toward the Agency.

A few minutes later McBarty and the Judge caught sight of the furious rider coming toward them in a cloud of dust.

"Who do you suppose that can be riding so fast?" asked the Judge.

"Oh," said McBarty, smiling broadly, "that, Judge, is merely my election coming up at the gallop!"

Amid dust and yelling and a general spectacular confusion the horseman reached the door of the pay station, threw his horse upon its haunches in stopping and cried, "*A telegram from Washington for the Agent!*"

In a few moments a great crowd of Indians had gathered about the horse and rider. The Agent, with a smile upon his face, rushed out of the pay station and seized a bit of yellow paper that the rider held in his hand. Breathlessly the crowd of Omahas waited.

"Listen!" shouted a crier in the Omaha tongue, standing by the Agent, who was reading the telegram. "The Big Father at Washington sends this word to his brown brothers: *'The children's money shall be paid!'*"

For a moment after the message of the crier there was a great silence. Then a roar went up from the Omahas—a wild, hoarse shout of joy.

Judge Roberts turned pale and, extending his hand to McBarty, said, "Well, you have won, after all. Allow me to congratulate the Hon. James McBarty!"

When the next morning's sun rose the polls were besieged by a throng of brown Republicans.



At the Turn of the Year

BY M. E. BUHLER

"FATHER, mine hour is come! The twelfth stroke falls,
I faint before Thy Throne amid the snows!
Here at Thy feet the burden I lay down—
A heart, all deep despair and bitterness,
For deeds undone that I was given to do,
And many a battle lost upon the way.
My strength diminished to this feeble end,
Weary and old I die; my youth's fair dreams
Forever vanished in this cold, gray mist;
The firs and hemlocks, black above the snows,
Like shades of passions spent, environ me;
Sorrow alone remains, and vain regret,
Remembering the promise of my spring!"

Down from His Rings of ever-circling Light,
Stooped pityingly the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
And laid His touch upon the dying year.
"Beloved, rise! I give to thee again
Thy radiant youth, more glorious than of old;
Sweeter and wiser, stronger with each death,
For the endeavor and the burdens borne
From cycle unto cycle! Go, once more,
And love and strive and conquer! Thou art Mine,
And Mine the Event, and I will not forsake.
Lo! in the East thy star shines! It is Morn!"

How Sentiment Was Discouraged in Sim

BY CHARLES FORT

HERE were three vessels at the pier. Up six gangplanks, bustling, hustling, shouting stevedores were rolling barrels. Along the pier and out in the street were mountains of these barrels; between towers that touched the wharf's ceiling ran a canyon, and in this canyon flowed a stream of carts, up on the right side and back on the left into a chaos of trucks that choked West Street to the farther curb. Hubs of wheels crashed together and locked, causing a surge and a backflow as if oncoming carts were held by a dam. Horses reared, and stevedores, rolling barrels, darted under their heads, becoming locked themselves with stevedores trying to crawl through from the other direction. Confusion, hustling, bustling, shouting, loud swearing! Surely you would wonder what was in those thousands of barrels. You would wonder what it was that New York was struggling so tremendously for.

Sim Rakes was the "header" at the gangplank where I, as clerk, was trying to hold down wind-caught bills with one hand and check off items with the other.

"Say," remarked Sim, with the dreamy drawl that comes upon him now and then, "this does please me! New York can't be such a wicked city as they say. When I look around at all these barrels and know what's in them it sorter touches me. There's something most innocent-like about them barrels coming down from the country and being so eager sought for here!"

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"Where does barrels for Brown go?" shouted a dozen stevedores. "Where are they loading for Lum-mox? For Petrie? W. G. Mullins? Hopkins Brothers? Who's header here, anyway?"

"Coming down from the country," continued Sim, with his exasperating drawl, "the country always seems good and innocent to me. New York wants lots of wicked and intemperate things, but it does seem to me it can't be so very bad when it also wants these barrels so much—"

"Brown! Leonard! Smith & Whooping!" roared the stevedores, like a vivified city directory.

"Well, see you again!" said Sim. "Just the same, it does move me, because the country—"

At this point outcries from drivers and stevedores were so passionate that the superintendent ran from his office, taking so long, however, in winding and crawling and leaping his way among crowded carts that, by the time he had reached the gangplank, Sim had reduced the congestion.

There was nothing in those barrels but apples.

Again there was unusual excitement. A heavy truck was being backed into the river, pressed by a stream of carts in front, crushed by a mass of carts behind. The superintendent again ran up, the gateman with him, both screeching for Sim Rakes to do something, a dozen stevedores roaring to Sim to direct them with their barrels. Sim ambled over to me and sat on a barrel of Baldwins

that all morning he had been eying as if there were something unusual about it.

"Don't you feel that way?" he asked dreamily. "Apples seem such innocent berries, and it does seem so sorter innocent of great and wicked New York being so anxious for them—"

Terrific splash! Cart backed into the river! Whirlwind of shouting and swearing!

"—so anxious for them, and I do like to see them going into so many homes instead of beer and whisky. I like to think of an honest laboring man working hard and his wife having a nice apple pie for him, in the evening, instead of squandering his wages. And they gather by the fireside and eat apples, which is such homelike vegetables—"

A horse dabbed a hoof at the back of his head. All along the pier entangled and frightened horses were rearing and struggling, drivers hopping down and jumping upon one another.

"Who's loading my cart, anyway?"

"Here! come on here with my thirty barrels for Juniper & Stoddard and let me out of here alive!"

"Down from the orchards," drawled dreamy Sim. "I can just see the farm these Baldwins in this here barrel come from! There's little children picking up apples that has fell in the high wind last night, and there's a girl in a pink dress beating the branches with a long pole, which I'm afraid is too heavy for her. She's a nice-looking girl and sorter slim and—"

"Oh, Gawd!" shouted a brawny stevedore, overhearing this nonsense. The boss ran up, his fist doubled, crying:

"One word more of such trash out of you, Sim Rakes, and I'll let you have it in the lug!" Then Sim grabbed up his bills and began shouting orders, working steadily until noon, mountains of barrels shooting up all around us and the stream in the canyon becoming more and more of a raging torrent.

But at noon the pier was cleared somewhat.

"I wonder!" said Sim, coming back to the barrel that seemed to attract him and sitting beside me, as desperately I was trying to catch up in my accounts. "You know how them country girls writes letters on eggs, don't you? Well, I wonder if that nice-looking girl in the pink dress didn't write such a letter and put it in with the apples! I ain't superstitious, but there's surely something about this barrel that is attracting me. I'd like to get a letter that sorter romantic way and answer it. I will, if there's a letter here, and she'll write back to me—where's my cottonhook?" And Sim knocked in the head of the barrel, which was consigned to McCurdy Brothers.

"Look at them!" he cried, pointing to the apples. "You say I'm too sentimental, but ain't it good to see something so nice and innocent, from the country, right here, and the gin-mills and wickedness of a big city all around us? Oh, beegee, a note! I'll answer it! She'll write back—say, all my life, I just been dying for a romance like this!" Under the first layer of apples Sim saw a sheet of note-paper. Eagerly he seized it and read it. "Oh, beegee, this is fierce!" cried Sim, looking despairingly at me. Then he burrowed into the barrel, scattering apples out on the pier. For the first time I permitted myself a moment to see what was interesting him. I read the letter, while Sim was groaning:

"Oh, beegee, I'll never again believe in anything I think's got romances in it!"

I read:

Deer Mr. McCurdy, the revnoo officers is getting too hot after us and we must shut down the still till spring and not make no more shipments.

Unhappy Sim lifted a big jug of whisky from the innocent-looking barrel.

Government Aid to Railroads

BY W. G. JOERNS

THE favors of Government are among the most fruitful source of corruption and economic injustice. In no field of endeavor is this fact more patent than in that of the public utilities and, in particular, of American railroads.

There is hardly a railroad of any size in the country that at some period of its history has not, in one way or another, become the recipient of public bounty; and very few that, in the lust for gain or under the burden of an illegitimate debt, have not returned evil for good and become an economic menace to the body politic.

The railroads are PUBLIC HIGHWAYS. This proposition is at the very foundation of the right of Government to supervise and control. The railroads, in their nature essentially monopolistic, exist, however, solely because of the surrender to them of Government prerogative. Because they are public highways, because they are essentially monopolistic and because of the surrender to them of Government prerogative, it is now definitely and authoritatively recognized that the Government has retained and, for the welfare and safety of the people, must ever retain the unreserved power of supervision and, if need be, within prescribed and constitutional limits, the power of absolute appropriation to public use.

That the public have rights in the premises, that are dependent on neither corporation favor nor malevolence, is a proposition that the railroad magnates are slow to learn. Time was when to insist on such rights was looked upon as an unwarranted impertinence, and individuals and com-

munities trembled at the word of the railroad magnate. We are gradually getting away from this special brand of serfdom. The Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 was the first great national step toward ultimate emancipation. The so-called Elkins Amendment of 1903 covered important ground; but the matter of rate regulation remains untouched and as ineffective as the judicial shears had left it. There is an imperative general public demand for the further amendment of the law, and the Esch-Townsend bill, as it passed the House at the last session of Congress, in its rate-regulation feature, is positively the *minimum* that will satisfy this demand at the present time.

The Government has been more than generous in its donations of land and other aids in the construction of system after system of the railroads of the country. In land grants, loans of credit and actual money advanced, to say nothing of the payment of extortionate rates for such transportation of men, material and mail as it from time to time required, the national Government has openhandedly given enough, together with what has been "milked" in a local way, practically to duplicate the entire American railroad system!

The root of the evil struck deep in the fertile soil of the corruption and economic indifference of the period beginning before the Civil War and culminating in the panic of 1873. We are now well into the era of combination, the higher ethics of exploitation—in the third stage, as it were. The second stage was reached in the first period and was the awakening of

"enterprise" to the magnificent opportunity for plunder while public conscience and public forethought were still wrapped in slumber. It was marked by the spoliation of our magnificent public domain and the reprehensible pledge of national credit in the aid of private schemes. Ostensibly these things were done under the guise of public utility; but the well-understood purpose was to fatten the private purse. Later this period became the era of the timber thief and local franchise grabber and of attendant state and municipal corruption.

The national Government granted an *empire* in the aid of railroad construction. The Government statistics are somewhat obscure as to the extent of the original grants and locations. In the report of the General Land Office (Railroad Division) for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, it is "estimated" that "the area covered by these grants as originally made was 197,000,000 acres, and that by reason of forfeiture by Congress, because of the failure of the grantees to construct the roads as required by the granting acts, this amount was reduced . . . to 155,000,000 acres." Including the grants by the individual states—the State of Texas alone parting with upward of 34,000,000 acres—the total donation to private interests will probably foot up a net of 225,000,000 or 250,000,000 acres.

Up to June 30, 1904, there had been patented by the general Government as deeded to the railroads direct or to individual states in trust for the railroads 108,165.485.11 acres. By far the larger part of this transfer of title has been made within the past ten years.

According to the Government report there are seventy-nine land-grant railroads, "and the grant for nearly every one has some feature or features peculiar to itself."

There developed, however, an established *modus operandi* in these matters: the grant, acceptance by the private interest, filing of map of the general

route, the withdrawal of the granted lands from entry, the definite location, the certification as to construction, and finally, on demand to suit the exigency or scheme of the private interest, the patent, all following in logical sequence. Such interruptions as have occurred in the grant of additional privileges, extensions, substitutions and other favors have been largely for the purpose of conferring some unwarranted advantage upon the grasping horde of national leeches.

Thus "lieu" lands, scrip* and other reprehensible invasions have been granted and permitted. "Earned" lands were not all patented when and as so "earned." The application for patent was rather purposely withheld and the issue of such patents delayed, with the more or less active or passive connivance of the public servants of the people. The object in part of this procedure was to avoid local taxation, and in this way alone millions of dollars have been filched from the people. By well-known subterfuges large tracts of comparatively worthless lands have been exchanged for rich mineral, timber and agricultural lands, until the richest and most fertile of the Government domain has been appropriated and is being exploited to make still greater those great fortunes that are already a serious menace to the liberties and welfare of the people. Innumerable quarter-sections of land thus appropriated are worth tens of thousands of dollars in timber alone, and many a forty-acre tract of mineral land is worth millions.

The area thus given away approximates in extent all the surveyed and unappropriated and unreserved public land in all the states and territories barring Alaska, and two-thirds of all such public lands, surveyed and un-

* It has been reported that the Northern Pacific has within the year sold to the so-called "Weyerhauser" syndicate 2,000,000 acres of such scrip at \$6 per acre. This has or is being placed on some of the richest timber lands in the West and South—some surveyed, some unsurveyed—and the aggregated "haul," at the expense of the people, will probably be not less than \$100,000,000.

surveyed, still remaining available for settlement. It is equal in extent to the entire solid South, barring Texas. The area of the thirteen original states was but a trifle over 208,000,000 acres, and the princely domain given to the railroads, we will recall, foots up dangerously near 250,000,000 acres. The entire Pacific Slope could be placed in the tract with room to spare. The whole Middle West—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota—the garden of America, only aggregates about 242,000,000 acres. This is not more nor less in area than the prodigal gift the railroads have pocketed without compunction, gratitude or one iota, apparently, of the sense of responsibility.

But this is shameful, you say. How can such things be in a well-ordered state? Why do not our public servants move in the matter? Why have they moved *in the wrong direction* when these things have come before them? Ah! There is the rub! The sordid and grasping private interest has been an unmitigated curse to this fair land in more ways and fields than one. Even now the beneficiaries of the nation's bounty and of this loot are moving heaven and earth to frighten or cajole the lawmakers into a plain evasion of their duty to the people in the matter of railroad rate regulation.

The ten-year period immediately preceding the Civil War was particularly prolific in land grant legislation. Generous donations of virgin territory could be had for the asking—if one knew *how to ask*. It was in this period that the millions upon millions of acres of the public land in the Middle West were squandered upon the railroads. This land was of wonderful fertility, and but to tickle the soil with the plow was to bring forth the most bountiful of harvests. The territory was bound to be settled. It was sure to make great traffic for the railroads. There was no occasion for Government aid, except in the furtherance of private

graft; for the railroads were absolutely certain to be built as the legitimate demand for them developed.

The purpose of railroad construction in this period, however, was not ordinarily to meet a legitimate demand, but, as it was excellently put by Governor Cummins, of Iowa, in his statement to the Senate Committee: "Men built railroads not to help future generations nor to develop the country, but either to secure immense land grants . . . or to make profit out of the construction of the improvement by the sale of an exaggerated issue of stocks and bonds."

The land grant established a basis of credit; the projected road was bonded for all it would stand, which was often greatly in excess of its honest value; and the "insiders," who controlled the stock and management, formed construction companies and built the roads often at enormous and unconscionable profits to themselves.

Manipulation upon manipulation followed—of capitalization, rates, traffic and assets generally. Roads were boomed and wrecked by turns. Stockholders were frozen out, bondholders were misled and swindled, private and public trustees were seduced from probity and virtue, branch roads were built as private enterprises and unloaded by thrifty directors upon the main lines at fabulous advances on their actual cost. Through it all the "insiders" reaped the golden harvest at every turn and became great magnates and captains of industry.

Many of the "successful" men of that period have gone to their last reward; others are with us still and are among the most insistent and vociferous in opposing rate regulation and urging upon the lawmakers and the public the sacredness of the "vested interest" which they represent. Mr. Lawson has given us some startling disclosures as to latter-day financial jugglery, but the "Napoleons" of the earlier day, in their cold-blooded game of graft, were not "slow" by any means.

But, you ask, how did these bounty-fed roads and fattened financiers treat

the general public to whom they owed so much? Did they not require their obligation when it came to service and rates? Far from it. They recognized no obligation, not even that of ordinary gratitude or common prudence. The famous exclamation of a prominent Eastern magnate consigning the public to perdition was only a marked outward expression of a very prevalent point of view. The public was quite generally regarded as legitimate prey to be plundered to the limit of popular endurance. Service and rates were only too often execrable and extortionate, and such concessions as were made were largely to private favorites or intermittently wrung from the railroads by such show of force on the part of the outraged public as could not safely be ignored.

Every trunk line in Iowa, for example, was a land-grant road. Millions of acres of rich prairie land in this, the most fertile state in the Union, had been lavished upon these steel highways of commerce. The treatment accorded the people of Iowa in return was infamous. Exaction, deadly discrimination and neglect were their portion until patience ceased to be a virtue and they rose in their sovereign might in the later seventies and struck the first great blow for state regulation and control of rates on intra-state shipments, thus enforcing at least a partial recognition of their rights. By later enactment the State Railroad Commission was given far-reaching authority in rate-making power as to shipments within the state—far greater power than is now asked for the Interstate Commerce Commission—with the result, according to Governor Cummins, that Iowa rates have been reduced so that the gross earnings of the roads on shipments within the state average \$6,019 per mile, as against an average of \$9,410 for the country as a whole.

A large portion of Minnesota still pays enforced tribute to Chicago and the "long haul" for the railroads, through unjust discrimination against Duluth—the state's own port and

gateway to the sea; and this though the discriminating roads had been favored with magnificent grants of Minnesota lands.

The Flint & Père Marquette Railroad, a seven-hundred-mile road that gobbled in over a half-million acres of land grant, is, as part of a reorganized system, bound by a conscienceless contract to the Armour private car monopoly and is one of its most obsequious handmaids, as the road's officials are among the most brazen of its apologists and defenders.

President Spencer's Southern Railway, in some of its component parts under obligation to the Government for similar favors, is likewise bound to the chariot wheels of Armour and aiding in the plundering of the fruit growers along the line of his road. The St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad* (the main constituent of Mr. Hill's Great Northern system), and the St. Paul & Duluth† (afterward absorbed by the Northern Pacific—the Great Northern's "merger" partner), also became the beneficiaries of opulent land grants. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Hill are among the most bitter and vehement opponents of effective rate regulation.

The Duluth & Iron Range Railroad, of Minnesota, has also pocketed a half-million acres of land grant, much of it valuable for timber, some of it of priceless value on account of rich mineral deposits contained therein. It still has over 100,000 acres to be located as it may find its "opportunity." This road is a "Steel Trust" road, and is capitalized for about \$14,000,000, or at the rate of about \$68,000 per mile. Its net earnings, after liberal deductions for operation and for betterments and maintenance, approximate \$4,000,000 per annum. This means that the road's earnings are so enormous as practically to equal the actual cost of duplication once every two years.

* The "Manitoba" grant amounted to upward of 3,800,000 acres of the most fertile of Minnesota and Dakota lands.

† The St. Paul & Duluth grant amounted to about 860,000 acres.

To state that this is owing to excessive freight charges is to reiterate a self-evident fact. Iron ore is its main commodity. Iron enters universally into the necessities of the people. The overcharge is therefore a tax on all the people, to say nothing of the millions in value that have been bestowed upon this company as a gift. The "Steel Trust" magnates have not been heard urging effective rate regulation. The people of Minnesota, however, as their neighbors in Wisconsin, whose domain has thus been plundered at the behest of private greed, are urgent in their demand for an adjustment of excessive local freight rates and for effective national control.

Generous and prodigal as the Government was in its grants and donations already enumerated, the most lurid example of shameful wastefulness of the national domain and Government patrimony is found in the grants and other aids to the great transcontinental roads, the Union-Central Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and others. It has been stated that upward of 180,000,000 acres of land were included in the Pacific land grants. The Government had, on June 30, 1904, already deeded to the several roads direct over 68,000,000 acres, to say nothing of what reached them indirectly through the states, and of those lands the title is still allowed to be held in abeyance in state and nation to escape taxation, and for other questionable purposes.

Of all Pacific railroads, the Union Pacific (with its attendant outlet to the Pacific, the Central Pacific) developed in its promotion and construction the most extraordinary record of private and official venality and spoliation. It was indeed the pioneer in more fields than one. The cost of the 3,414.92 miles of road involved in the double-headed scheme (including the Kansas Pacific from Kansas City to Denver, as much as was then constructed of the road to Portland, Ore., and some smaller branch lines) was in

1879 reported by competent authority as \$318,352,888, or \$93,224 per mile. The estimated cost of duplication in 1879 was given at \$28,624 per mile, or an aggregate of less than \$100,000,000. The excess was garnered in by thrifty promoters, the Credit Mobilier Construction Company, with its "Aladdin lamp" and its princely dividends of spoil, and by a brazen and profligate lobby and its even more shameless victims.

The record shows that in 1879 upward of \$25,000,000 had been realized by the Union-Central Pacific from the sale of land-grant lands at an average price of \$4.70 per acre, and that about 24,000,000 acres still remained in the hands of the companies. The title to these lands, for reasons already stated, was thriftily allowed to stand in the United States until business exigencies made their transfer advisable or imperative.

Congress at an early day had been manipulated to pledge the Government credit in additional aid of these seductive colossi, as follows:

Government Subsidy, U. P.—	
Council Bluffs to Ogden.....	\$27,236,072
Government Subsidy, K. P.—	
Kansas City to Denver.....	6,303,000
Government Subsidy, C. P.—	
Ogden to San Francisco.....	25,885,120
Government Subsidy, C. P.—	
Oakland to San José.....	1,970,500

or a total of bonds "loaned" by the United States in the aid of this one system of \$61,394,692, a sum, as shown, almost alone enough to have built the road.

On this sum the Government had by 1897 paid in *interest* the enormous aggregate of \$85,000,000, thus making a total outlay of cash or its equivalent on behalf of the private enterprise of almost \$150,000,000. The reimbursement to the Government hereon amounted at that time to about \$25,000,000, being about five or six million dollars in cash and the balance in transportation services at exorbitant rates. The Government had therefore twice paid for the construction of the Union-Central system, once in land and once in cash.

The reward to the nation for its generous pledge of the national credit, not to mention the prodigal sacrifice of the public domain, was a dastardly betrayal of its best interests. Private greed and official duplicity conspired to subordinate the Government lien to a further incumbrance of the road in some \$100,000,000 or more, which helped materially to pay the wine bills and swell the profits of the construction companies. Poor Uncle Sam was relegated to the position of a despised and neglected second mortgagee, and for many years the evident scheme was in some way to get rid of this "old man of the sea" without paying the claim. Successive mismanagements of the private enterprise, however, resulted in loading it down with more debt, and finally, with the advent of the panic of 1893, the overloaded hulk collapsed.

The Southern Pacific was the creation of the late Collis P. Huntington, who in his day was the prince of lobbyists and corrupters of public officials. It goes without saying that this road claimed and received its full share of state and Government bounty. While basking in the sunlight of the people's favors and gratuities it was fastening its transportation monopoly upon its territory, and wherever it obtained control it mercilessly drove its advantage home. Thus California for many years was helpless in the grasp of this octopus. Her public life was corrupted and her trade and industry shackled while the Southern Pacific was draining its very life-blood.

The Northern Pacific was conceived on a somewhat more elevated plane, and its record is not so replete with damning features as that of its sister enterprises to the south. But it also was the recipient of magnificent Government bounty, exercised a subtle influence in national and state halls of legislation, developed in its construction and subsequent manipulation a deplorable record of wastefulness and overreaching, was likewise an embargo on enterprise and the free de-

velopment of its tributary territory, and, like its rival to the south, "bit the dust" in the panic of 1893.

One and all these roads, while they exercised a monopoly of the territory through which they passed, exploited it to the full at the people's cost. Thousands of honest farmers and tradesmen have fallen by the wayside, the victims of extortionate transportation charges. Public life, local and national, was corrupted and made to serve the selfish ends of these corporate monstrosities. The richest of lands and the most promising opportunities were seized and exploited for the benefit of the controlling spirits of these aggregations. For many years stock-jobbing instead of transportation was to all intents and purposes the main object of their existence. In short, during the period in question, the management of the several systems was infamous and the public came into account only as the long-suffering and apparently helpless victim.

As other systems came into competition and with the development of the more practical and responsive modern methods, the conditions, in many respects, were materially alleviated. The present tendency, however, is toward "community of interest" in all Pacific roads, and, as a final result, toward one vast aggregated monopoly. What this will mean to the people directly affected, and to all the people of the country indirectly, it needs no vivid imagination to divine, particularly if the demand of the people for more effective railroad-rate regulation and Governmental supervision and control is circumvented by the machinations of these several systems which the people created and placed on their feet and then foolishly allowed to become their masters.

Thus Government was betrayed into the sacrifice of the best interests of the people. Money lust, the spirit of the times and the venality of the public servants all conspired to this end.

Fortunately in this country the

people are, as yet, still sovereign. The popular interest and will must be aroused, it is true, to reach effective expression, but there are strong indications that the people are not ready to surrender their sovereignty to a railroad oligarchy. The malevolent influence of the transportation interests or a senatorial cabal may still

temporarily control legislation; the ultimate outcome, however, stands out in noonday relief. On the question whether the Government shall rule the railroads, or the railroads rule the Government, there can, in a republic, be but one ultimate answer. Any other outcome would ring the death-knell of democracy.

Their Well-Warranted Hilarity

BY TOM P. MORGAN

“SORTER peculiar circumstances happened the other day, when the Uncle Tom’s Cabin Company was here,” began the loquacious landlord of the Torpidville tavern. “Young Dr. Pulliam, the dentist, went crazy, and—er—haw! haw! I see what you mean! . . . No, he commenced to be that way before the show got here.

“He boarded here with me, you know, and one day he said he believed he’d move to Yankton, Dakota; guessed he’d feel more at home there.

“At the time, of course, I s’posed it was a joke—didn’t have any idea he was crazy. A few days later I dropped into his office, and he called my attention to a portly, imposing-looking document that he’d just had framed, proudly saying that it was his new diploma, and that thereafter he was going to practice his profession according to its dictates. I was sorter surprised when I’d put on my glasses and saw the big, pompous signature of the late John Hancock in carriages, so to express its prominence, attached to it, together with the modest little ones of some fifty-five other citizens on foot.

“‘Why, shucks, Doc!’ says I. ‘This ‘ere is the Declaration of Independence! Where does it specify anything about pulling teeth?’

“‘Ha!’ he cried. ‘You have over-

looked that clause about life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Dentistry is my way of getting a living and having fun at the same time!’

“And I guessed so when, three—four days later, he came bulging out of his office, wildly waving his forceps, and sprang right onto Clarence J. Busenbark, the slim-connected young elocutionist, bent him back over a hitch-rack, snaked three of his fangs out with three consecutive twists of the wrist, let up on him just as quick, hollered back a polite, ‘Don’t mention it!’ and went skallyhooting down the street, leaving poor Clarence with his eyes hanging out on stems.

“Round the corner came the parade of the Uncle Tom’s Cabin aggregation, with their seven—count them—seven ferocious man-eating bloodhounds, and all that. And, half a minute later, Doc Pulliam was in the midst of them, yanking out their teeth like one, two, three! It was hooraw, boys, hooraw, and no mistake, for a spell. The seven—count them—seven man-eaters slid under the sidewalk as one; the soubrettes fluttered into the nearby stores a-squawking; and the rest of the troop and young Doc Pulliam made the conglomeratedest mix-up you ever saw, in all of woe’s app’nted ways.

“Then the mommox began to un-

snarl itself and very soon about all that remained of the Uncle Tom's Cabin parade was the teeth in the highroad and Simon Legree of the Red River splitting the wind in the general direction of Nova Scotia with our friend, Dr. Pulliam, in red-hot pursuit.

"It was said that he finally treed Mr. Legree pretty well up in a shagbark hickory, and pulled the residue of his teeth in midair; but I don't s'pose it

was really so—you know how people will talk when they get started.

"Anyhow, though, the episode busted up the show company; but as 'most everybody had attended the show when it was here last year, the people in general just laughed and laughed and laughed. Dr. Pulliam ain't back yet. Mebby he never will return; but if he does it's pretty likely that some of us will turn in and give him a good talking-to."

A Lesson From the Aquarium

BY THEODORE DREISER

WHEN you are at the Aquarium if you will watch the glass swimming tanks containing the stort minnows, the hermit crabs or the shark suckers, you will be able to gather a few interesting facts concerning life, which may help to illuminate your daily career for you. In the first of these cases are small, brilliantly colored fishes whose lines show a striking pattern of purple and blue, with here and there a touch of salmon, as they turn swiftly in the light. They look as if they were only swimming about and enjoying themselves, nosing each other in hide-and-seek. In fact, they are engaged in a very serious business of life and death. If you examine closely you will see four or more on guard over nests in the bottom of the tank. The others are trying to rob them of their possessions. The watchmen do not have a moment's rest. Hundreds of their brethren are hovering and crowding round them, constantly slipping into their domain. As they dart open-mouthed at one offender, another, and many others, will shoot in from the side, where the weeds are, or from the top, where no one is watching, and begin to rummage among the pebbles for the eggs. If

the guards do not immediately descend on them they will rob the nests. If they do, the invaders will go away peaceably. The desire to fight is less than that to dine.

These fish band together in a kind of offensive and defensive alliance. Each guard has but one side from which attack can come. The other sides are protected by the operations of his three companions. The other guards, since they are in the same peril, can be trusted implicitly. You will never see one guard attack another, though they sometimes collide in the pursuit of interlopers, and always overreach into each other's territory. They never molest or violate one another's nests, and in the excitement of the struggle, when scores of marauders are swooping down at once, and they are dashing in all directions among them, nipping to the right and the left, they never mistake an ally for an enemy.

Their duty is to guard the development of the new life intrusted to them, and in the prosecution of this labor they even drive the mothers away, which would hint that the latter may eat their own eggs. Needless to say, they are in no great personal danger

from the intruding crowd, for the latter have been, or may expect to be, guards themselves some day. They wish only to eat, and in the gratification of this desire they exhibit a degree of good nature, or cavalier indifference, which is amusing. If a guard is on the lookout, they will not disturb him. If not, they will eat his eggs. Even the guards themselves share this desire, for once they are off duty—that is, when the eggs are hatched—they give a defiant flip of their tails and look about for their neighbors' nests. Their roles as guardians of public morality are for the time discontinued.

The case of the hermit crab offers an even more interesting example of how the game of life is fought. These soft, spidery creatures, not having been furnished by nature with any protection of their own, are forced by the craving other creatures have to eat them to find some protection for themselves. As soon as he is hatched he hustles around on the bottom of the sea, and finding a very small snail, weaker than himself, pounces upon it and drags it summarily forth. Then he crawls into its shell and is protected.

However, this is not for long. He grows, the shell becomes too small for him. It is then necessary for him to make another sortie; and you may frequently see in this tank the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest, that makes our world so grim. One will come scrambling along the bottom of the tank, carrying his ill-fitting house on his back, in quest of food and a more suitable shell. If he cannot find a snail to oust, he will sometimes seize a fellow-crab, whose shell is of suitable size, and him he will worry and torment until, by a process of poking and scratching, he finally succeeds in causing the crab to put his head and shoulders out in self-defense. He clutches the weaker brother and the struggle causes him to drop his shell. The victor drops his own shell, grabs that of his defeated kindred and scuttles off. The brandishing of claws and the grimaces that

accompany the contest are sometimes very amusing.

Now the vanquished hermit must get a new home. He takes hold of the shell which the other has abandoned. Finding it too small he hurries on, peeping frantically into this shell, poking eagerly at that, hoping to find one untenanted or with an occupant too feeble to defend himself. In the latter event he practices the same annoying tactics that were used on him. If he succeeds, his trouble is passed to the next one. If he loses, heaven defend him. Even now a monster has spied him, or, it may be, he has poked his claw into the wrong shell. It closes. He is grasped by a strong arm. A short, furious struggle ensues. He is pulled irresistibly in and devoured, a victim of what is sometimes called benevolent assimilation.

In the last tank, that of the shark-sucker, you find an example of the true parasite—the child of fortune who knows just enough to realize that he is weak, and who is willing to attach himself to anyone more powerful than he, in order that he may have some of the good things left after his master has eaten. This curious creature fastens itself to the belly of a shark, and lives on the morsels that fall from its mouth. It is about a foot long, and remotely resembles a three-pound pickerel on its back. Its belly is slightly curved upward, and comes to an edge like the keel of a boat. Its back is flat and on it is an oblong, saucer-like sucker, which enables it to fasten itself to the shark. When it is quite young its habitat is fixed by the location of its parents. It is born in the company of sharks and it dies in the company of them. The fact that it might be able to do something for itself never seems to occur to it.

As might be expected, it never does well when loose from its master or held in captivity. The one in the tank lies in the sand, exactly in the same position it would have if it were fastened to a shark. It protrudes its ugly point of a nose, with its slit of a mouth just behind, and waits for food

to be dropped down. It will not skirmish and seek anything for itself. Rather it lies here, and if not fed, starves, a fine example of the parasite the world over.

Do not these examples furnish excellent illustrations of our own physical and social condition? What set of capitalists, or captains of industry, think you, controlling a fine privilege or franchise, which they wish to hatch into a large fortune would not envy the stort minnows their skill in driving enemies away? What sharper prowling about and viewing another's comfortable home, or his excellent business, or the beauty of his wife, if the desire seized him, would not seize upon one or all of these, and

by a process of mental gymnastics, or physical force, not unlike that of the hermit crab, endeavor to secure for himself the desirable shell? What weakling, seeing the world was against him, and that he was not fitted to cope with it, would not attach himself, sucker-wise, to any magnate, trust, political or social (we will not call them sharks), and content himself with what fell from his table?

Bless us, how closely these lesser creatures do imitate us in action—or how curiously we copy them! The very air we breathe seems to correspond to their sea, and as for the tragedy of it—but we will not talk of the tragedy of it. Let us leave the Aquarium.

The Blind Destroyer

BY S. E. KISER

A YE, call them blind whose knotted fists are shaken
 At those rich castles wherein fools abide
 Among the heaped-up treasures they have taken,
 Where, gorged, they covet, still unsatisfied!

Blind Samson, when the mighty pillars crumbled,
 Lay crushed and heedless of the chains he wore—
 Yea, but the temples and the idols tumbled—
 The proud lords who had mocked him were no more!

Prematurely Gay

“CRAWLEY must have been thankful he was insured in an accident company when he had been run over by the auto.”

“Yes, but he wasn’t thankful very long. The insurance company’s attorney convinced the jury there had been no accident—that the chauffeur had acted intentionally.”

Foregone Conclusion

F LIPPER—How was it that statesman wasn’t elected?
 FLAPPER—He ran against a politician.

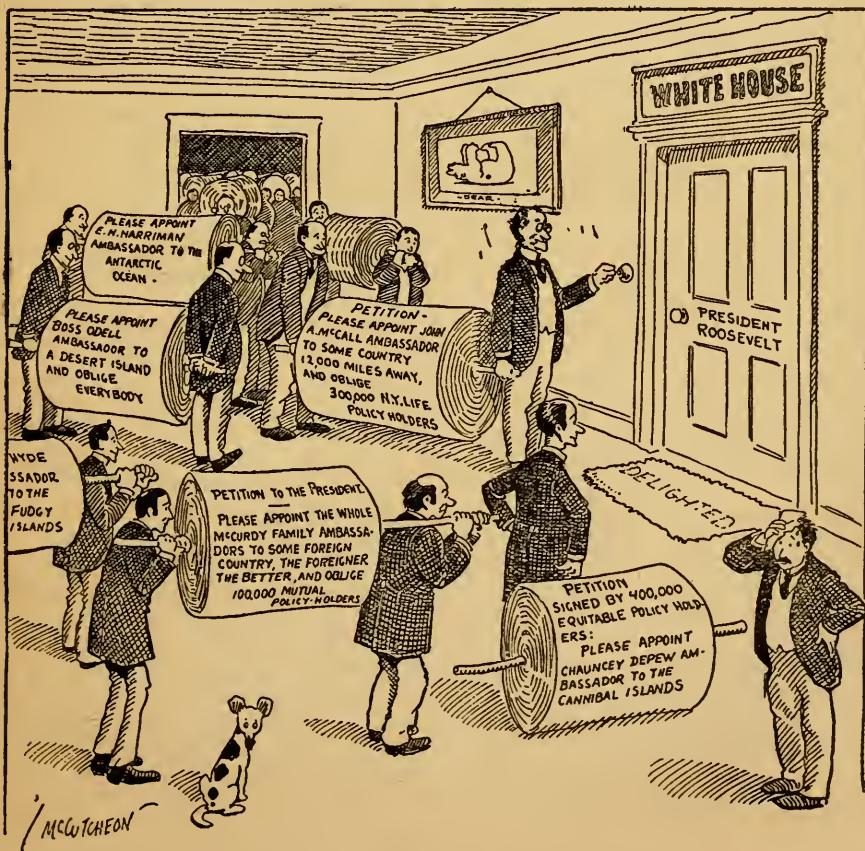


Missouri Loves Company, But Not That Company
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune

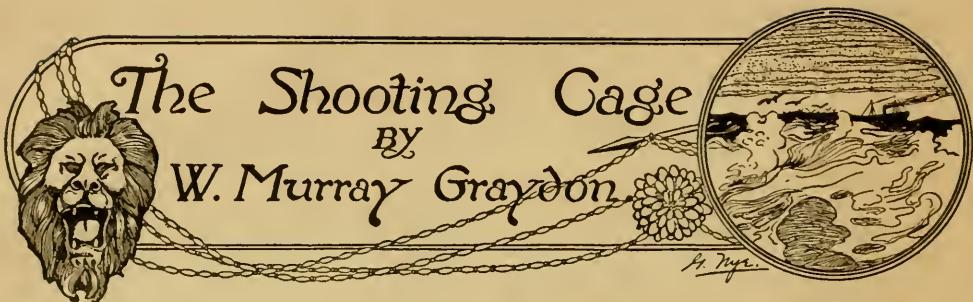


NOT DYING

The New York World Is Inquiring: "Is the Democratic Party Dying?" No, Guess Not
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal



Some Petitions to the President
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune



AT eight o'clock to the stroke of the minute Luke Tearle stepped out of a Bloomsbury lodging-house and walked briskly toward Southampton Row, a thing which he might have been seen to do at the same time every day, with unfailing regularity, during his brief and infrequent periods of residence in London.

The persons who hurried by him little suspected—for he cut a commonplace figure in a dark overcoat and bowler—that this lean, wiry individual, with the tanned skin and the steel-blue eyes as keen as a hawk's, followed a calling that was unique in its way; that he was traveling and purchasing agent for the celebrated firm of Richter & Company, dealers in beasts, birds and reptiles, with branches in New York, Hamburg and Calcutta; that he was a man who knew all corners of the uncivilized globe as the down-at-heel actor knows the Strand, and had met with as many adventures while trapping wild animals as would have filled a three-volume novel.

Another adventure was even then waiting to be added to the list, and the subtle malice that prompted it—here in the world's busiest hive of men—was by chance and cunning to pursue him for thousands of miles and strike murderously when he was least aware of it.

The month was November and the prevailing type of weather, cold and damp and foggy, was Tearle's pet aversion, though he was equally inured to the scorching suns of Nubia and the brilliant winters of northern latitudes. He consoled himself, however, as he

entered a cab in Holborn, with the thought that he was to leave England in twenty-four hours, to be gone for the better part of a year.

That subject filled his mind during the drive eastward, nor was the thread of it broken until, having been put down outside of Richter & Company's big emporium in the Minories, he saw a swarthy, sinister countenance, vaguely familiar, staring at him from a distance of half a dozen yards along the pavement. The owner of the face—it had been visible for but a second and dimly at that—turned and vanished in the yellow reek of the fog.

"That scamp Karong!" muttered Tearle. "No; it couldn't have been. It looked enough like him to be his double, though."

He was satisfied that it was a case of mistaken identity. Karong, the Malay, who had come to England with a consignment of wild beasts from Sumatra and worked, for a time, with Richter & Company's London staff, was now serving a term of imprisonment for seriously wounding one of the porters with a native kris. Tearle had caught him in the act and had been compelled to handle him roughly before he could subdue him and turn him over to the police. Karong had sworn vengeance on his captor at the time, and to have a Malay for a foe is not conducive to a long life.

Accustomed as he was to all sorts of perils, the threat had troubled Tearle no more than it did at the present moment. The business of the day was commencing as he entered the emporium, and his first step was, as usual, to

pay a visit of inspection to the vast warehouse at the rear of the premises. He opened the door with his own key, crossed the threshold, and recoiled with as genuine a start of fear as his intrepid nature was capable of. And little wonder, for an African lioness, noted for her savage temper, was crouching on the floor within a dozen feet of him.

The surprise was mutual, the action quick. With a blood-curdling roar that woke responsive cries from the occupants of the other cages, the tawny brute sprang forward. Tearle leaped out of her way barely in time, with an agility born of experience, and, retreating to one side, picked up a long-handled broom that lay within reach and stood on the defensive, shouting loudly the while. The lioness turned and crept toward him, foot by foot. She paused, her eyes flashing fire and her limbs quivering; and then, as Tearle felt that he was lost, half a dozen porters and draymen rushed noisily into the warehouse with nets and iron bars.

The situation was speedily reversed. The fierce animal confronted the new arrivals, who gave her a couple of smart raps on the head before she could spring. She backed away, screaming with baffled rage, and, wheeling suddenly, vaulted into her cage, the door of which was promptly made fast.

"Somebody will suffer for his carelessness," Tearle vowed angrily.

By "somebody" he meant the night watchman, who alone, excepting himself and Hans Richter, had a key to the warehouse. The man was routed out of his bed in another part of the building—he had already gone off duty, but he could throw no light on the mystery. He had not drawn the bolts of the cage door, nor did he see how anyone else could have done so.

"It was between five and six o'clock when I was in here last," he declared, "and things were all right then. During the night, as usual, I examined every cage. It beats me how it happened, sir."

The watchman was reliable and his

story was not doubted. Tearle was not a little mystified and disturbed by the unpleasant incident, and his face showed it when, a half-hour later, he sat in the private office describing his narrow escape to the head of the firm.

"Marvelous that you were not killed!" cried Hans Richter, an elderly, bearded man of stout dimensions. "It was a dastardly outrage—yes, a premeditated trap set to catch you. Tearle, you have an enemy."

"I fear I have."

"What's your theory?"

"The skylight," suggested Tearle. "That's how the man—whoever he was—got in and out. He probably let himself down to the empty giraffe box, and then to the leopards' cage, from the top of which, with a hooked stick, he could easily have drawn the bolts and released the lioness. It was done about six o'clock, after the watchman's final round, and the scoundrel must have known that I would be the next person to enter the warehouse."

"True, quite true," assented Hans Richter. "Do you suspect anyone?"

"Well, I hardly like to say," replied Tearle, "but the fact is, I believe that Linklater has never forgiven me that old grudge. When he was with me in the Soudan a year ago, you'll remember, his cowardice and disobedience lost us a convoy of animals and pretty nearly led to our being killed by Fuzzies in the bargain. After we came home I reported the fellow, and instead of discharging him you listened to his appeals for mercy and kept him on as shipping clerk. Since then I have imagined he would like to put his knife into me, figuratively speaking."

"I don't doubt it," declared Richter. "I ought to have turned him adrift at the time. I was not thinking of Linklater, however. He is scarcely capable of such a cold-blooded deed. Surely someone else bears you a grudge?"

"Yes, that's true," admitted Tearle. "There's Karong, but he is locked up.

And yet I could have sworn I saw him an hour ago, when I——”

“You *did* see him!” broke in Richter. “He was released yesterday, a month before his time was up, on the ground of ill-health. Inspector Keene mentioned the fact to me last night, and I meant to warn you as soon as I came this morning.”

“By Jove!” muttered Tearle. “The mystery is out.”

“Yes, the Malay is the guilty party,” vowed Richter. “He must be looked after.”

“I’m not afraid of him,” said Tearle, “but it won’t do to let him go unpunished, so I’ll step round to the police station at lunch-time.”

Richter proposed to attend to it at once, and sent a man off with instructions. Then, lighting his pipe, he began to speak of the extensive tour on which his agent was about to start.

“We’ve gone into it thoroughly,” he said, “and I don’t know that there is anything more to be settled. Aden, Colombo, Madras, Singapore, Batavia, and home by way of Zanzibar and Berbera. That reminds me, when you get to Java, in some months’ time, I may want you to run up-country and try your luck at trapping a black panther. If so, I’ll cable instructions to you. I have an old friend at Buitenzorg, a planter named Cort Van Bruyne, and he will do all in his power to——”

The conversation was interrupted by a rap on the door, and a shifty-eyed, dissipated-looking man of forty, with a pen behind his ear and a paper in one hand, thrust his head and shoulders into the room.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, “but this invoice for the three California lions and the brace of cinnamon bears? They’re in the Thames now, sir. Are they to be unloaded here, or sent direct to Lord Chilbury’s private menagerie?”

“Here, of course; they’re not sold yet,” snapped Hans Richter. “That will do, Linklater.” As the door closed on the clerk he added: “A poor excuse. I’m certain the fellow was

listening in the passage before he knocked, though I don’t know what he hoped to gain by it. I shall have to get rid of him.”

“He seems to be always prowling about on the quiet, with his eyes and ears open,” Tearle replied carelessly. “It’s rather suspicious—he knew the animals were to come here,” he said to himself. “Upon my word, I can’t feel sure whether Karong or Linklater let the lioness out of her cage. It’s a toss-up between the two. Or possibly they hatched the plot together.”

The dreary November day wore on, but brought no success to the detectives who were zealously searching for the Malay. He was still missing by the middle of the next morning when Tearle drove from the emporium to Fenchurch Street and travelled down to Tilbury to board the P. & O. liner.

On a day in June of the following year a steamer of the Blue Funnel Line, which connects with the English mail-boats at Singapore, sailed into the mouth of the river, past Fort Jacatra, and dropped anchor off the old Dutch town of Batavia. It was not an unfamiliar scene to Luke Tearle, who, bronzed and clean-shaven, in snowy linen and sola-topee, was among the first passengers ashore. He bent his steps immediately to Richter & Company’s local agent, an Aden Jew.

“Got anything for me, Solomon?” he inquired, when the man had greeted him effusively.

“One letter, that’s all,” said the Jew, producing it. “Business is dull, sir, very dull. Will you try any trapping up-country?”

“No, I think not,” replied Tearle, as he read the brief communication from his employer. “I have no instructions. I shall look about for a day or two and then go back to Singapore and wait for a Zanzibar boat. That is, unless I get some word in the meantime.”

He had expected a message—it was not like Hans Richter to send him so far south for nothing—and his next

step was to cable his arrival in Java to the firm. This done, he strolled through the Arab and Chinese quarters, where bargains in wild and curious things were often to be had, and then went to the Hotel Amsterdam, whither his luggage had preceded him.

The middle of the morning brought a cablegram from Hans Richter:

Have missed last letter at Singapore—regret fruitless journey. Take first boat Penang, and buy or catch two tigers, one buffalo.

And a couple of hours later, as Tearle was sitting down to the noon-day *table d'hôte*, a second cablegram was handed to him, running as follows:

Plans changed. Go up-country, Buitenzorg. Trap black panther any cost. Ask advice Van Bruyne. Take ample funds expenses.

Tearle ate his dinner with a zest, the fever of adventure tingling pleasantly in his veins. Both cablegrams were in the firm's cipher code, and that one or the other of them might have been sent without authority was the last thing that could have entered his head.

"It seems that Richter wrote to me at Singapore," he reflected, "and the letter reached there after I sailed. It turned out for the best, though. No doubt the panther is wanted for that Russian grand duke's collection, so I did well to come on to Java. The order must have been received in London between these two messages."

The final sentence, "Take ample funds expenses," gave Tearle a moment's puzzled thought, for he had always carried plenty of cash with which to pay the native hunters who assisted him in trapping wild animals, and never, to the best of his memory, had Hans Richter sent him any such injunction by letter or cable. On this occasion, he concluded, it was warranted by the extra importance of the order; and, dismissing the matter from his mind, he called for a vehicle and was driven with three cases of luggage to the railway station.

Through dense forests and rice-fields and plantations of ruddy cacao

pods, by Malay kampongs and Dutch villages, where thirsty water-buffaloes drank from crystal pools and picturesquely-clad natives chewed betel leaves as they stared curiously at the train, Tearle slowly traveled all that afternoon to Buitenzorg, the Simla of the Netherlands, forty miles up in the hills. And at sunset, after showing his credentials and enjoying a hearty supper, he sat out on the veranda of his host's bungalow, Mynheer Cort Van Bruyne, smoking rank Sumatra tobacco and looking across a wonderful green gulf of foliage to the distant blue mountains and the purple crest of mighty Salak. A thousand odors perfumed the air. A Dutch military band was playing at the hotel nearby, and in the intervals of the music the click of billiard balls throbbed up from the Planters' Club.

Van Bruyne—he was a great traveler and spoke English fluently—owned half of Buitenzorg. He talked much of his commercial enterprises, and of many things besides, before he came round to the subject that most interested his guest.

"So Hans Richter sent you here," he said. "From Singapore down to Java, and all for the sake of a wild beast! It's a queer commission, but I dare say you'll succeed, if you know your business. As for black panthers, they are getting scarcer every year, though there happens to be one now within a dozen miles of where we are sitting."

"So near as that?" exclaimed Tearle.

"Yes, so I'm told. And I don't doubt the story. Only four days ago the brute was seen by a couple of natives who were gathering rubber and spices on a tract of wild land I have back in the interior. They were so frightened that they returned home at once—they belong in the village. The place I was speaking of lies between the Tulu River and the dense forest that surrounds the lower slopes of Salak. There is a bit of a house on it, a mere sleeping-hut, which you are welcome to make use of."

"Just what I want," declared Tearle

"And if you can put me in the way of hiring help——"

"I'll lend you a couple of my own men—trusty fellows who know something of wild animals and have killed a few in their time. The one is a Chinaman and the other a Sikh. I have a Malay; he is the best of the lot for your purpose, but he asked for leave this morning and went down to Batavia to visit his brother."

"Your offer is most welcome," said Tearle. "I am greatly in your debt, Mynheer."

"Not at all," said the planter. "I am glad to oblige my old friend, Richter. But how do you propose to take the panther alive, may I ask?"

Tearle briefly explained. He would tie a bleating kid to a tree at night, perch himself in the branches overhead and endeavor to drop a net over the animal when it pounced upon the bait.

"An old trick of mine," he added. "It may require a week of watching, but it is pretty certain to succeed in the end. Once caught in the net, I'll load the brute with two more and then secure him with ropes until a cage can be built on the spot. What do you think of it?"

"A good plan, sir," replied Cort Van Bruyne. "It sounds practical enough. Should you need further assistance—as you doubtless will—there's a Malay kampong, or village, four miles down the river. I would accompany you," he went on, puffing at his pipe, "but for business matters that keep me at Buitenzorg. I used to enjoy some rare sport in the neighborhood—that's why I built the hut—and I have an iron shooting cage near the foot of Salak. At least, it ought to be there still. I've not seen it for three years and more."

"A shooting cage?" queried Tearle. "Such as are employed in India?"

"Yes, exactly. It's a fine thing for bagging big game, if you can draw them. You just sit inside and blaze away. But a dead panther would be of no use to you."

"Not a bit," laughed Tearle. "I must have a big live one, full of venom

and deviltry. Of all the great cats in the world, Mynheer, your Javanese black panther——"

"Is the worst," supplemented Van Bruyne. "I agree with you. He is the very fiend incarnate. Well, let us hope you will get him. Here's luck to you, my friend!"

They raised the tall glasses, bubbling with curaçoa and seltzer, to their lips. Then the planter put his hastily down, and with an angry exclamation he was on his feet and as quickly off the veranda. A dusky figure, unrelieved by a single speck of white, had leaped out of a bamboo clump and was speeding across the terraced garden. Tearle joined in the chase, which proved futile. The twilight had fallen, and the fugitive was soon lost in dense shrubbery.

"Let him go," muttered Van Bruyne. "The scoundrel! He was lurking within four yards of us. I caught a glimpse of him as he moved his head."

"What did he want there?" asked Tearle. "Do you suppose he was listening to our conversation?"

"Listening?" the planter echoed in surprise. "No, he was watching for a chance to steal something. There are a lot of pilfering natives about and I shall have to make an example of one of them. Come back. It would be only wasting time to pursue the fellow any farther."

They returned to the veranda, and the incident was presently forgotten. In the course of the following morning—but little preparation was necessary—Tearle parted from his kindly host and set out on his journey, accompanied by Tara Bux, the Sikh, and Yen Sing, the Chinaman. Four Tamil coolies were also of the party. These carried the bulk of the luggage, which included an active young kid, and when they arrived at their destination the same evening they were dismissed and sent back to Buitenzorg.

Mynheer Van Bruyne's hunting lodge, to give it a name, was a cozy little structure of bamboo and thatch

elevated a few inches above the ground. It was a primeval neighborhood, wild and beautiful, and the first night, as luck would have it, the scream of the black panther was heard several times, and at no great distance.

"He will be setting a trap for us, unless we get the start of him," Tearle said at breakfast. "They are treacherous and cunning brutes."

"And more to be dreaded than a tiger," replied Tara Bux, "for the spirit of the Evil One is in them."

The close of that day found Tearle highly elated. Mainly through the Sikh—he was the equal of any Hindu shikaree—the three had picked up the trail of the panther, lost and found it a dozen times over, and finally abandoned it for good at the edge of what was unmistakably the creature's lair, a rocky fastness in the heart of the forest that reached to the eastern slopes of Salak. Having chosen a spot suitable for their purpose, the trackers returned to the lodge, a distance of four miles.

The next morning, leaving Tearle and Tara Bux to make preparations, the Chinaman went off to the Malay kampong on the Tulu River to arrange for a party of natives, to be within easy reach during that night at a certain place in the forest, in case they should be needed to help in the construction of a cage. Yen Sing was back before midday—it had been calculated that the journey would take him at least an hour longer—and he assured his companions that he had faithfully fulfilled his errand. Lunch over and everything put in readiness, Tearle snatched a brief interval of sleep, from which he was roused by Tara Bux.

"Wake up, sahib, the hour is late," said the Sikh. "We must soon be on our way."

As they would be absent until morning at the earliest, they fortified themselves with another meal, cooked by the Chinaman. It was the middle of the afternoon when they started, each of the three burdened with firearms, ropes and nets, while Yen Sing carried

in addition a bag of tools and the kid. Though traveling was extremely difficult they made such steady progress that by sunset they were within a mile of their destination.

Now they eased their pace a little and went on with the utmost caution lest, betraying their presence to the panther, they should either provoke him to an attack or frighten him from the neighborhood. All, Tearle not excepted, felt the weird, uncanny influence of the vast solitude. Other wild creatures dwelt in the depths of the forest—tigers and huge serpents, and the formidable rhinoceros—but there was not a sound of beast or bird. The silence seemed to whisper of lurking dangers, and the purple gloom was impressive. Tamarinds and palms, bamboos and wide banyans, formed arcades of ghostly shadow. Flame trees and orchids blazed in spots out of the twilight. Ferns and frangipani thickets rose yards high, and parasites and flowering creepers hung in festoons from the maze of branches.

"Here is where we picked up the trail yesterday, just before it led us to the rocks," Tearle said at length, pointing to a marshy spot. "We have less than a half-mile to go yet, so we shall be in plenty of time. It is too early for the panther to have left his lair."

"No need hurry," assented the Chinaman; and several minutes later, in a narrow open space girt about by dense foliage, he stopped and put his burden on the ground. "Rest little bit," he said, producing a tiny brass pipe and a fig of greasy tobacco. "No getee place too soon. Heap light yet. Panther smellee goat, see mens, then allee samee run click away."

"No, he won't leave the rocks till dark," said Tara Bux. "Come, Yen, we must go on."

"Me smokee first," was the Chinaman's obstinate reply.

"Look here, you yellow heathen," Tearle said angrily, "I know my business better than you do, and I won't stand any nonsense! Pick up that stuff and march! Savvy?"

Yen Sing scowled and looked frightened.

ened. He threw a quick, furtive glance around him, and was about to obey orders when a slight noise, like the snapping of a twig, was distinctly heard.

"What was that?" muttered Tearle. "It came from close behind you, Tara Bux."

"Perhaps it is the panther, sahib?" replied the Sikh, as he turned sharply and put down the bundle of ropes and nets, that he might have the free use of his rifle. "My ears are keen, and though I said nothing I have heard the same noise before, as if some wild beast was creeping stealthily after us with intent to—"

At that instant, cutting short the sentence, a swarthy, half-naked figure sprang out of the bushes. The man—in the first brief glimpse it could be seen that he was a Malay—swung a knotted club and brought it heavily down on the head of Tara Bux. The appearance and the blow were simultaneous, incredibly swift. Thus smitten unawares, the Sikh dropped without a cry; and with that his assailant and the Chinaman rushed together upon Tearle, who had neither time to draw back nor to lift a hand to defend himself.

Realizing that he had fallen into a murderous trap and that his life was at stake, he offered a desperate resistance to his foes. At first his strength and fury gave him an equal advantage, and for a minute or so the dusky little glade was the scene of a thrilling and silent combat. But it soon ended in the only way that was possible. Despite his violent struggles a noosed rope was slipped about Tearle's throat and jerked tight, and while in this condition, fast choking and half unconscious, he was overpowered and thrown down.

When he recovered his senses, a few moments later, the noose had been removed. He was bound helplessly to a palm tree at one side of the glade, with his wrists tied behind him and a rope wrapped in many coils around his body from his ankles to his shoulders. The two ruffians, who stood within a couple of yards of him, had in the meantime not been idle. Yen Sing was

patiently loading himself with rifles, nets and the bag of tools, which his companion was handing to him. The body of poor Tara Bux had disappeared and a short trail across the glade showed where it had been dragged into a bamboo thicket.

The Malay, showing his white teeth in a ferocious grin, now turned to the captive, and as quickly, his captor's full face being revealed in what feeble glow remained of the twilight, a chilling suspicion flashed upon Tearle. It became a certainty the next instant, loth though he was to believe such a startling thing.

"Has the Englishman forgotten me?" fell a familiar voice upon his ear.

"By heavens!" cried Tearle, looking closer. "Karong!"

"Yes, I am Karong," the man coolly replied. "Karong, Tearle-sahib, whom you beat and kicked like a dog, whom you sent to the white man's prison far across the sea. But I am here. A Malay never forgets, never forgives an injury. I have waited for my vengeance and it is ripe."

"I saved you from the gallows, you scoundrel," Tearle said hotly. "Otherwise you would have been hanged. And in return for that kindness, what did you do? The lioness failing to kill me, as you intended, you follow me to Java and set a fresh trap, as if I had been your worst enemy."

"You struck me—that is enough. But I had nothing to do with the lioness, nor did I follow you here. I have been at Buitenzorg for many weeks, working for my old master. I knew you would come, and I had patience—"

"Then Mynheer Van Bruyne is your master?" cried Tearle, with sudden comprehension. "It was you we chased the other night?"

"How could I have been there," the Malay asked mockingly, "when I had gone to Batavia to visit my brother?"

"You infernal rascal! I would like to have my hands on you for about a minute. But you will pay dearly for your crimes, be assured."

"Speak while you may, Tearle-sahib, for your lips will soon be silent forever. You seek a black panther. Well, you shall find him. And while the beast is crunching your bones Yen Sing and I will hasten to the lodge and possess ourselves of the bag of silver and gold that you concealed under the floor. There are vessels in the harbor of Batavia and we shall be far away before you are missed."

With that Karong unbound the limbs of the kid, and tied it by the neck to a clump of tree-ferns within a couple of yards of the palm. The cool fiendishness of the thing appalled Tearle.

"Yen Sing, listen to me," he cried, aware that no appeal for mercy could move the Malay. "You have been tempted by this villain and you will surely repent of it. Save my life, and you shall not be punished for what you have already done. I promise you that."

The Chinaman looked from one to the other, but made no reply. Avarice was stronger than fear of consequences; nor, indeed, would his own life have been worth a moment's purchase had he shown any sign of weakness.

Karong laughed. "Come," he said to his companion. "Farewell, Tearle-sahib, a long farewell."

With that the precious pair were gone. They disappeared in the gloom, Yen Sing leading and the Malay prudently keeping behind. Tearle stared after them, listening until he could no longer hear their rustling footsteps. In all his life of perilous adventure, he told himself, he had never been in so tight a place. Hope there seemed none. The whimpering of the kid must inevitably draw the black panther to the spot, and he shuddered to think of what would happen then. The horror of his impending fate absorbed him. That Karong's vindictiveness was unparalleled even for a Malay did not enter his mind; far less did it occur to him that another's fertile brain might have helped to set the trap.

He tried hard to free himself, strain-

ing and tugging until he was exhausted, but the ropes were tightly wrapped and knotted. Finding all his efforts futile, he yielded to utter despair. It was now quite dark, and he could scarcely see across the glade. From a distance, breaking on the silence, floated strange cries. He knew that the night-prowlers of the forest were stirring from their lairs, and wondered whether the panther were at the moment stealing toward him. Then, to add to his apprehensions, the kid began to bleat pitifully. The little creature was hungry and frightened.

A cold sweat moistened Tearle's forehead. "God help me!" he muttered.

He felt the prayer to be vain. Providence did not perform miracles, and nothing short of one could save him. Even if the black panther failed to appear, some other wild beast would certainly make an end of him before the morning.

But while there is life there is hope, and when Tearle's spirits were at their lowest ebb a chance discovery—an expedient that had not hitherto occurred to him—rallied his courage. As he hung limply against the taut ropes, watching and listening, breathing in deep gasps after his exertions and trembling at the slightest sound, one hand came in rasping contact with the rough surface of the palm tree. At once, clutching eagerly at this ray of comfort, he began to draw his fettered wrists to and fro with a sawing motion. He persevered, heedless of weariness and pain, though half the time he was rubbing the skin from his hands. Harder and faster he moved his arms. He was still dubious of success when, of a sudden, he felt the tension relax. The bark had worn through one of the strands of thick hemp, and his wrists were free.

He was faint with joy for a moment. Then, after a difficult struggle, he managed to pull one arm entirely out of the coils that wrapped his body. He released the other more easily and in desperate haste he attacked the knots that as yet held him captive.

They were fortunately tied in front and soon yielded to his nimble fingers. The rope dropped in a bunch to his feet, and with a grateful heart he staggered away from the tree, testing the powers of his cramped limbs.

"Thank heaven!" he gasped. "I am still in some peril, but I believe I shall live to punish those murderous scoundrels."

He had been a prisoner for an hour or more and the silvery glow of the moon was now beginning to penetrate the dense masses of foliage. Reassured by the silence around him, he made a thorough search of the glade in the vain hope that one of the rifles might have been left behind.

"No, they've carried off the lot," he muttered. "This isn't a safe neighborhood for an unarmed man, so I had better get away from it as quickly as possible. I'll take the kid with me—it would be a shame to leave the little creature to be devoured. But first I ought to see if poor Tara Bux is really dead. The blow may have only stunned him, though I'm afraid it crushed his skull."

This laudable intention, however, was to be frustrated. Whether dead or alive Tara Bux had to be left to his fate, and the luckless kid as well, for just then a rasping scream—such a loud, devilish cry as no words can describe—echoed through the forest from a point alarmingly near at hand. The black panther, scenting a feast, was coming unerringly to claim it.

Tearle shivered for an instant, the blood turning icy cold in his veins; the next he was in rapid flight, tearing blindly, aimlessly through the forest, though with a vague idea that he was running in the direction of the hunting lodge. He had left the glade not a minute too soon. A shrill, whimpering cry, drowned as quickly by a deep-throated roar and a thud that seemed to shake the very ground, told a plain and tragic tale. The kid was in the jaws of the black panther.

Silence followed the little tragedy, and Tearle could almost hear his heart

thumping as he continued to beat a hurried retreat from so dangerous a neighborhood. He had had a nasty scare, he told himself, but it was all right now. The fierce brute, provided with a dainty titbit, would gorge to repletion.

For a time his spirits rose. He pressed on steadily, threading the maze of gigantic trees and tropical vegetation, now groping in blackest shadow, now moving through a silvery glow that penetrated the interlaced foliage overhead. Knowing from what quarter the moon shone that night, he trusted that he was holding a sufficiently straight course, though he was well aware of the difficulty of doing so. He meant to wait until morning at the lodge, where he was satisfied that Karong and the Chinaman would stop only long enough to get the bag of money. Then he would proceed to the Malay kampong on the Tulu River and organize a party to pursue the two scoundrels.

"They can't escape," he reflected. "They are sure to be caught at Batavia, if they get as far as that. I'll send a message over to Buitenzorg first thing, and Van Bruyne will wire down to the coast."

Such were Tearle's plans; but his hopes of realizing them were soon to sink to zero. He had gone perhaps a mile when he stepped on a snake and felt the slimy coils writhing underfoot. With a startled yell, wrung involuntarily from his lips, he sprang into the air and was fortunately not bitten. He ran a few yards, and as he paused, shaken and unnerved by his narrow escape, a doleful, wailing cry rang behind him. The panther had been stealthily creeping after him, and from the sound it was within a quarter of a mile.

Again, intrepid man though he was, Tearle felt an icy shiver as he took to his heels. Evidently, he reasoned—he could account for the pursuit in no other way—the brute had at some time tasted human flesh and preferred it to goat's meat. With lightning-like rapidity his mind grasped the situation,

and his courage almost failed him at the thought of his deadly peril. He was unarmed, helpless. There was no shelter, no safety to be had in miles. His enemy was not to be baffled. He might keep the lead for a time, and then—

"I'm afraid it's all up with Luke Tearle," he muttered, between his panting breaths.

He had covered no more than a dozen yards when the blood-curdling cry was repeated. Faster and faster he ran, urged by the instinct of preservation that one retains to the last, and with every few seconds the pursuing animal screeched at him. Each time the awful sound was nearer. The chase was drawing to its inevitable end.

The terrors of imagination gripped Tearle, and he felt a vivid sense of what he would suffer when those sharp claws and crunching teeth fastened in his flesh. Blindly, desperately, he continued his flight. He struck against trees, caught his feet in trailing vines and trampled and tore through clogging grass and thickets. He fell headlong over a log, and as he rose the panther screamed with fury at his very heels. With a hoarse cry he sped on, straining hard, and the next instant he burst into an open glade about forty yards across, that was bathed in silvery moonlight. In the middle of it stood a square, bulky object that cast a shadow of fretwork on the level sward.

"*Van Bruyne's shooting cage!*" gasped Tearle. "Thank heaven, I have a chance!"

Not daring to look behind him the hunted man rallied all his strength for this last effort. A dozen strides and he was at the door of the cage, which fortunately had been left open. He threw it shut as he staggered inside and with trembling fingers found and slid the rusty bolt. Barely in time! As he quickly drew back, ready to drop with exhaustion, the whole structure reeled and shook to the crash of a heavy body.

Baffled and maddened, its prey snatched from its very jaws, the panther screamed and squalled till the for-

est rang. Twice more it attempted to break in, and then it began to trot round and round the cage, while Tearle, standing in the middle out of harm's way, constantly turned to face his besieger. During this interval he recovered his breath and with it some degree of courage, though as yet he did not know how far he could rely on his strange shelter.

He was both fascinated and repelled as he watched the movements of the slowly pacing beast. It was a splendid specimen of its kind, full grown and as black as ink. With long, plump body and switching tail, massive head and short, thick limbs, flat, velvety paws that padded the ground noiselessly, wicked eyes that flashed sparks of green and yellow fire—it was the very personification of Satan himself.

"What a prize to send home to England!" thought Tearle, his professional instincts for the moment rising superior to danger.

The animal continuing its restless prowl, he had an opportunity of examining his surroundings. The cage—it was empty save for a stool that lay in the corner—was constructed of stout iron bars placed about six inches apart. It was perhaps ten feet long by eight in width and height, and not fastened to the ground. The board floor was covered with sheet-iron, the whole supported loosely on the base of the sides. It had at one time been roofed over—doubtless to protect the hunters from the rain—with thatch and bamboo, of which a half was still in position on the iron cross-bars.

"It is a safe enough place," was Tearle's mental comment, "though I am probably in for a long and uncomfortable siege."

This was a hasty judgment, however, as he presently had good reason to admit. Already tired of conducting a fruitless blockade, the panther now began to spring in turn against all four sides of the cage, screeching horribly and thrusting its paws as far as it could between the bars, which rattled and groaned under each attack. Some of them actually bent, and the whole

structure swayed as if it might fall apart.

Tearle grew seriously alarmed, and then wellnigh lost heart as a far worse peril threatened his security. Failing to force an entrance by assault, with devilish cunning the panther changed its tactics and started to dig at the base of the cage, a little to the left of the door. It worked rapidly, its powerful forefeet ripping up a continual shower of dry earth. From time to time it paused to sniff or to fix its glittering orbs on the hapless man.

"By heavens, this won't do!" Tearle told himself. "The brute will soon be inside. If he digs under he can lift the whole crazy floor—for that matter some of the boards are pretty well rotted out beneath the sheet-iron, and those powerful paws will crumple up the thin iron itself like pasteboard. I'm in a worse scrape than ever, and I don't see any way out of it."

For the space of a minute he did some hard thinking, as a result of which he planted the stool in the middle of the cage and climbed upon it, hoping that he might be able to tear one of the cross-bars from its sockets and thus provide himself with a formidable weapon. But as he looked up he saw what was apparently a movable grill—a trap two feet square—set in the top of the cage; and this discovery instantly suggested a brilliant though dangerous plan by which he could perhaps both save himself and make a prisoner of his enemy. He was not mistaken. The grill was there—shooting cages commonly had two exits, he remembered—and at the second attempt the pressure of his hands started the rusty clamps. Inch by inch the iron framework moved to one side until the two-foot aperture was wide open.

It had occurred to Tearle that the floor, pregnable as it was to attacks from underneath, would yet offer on the top side a very discouraging surface of smooth iron, and the floor as a whole, though it could be lifted from underneath, could not be forced downward against the iron base of the side walls.

The panther meanwhile had scarcely heeded what was going on. Tearle stepped down, feeling shaky and nervous; and little wonder, considering what he meant to do. He had some loose matches in one pocket, and in another was a folded copy of a Dutch newspaper. He crumpled this to the shape of a torch and stuffed it back, and then, seeing that his determined foe was still scratching and digging, he plucked up the necessary courage to put his daring project into execution.

His heart thumped loudly as he drew the bolt of the door—which opened inward—and swung it on its creaking hinges. He sprang to the stool, seized the bars overhead, and, with a single play of the muscles, drew himself up through the aperture to the roof. The thatch and bamboo gave him a foothold, and as he stooped quickly and drove the grill shut—not knowing but he might have to undo it in greater haste—he heard a bound and a rattling jar, a cry of snarling rage. Glancing down, he saw the great panther crouching below him with flaming eyes. It had promptly seized its advantage and bounded into the cage.

Now was the critical moment—the test on which life or death depended. As the unsuspecting brute quivered for an upward spring, Tearle scraped a match and touched it to the crumpled newspaper. One leap, and he was on the ground; another, and he stood by the open doorway. The panther, which had just then fallen back from the roof, wheeled round with a blood-curdling screech. It was an instant too late. Confronted by a scorching mass of fire, the fierce animal recoiled in terror and slunk toward the rear side of the cage. With one hand Tearle thrust the blazing torch as far in as he could, while with the other he hurriedly pulled the door shut and slid the bolt into its socket.

Cool nerve and daring had won a splendid victory. The tables were completely turned, and the hunter had taken the place of the hunted. Tearle's face was as pale as the moonlight, but it wore a grim smile as, dropping the

burning fragment of paper, he struck across the glade and disappeared in the forest. The panther, squatting dejectedly behind the iron bars, watched the retreating figure out of sight and then lifted its voice in a long and dismal wail.

To be twice snatched from the presence of death, in the course of a couple of hours, was rather a nerve-trying experience even for Tearle. He felt a bit shaken as he pushed on, nor could he get rid of a haunting fear that the panther might by some means escape and take up the pursuit again. However, the silence behind him remained unbroken, and when he had gone two miles or more he fell in with a stroke of good luck. He came suddenly upon a little fire of twigs burning by the side of a rock. A dog flew at him, barking, and a man rose up with a leveled rifle.

"Don't shoot!" Tearle cried hastily. "I'm a friend."

The dog being called off, he stepped forward and showed himself, to receive a hearty welcome from the stranger. The latter turned out to be a Dutch officer, a certain Captain Rotha, belonging to a party of sportsmen, who were in camp on the southern slopes of Salak. He had set out alone that afternoon, it appeared, and had lost his way in the forest.

"I am quite at your service," he said, speaking English fluently, when he had listened to Tearle's thrilling story. "With the help of my dog Piet, who has a strain of the bloodhound in him, I think we may overtake your brace of scoundrels before morning."

Tearle gratefully accepted the offer, and they lost no time in starting. More by chance than skill they held so accurate a course that an hour later they reached the shooting lodge, which, as they had expected, was dark and deserted. The bag of money was gone, but the other property had been left behind.

They stopped only long enough for Tearle to arm himself and light a lantern, and then, their four-footed companion picking up the trail of

the fugitives almost immediately, they set off at a rapid pace in the direction of the coast. Having no doubt that the chase would last for hours at the least, they were not a little surprised when, at a distance of two or three miles from the lodge, the hound suddenly tore the leash from its master's hand and sprang forward with loud and eager baying.

"Can we be up with them already?" exclaimed Tearle.

"It seems so," replied Captain Rotha. "The scent must be very fresh."

Proceeding cautiously for twenty yards through the forest, to where the dog stood yelping in a mournful key, they came upon a ghastly and startling scene. The Chinaman was sprawled across the path, the back of his skull crushed in, and his body still warm and quivering. A couple of yards farther on lay Karong, his face purple and his left arm swollen to half its size. In one hand was the bag of money, and in the other, crushed lifeless by the grip, was a tiny yellow serpent that had evidently bitten him.

"They have met with a terrible retribution," said Tearle. "It is easy to see what happened. The Malay, to further his own safety, struck Yen Sing down from behind, and then, as he stooped over the body, the snake fastened on his arm. It is a most venomous reptile—I know the species."

"They richly deserved their fate," Captain Rotha declared solemnly. "Are they both dead? No, this fellow moved just now."

As he spoke Karong opened his eyes, which rested with apparent recognition upon Tearle.

"Beware," he whispered faintly. "You have—another—enemy—"

It was his last effort. The next instant he expired, with words of penitence and remorse on his lips.

"What did he mean?" inquired Captain Rotha.

"I can't tell you," replied Tearle, in a puzzled tone.

But he knew a minute later, when, having searched the folds of the

Malay's sarong, he found a greasy card bearing the printed address:

Stephen Linklater, No. —, Blenheim Villas, Walham Green, London.

In the gray light of dawn Tearle and Captain Rotta reached the Malay kampong, and later in the morning, after they had slept for a time, they set forth to retrace their steps in company with a large number of natives, two small detachments of whom were dropped on the way to fetch in the bodies of Karong and Yen Sing. The latter, of course, had not been near the village on the previous day.

The rest of the party pushed on steadily, and it may be imagined with what surprise and pleasure Tearle found the black panther still a captive in Mynheer Van Bruyne's shooting cage. Though the animal had been cunning enough to try to dig its way in, it had made no attempt to escape in a similar manner, the smooth sheet-iron surface of the floor having, as Tearle had hoped, discouraged the brute from attacking the only vulnerable part of the cage, and he had wasted himself against the iron bars. Another surprise, no less welcome, was in store, for half a dozen natives, who had been sent to search for the Sikh's body while their companions built a cage, returned with Tara Bux in a litter. Though unconscious and suffering from a fracture of the skull, the poor fellow was far from dead.

During the afternoon a couple of Captain Rotta's brother officers turned up, greatly relieved to find him alive, and he went back with them to the camp. With considerable difficulty the panther was transferred from the iron cage to the wooden one, which was moved the same evening as far as the shooting lodge. Two days later it safely reached Buitenzorg, borne the shoulders of a dozen Malays. Others tenderly carried Tara Bux, and he was on the way to complete recovery when, after spending a week with Cort Van Bruyne, Tearle bade farewell to the hospitable planter and traveled down the coast.

He shipped the panther to England, *via* Rotterdam, by a cargo steamer, and the following day he left Batavia for Singapore by a Dutch mail-boat. Meanwhile he had written a long and important letter to Richter & Company.

Three months later, when Tearle was at Berbera on the Somali coast, he received a letter from his employer in reply to the one he had sent from Java.

Yours of June 25 to hand [wrote Hans Richter], and strangely enough your amazing story, and the remarkable suspicions you entertained, were verified within a few days. Stephen Linklater was then on his deathbed, stricken with a fatal fever, and before he died he made a full and penitent confession. It was he who let the lioness out of her cage that morning. It was done at the instigation of Karong. The subsequent plot was hatched by the pair. Linklater knew, of course, that you were to visit Java during your trip, and the Malay, as it happened, had previously arranged to work his passage there on a Dutch vessel sailing from the Thames and seek employment with Mynheer Van Bruyne, in whose service he had been some years ago. Their object was both murder and robbery, and it was agreed that Karong should send half of the money to his confederate in London. Through my change of plans the crime would have been rendered impossible but for Linklater, who, having taken the first cablegram to the office for me, and having access to our cipher code, several hours later forged and handed in the second message that sent you up to Buitenzorg.

It has all turned out for the best, since your adventure ended happily; for the market price of black panthers has risen 50 per cent., and the one now on its way to England goes to Lord Chilbury's private collection.

"Well, that's just the way I reckoned it out," Tearle told himself when he had read the letter through. He smoked thoughtfully as he looked across the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. "It was a desperate and neatly planned piece of villainy," he reflected, "and I wonder that I got out of it alive. A few more little affairs of that sort and my hair will be turning prematurely gray."

And knocking the ashes from his pipe, he strode off to the market-place to see whether any lion cubs had perchance arrived by Somali caravan from the interior.

Suppressed Cartoons

BY THOMAS H. TIBBLES

THE fraud that was perpetrated on the genuine Democrats of the United States by the Belmont-Sheehan-Ryan-Cleveland gang of Wall Street operators in 1904 has never yet been fully comprehended by the people. There were hundreds of thousands of voters, honest men, as true Democrats as ever lived, who were so badly deceived that they cast their votes for the worst set of scoundrels that has ever appeared in politics in all history, thinking that they were voting for the principles of Jefferson and Lincoln. There was no chance for the people to learn the truth. It was only by slow degrees that the truth dawned upon even those who were around the Democratic headquarters in the Century Building, opposite the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York.

Many earnest men had offered their services to the committee, believing that they would be doing service to mankind by any aid they could render to a party that would oppose the political party under which the great trusts had been fostered and had grown to riches beyond the comprehension of ordinary men. They felt that there was a crisis coming in our Republic—that the old doctrines of honesty, righteousness, prosperity for all the people were being discarded, and instead of them was to be substituted a government based upon the doctrine that it was the destiny of the race to submit to conditions that would result in the practical pauperization of the masses and immense riches for the few. The tendencies had all been that way under the rule of the Republican Party. The senators in the upper chamber at Washington openly

represented railroad companies, express companies, banks, insurance companies and trusts, but not the people. These thousands of voters thought that the Democratic Party was a party in opposition to all that, and would oppose those policies of the Republican Party that had brought such a state of things about.

These honest Democrats were to be found in all the vocations of civilized life. There were farmers, scholars, authors and artists among them. There lived at that time a young artist in the city of Philadelphia doing work on a Republican daily in which he had no heart at all. He drew such cartoons as were suggested to him by those who directed the policies of the paper or illustrated the writings of the men who furnished the matter for it. He was tired of the work. He wanted to do something for humanity. He wanted to put his heart into his art work. He thought that he could get such an opportunity if he could secure work from the Democratic National Committee, so he applied to De Lancey Nicoll, who had charge of that part of the work, and submitted to him specimens of his drawings. Within forty-eight hours after receiving the drawings Mr. Nicoll telegraphed the artist to come and take the position of cartoonist for the national committee during the campaign.

The young man resigned his position on the Philadelphia *Telegraph* and came to New York joyfully, thinking that he had at last secured a situation where he could not only earn his daily bread, but at the same time do something toward uplifting the human race.

His first survey of the elegant head-



"Tom Taggart was without duties except to smoke cigars and shake hands."

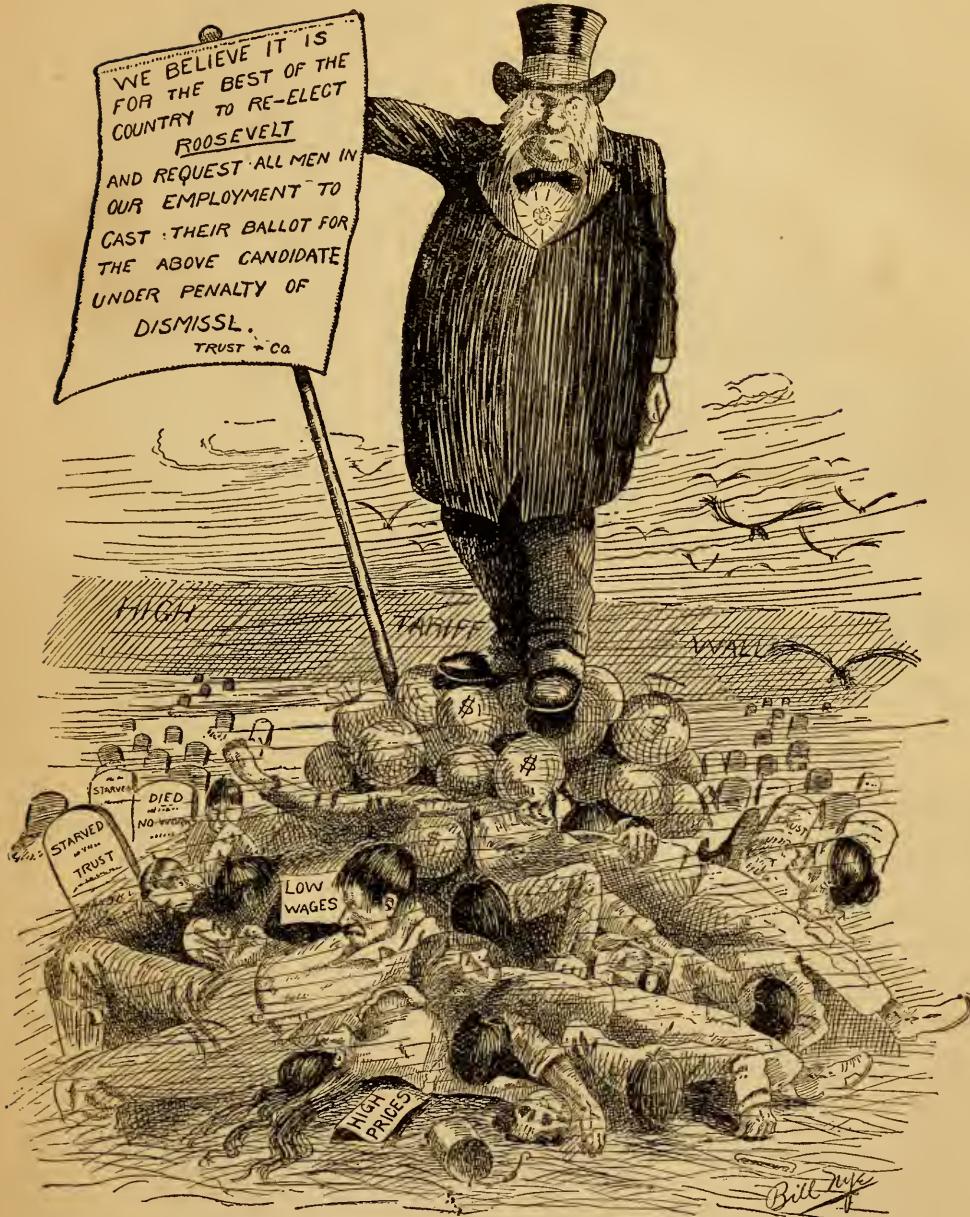
quarters of the National Democratic Committee sent a chill over him. He had supposed that Tom Taggart, of Indiana, was the head of the committee, as that gentleman had been elected chairman. He found Mr. Taggart sitting with his feet up on the desk, smoking a cigar. Further observation showed that smoking cigars and shaking hands were all the duties that Mr. Taggart ever performed. The man who issued the orders was not Mr. Taggart, but Mr. August Belmont. Belmont was the commander there and Tom Taggart was simply a private, detailed at headquarters without duties to perform except to smoke cigars and shake hands with the employees and an occasional visitor who came in. Visitors to Mr. Taggart's room were not numerous and were for the most part such Democrats as happened to visit New York and thought it would be a good thing to be able to say to their local constituents that they had been at the headquarters and seen the chairman.

The young artist found that Belmont occupied the big, front office and Tom Taggart's room was in the rear. Men who really had business with the com-

mittee went to Mr. Belmont's room. Tom Taggart passed out the cigars, shook hands and played the good fellow with those Democrats who simply "dropped in" to see how things were running.

Finally the artist finished his first cartoon. He was ordered to show it to Mr. Belmont, as no cartoon could be accepted and sent out to the Democratic papers without Mr. Belmont's approval. The artist felt a little proud of his cartoon. It was the first one into which he had been privileged to put his heart as well as his skill. Cartoons for reproduction in newspapers are drawn on a very large scale. The one that the artist set down against the wall in a good light for Mr. Belmont's approval was nearly three feet high and two feet wide. It represented a trust magnate with a huge diamond on his shirt front displaying a banner on which was written: "We believe it is for the best of the country to re-elect Roosevelt and request all men in our employment to cast their ballot for the above candidate under penalty of dismissal.—Trust Co."

When Mr. Belmont saw that cartoon



The cartoon which Mr. Belmont described as seditious.

he thrust his hands down in his pockets and marched up and down in front of it for some time, all the while growing more excited. At last he turned to the artist and said: "That is seditious. That is seditious." August Belmont

is a little man, not much over five feet tall, but as he looked at that cartoon his eyes flashed and he drew himself up to his fullest little height as he denounced it as "seditious."

The young artist began to realize that



The cartoon denounced by Mr. Taggart.

in leaving a Republican paper and coming to the Democratic National Committee he had not improved his opportunities to work for the uplifting of mankind, but he was not completely discouraged. He tried again. He was in his youth a farmer boy, as many of our great artists and eminent men have been. The Democratic Party in his boyhood days had been the friend of the farmer. It had protested against the policy that forced the farmer to buy everything he consumed in a high protective tariff market and compelled him to sell everything he had to sell in a free-trade market. Besides that the Republican Party press just at that time was picturing the farmers as the true plutocrats, who rode around in automobiles. He therefore drew a cartoon representing the farmer as the Republican press described him and as he really was. It happened this time that Tom Taggart saw the cartoon before it was submitted to Mr. Belmont,

and Tom instantly denounced it, jumped on it, as it were, with both feet.

Then the artist went to his room and wrote a letter to his father, who was a Democrat of the old school. He told his father that nothing was being done at the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee without the consent of Mr. August Belmont, who was acting for six million people. "My cartoons are carefully inspected by Mr. Belmont, and if there is anything in them that hurts the trusts they are laid aside. Why I should vote for Mr. Belmont I don't understand. I must ask you not to cast your vote at this election for Mr. Belmont. If Parker were elected, Mr. Belmont would be the head of the Government. Parker personally may be all right, but I don't believe that he could resist the influence of Belmont. There are reasons enough why you should not vote for Parker."

After that the young artist made no more efforts to put his heart into his

work. He drew such cartoons as he was ordered to draw. He found that at the Democratic headquarters he must do exactly the same kind of work that he had done on a Republican paper. The outlook was dark. There seemed to be no way in which he could use his art to assist the oppressed. The rich had not only captured the transportation, the means of communica-

cation, the money, but had captured art also and made it the slave of plutocracy.

But this artist was not suppressed. He finally secured an engagement on *TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE*, and there he has been at liberty to put his heart into his work, which he has been doing since last August to the delight of all its readers.

His Ultimate Decision

“WHEN I was a freckle-nosed schoolboy, with one front tooth out and a perpetual sun-grin on,” ruminatingly said Mr. Timrod Totten, “one of my hardest tasks was grinding through a certain old United States history, which had been handed down to me by my Uncle Gamaliel. It was an austere tome, and its phraseology was stilted and its flavor of the from-this-we-should-learn kind so esteemed by the hackers of epitaphs and the editors of rural newspapers; enlivened by sundry pictures of a sort well calculated to imbue the student with a lifelong hatred for Art.

“I gritted my way through the book with an unreasoning doggedness, the chronicles therein set forth carrying no more real significance to my half-baked mind than if they had been written in the Kickapoo language. What the men, great and small, of whom I read had done or had not done mattered nothing to me then—the ways of men were past finding out. A boy could not possibly understand them; why wreck his intellect trying?

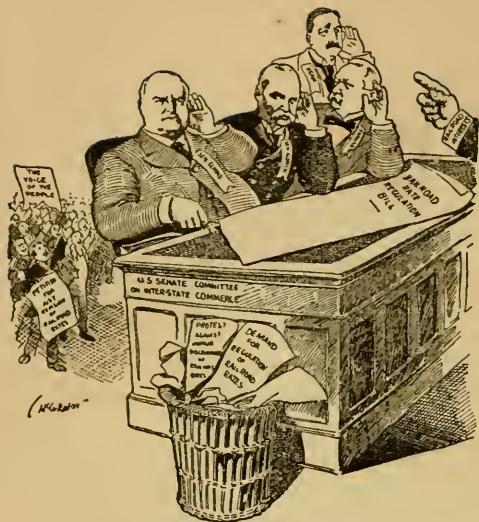
“Well, later along, after I had reached the age where I knew everything, I’d haul that old book out once in a while and have a good laugh over its absurdities. The agonized straining at gnats indulged in by our ancestors, the Pilgrim Fathers, their strict enforcement of the Blue Laws and their cheery indifference to the rules of horse-sense—the hundred and one examples of the eccentric workings of human nature in the raw, to be found all through the book— tickled me mightily. With my glee was mingled a sense of satisfaction that nowadays we were ever so much smarter and managed things a great deal better than our rectangular forefathers.

“Eh-yah! That was all pretty funny to me then; but, just the other day, when I dug that old book up again and conned it over, its dreary wood-cuts, its quaint chronicles and the strabismussed point of view from which it was written didn’t seem so amusing after all. Mebby it was b’cuz my sense of humor ain’t as lively as it once was, and mebby it’s b’cuz I’ve reached the age where I have found out that I don’t know anything worth mentioning, and have been bumped around from one experience to another till I’ve gone clear back to my original conclusion, that the ways of men are past finding out, and such being the case, it is useless to waste one’s peace and happiness trying to do so.”

Increasing Burdens

FLIPPER—The poor man, you know, pays the freight.

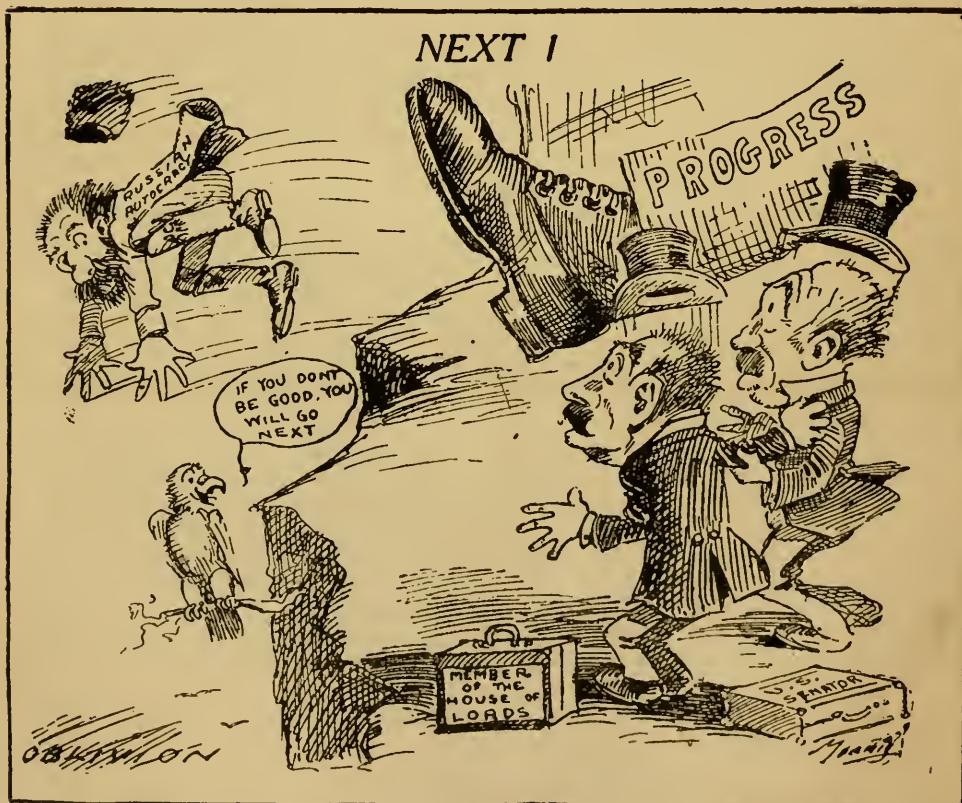
FLAPPER—If he doesn’t look out he will soon have to carry the load as well.



Deaf in the Right Ear
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune



Tammany's Idea of Splitting a Ticket
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune



Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review

THE DARK DAYS

BY

OWEN OLIVER.

N.Y.

THREE was a time when none would speak of the horror which came upon the world; but now that three years have passed men talk about it openly and ask one another what it was and how it happened.

Their questions are rarely answered; for some of the survivors have lost their reason; others have lost their memory; the majority remember nothing but silence and unseen hands grasping at them out of the dark. Few of the few who have any distinct recollection possess the gift of expressing themselves clearly. I am one of those whose memory is tolerably clear, and I am a writer by profession. So they have asked me to set down my experience.

It was on the afternoon of the twenty-second of June, 1910. I was hurrying down the Strand to call upon my agents, who had telephoned to me about an offer for my last novel. It was a hot, bright day and I was shading my eyes to look across the street, when suddenly the sun went out. I thought I was smitten with blindness and flung up my arms and gave a great cry. I heard the beginning of it. Then all sound stopped. The rumble of vehicles, the scurry of feet, the cries of the street venders, the shouts of the newspaper boys—all the hum of life—ceased in an instant.

I thought at first that I had died; but I could feel my limbs; feel my lips moving as I cried for help; feel

the vibration of the traffic that I could not hear.

"I am blind!" I shouted. "Blind! And deaf! Hold me, someone—*Someone!*"

I heard no call, and no answer. I groped wildly in the darkness, and met other hands that were groping too. I seized someone by the shoulder, and others seized me. Their hands twitched convulsively. They were crying out as I was. I knew by touching their open mouths and faces contorted with fright. A woman whom I held slipped away from my grasp, and a man whom I grasped in her stead fell too. I suppose they fainted.

It is possible that I, too, fainted, but was held up on my feet by the pressure of the crowd, for I seemed to lose myself for a time and to come back to myself in a swaying, clutching mass of unseen, unheard people. I felt sick and almost suffocated, and tried vainly to push my way out, till the crowd was scattered by a plunging horse which brushed against me as it passed. I took a few hurried steps and found myself somewhere—alone! The perspiration was running down my cheeks, and my throat was dry and swollen with cries that I had not heard. I was more afraid of the loneliness than I had been of the crowd.

I swept the air with my arms till I struck my hand against a wall. I could feel that I had cut my wrist. I felt myself sobbing with utter fear, and felt the tears running down my cheeks. I touched people again; but

they were dancing and gesticulating as if they had gone mad, and I was too afraid of them to hold them. When they were gone I beat the empty air again, and wished I had even the poor mad people for company. I stumbled on, and presently I stumbled against a man. He held me, and I held him, both of us shaking horribly. He put his lips to my ear as if he shouted—I felt his breath—but I heard nothing. He smelled of strong drink and I did not like him; but I dared not be alone, so I clutched him as he clutched me. I could not have freed myself from him if I had wished, for he was a powerful man and grasped me violently. His fingers twitched on my arm and he walked unsteadily. We staggered about for what seemed a long time. I did not consider what I was doing at first; but gradually I began to think. Perhaps, I told myself, the darkness and silence would pass away as swiftly as they had come. Even if it lasted forever it might be possible to live in the strange, dark, silent world in some new fashion of life—a life that was only touch and smell—and possibly taste. I wondered whether there were still taste in anything. The idea of taste reminded me that I was hungry and thirsty—terribly thirsty. I decided to find something to eat and drink.

I tried to make my unseen companion understand my purpose by touching his mouth with my fingers, but he still swayed and clutched senselessly. I made signs of cutting with a knife upon his cheek, and indicated a fork with three fingers, and pretended to put things in his mouth, but still I could not make him understand. I invented an alphabet and spelt out messages with taps upon his shoulder; one tap for A, two for B, and so on, but he showed no sign of comprehension. So I dragged him slowly along, feeling about me with one hand.

I found what felt like shop-fronts, and after a time I touched what might be the entrance to a restaurant. I succeeded in dragging the man inside and fumbled at the counter, but

found only show-cases. My companion struck his fist angrily upon the glass and shivered it. I could feel the broken glass in his hand. That was how I knew. He steadied himself a little after this and pushed me along. I think he had realized my object, but I could get no intelligible sign from him.

We got into another crowd for a few moments when we re-entered the street, and they drove us almost underneath a horse. Then we stumbled over a number of prostrate bodies. They had evidently fainted, or died of fright. Then we nearly tripped over a dog which snapped at me and tore my clothes. I think it bit my companion, for he kicked out and we lost our balance and fell on the ground. He embraced me so closely that I could not rise. I grew angry and struck at him and he struck at me. He was a very strong man, and I think he would have killed me if he had not been afraid to release his hold for fear of my escaping and leaving him alone. I feared him more than the darkness, but less than the silence.

At last we got upon our feet and after a deal of groping found a public-house—I could tell it by the cut-glass doors. We made our way behind the counter and secured some sandwiches and ate, and filled our pockets. I drank some water. My companion found the beer engines. I could not get him away from them. He bound my arm to his with a ball of twine, winding it round and round and tying it tightly so that he could have both his hands free to drink without releasing me. He drew beer and drank till the place reeked with the liquor. Soon he rolled about so that he could scarcely keep upon his feet. I took out my penknife stealthily and cut the twine from my arm. Then I gave him a push and he fell. I knew he had fallen because I felt his hands grasping at my ankles. I eluded them, clambered over the counter and got back into the street—alone. I reached out with my arms to try to find someone—anyone. I should have gone back to the wretched man in my lon-

liness, but I could not find the house again. I knocked against cabs and horses in the streets. The horses were kicking with terror and one bit my arm. So I went back to the pavement I started from, or across the road—I did not know which!

At the corner of a side street I ran into some people standing together. They were gentlefolk by the touch of their clothes; some men and some women—I was not sure how many—and a little girl with silky curls. I seized their hands and shook them; but the women shrank from me and hung upon the men, and the men hustled me aside. I tried to make them feel my clothes and my smooth palms to show that I was of their own class, but they could not or would not understand, and pushed me so violently that I fell. I picked myself up and tried to find them again. I was ready to go on my knees to beg for their company, but they had moved or I mistook the direction. I could not find them or anyone or anything, and a great terror came upon me. I shrieked and heard no sound, and staggered on, pawing at the air.

Presently I found buildings, and walked along touching them with one hand, till the air felt more open. I imagined that I was coming to the Embankment or to Trafalgar Square—I did not know which way I had gone—but I ran against houses whichever way I turned. At last I came upon a drinking fountain, and drank, and ate some of the sandwiches from my pocket and sat down and rested till I felt so cool that I judged night had come. Then I rose and groped about till I found an open door. I entered what seemed to be a private hotel, found a sofa, and slept on it till I was seized roughly and thrust out into the street. It was still cold, and I thought that the night had not yet gone—if there were now day or night. It seemed to me that there was only time—and silence—and space for the stretching out of a hand. I grasped myself to be sure there was something in the space—grasped myself till it

hurt. I walked blindly on, not caring what became of me so long as I came to something, till I fell over a prostrate body. It felt stiff and cold! I screamed silently and went on.

I seemed to lose my senses and find them again as I discovered that I was on the Embankment. I knew the feel of the parapet, and that I could drown if I threw myself into the water below. The thought that there was this refuge comforted me strangely. I fell over more people lying on the ground, and when I knelt down and examined them I felt that they were breathing. I tried my alphabet on them, but they did not understand it, and those who made any movement pushed me feebly away. I walked on till I met a man who tried to hold *me*. I pushed *him* aside. Fear seemed *alive* in the darkness. When the man had gone I was sorry that I had not stayed with him, and I decided to join company with the next person whom I met, whether I feared him or not.

The next living being I touched was a woman sitting on a seat. I sat down beside her, but when I put out my hand to hold her she had gone! It seemed that all feared all who tried to make dumb acquaintance with them. I rose and went on again till I touched a hansom cab. The horse in the shafts was pawing restlessly. I supposed it was hungry and thirsty. I had kicked a pail of water previously, so I went back and fetched it. I stood beside the horse some while for company, but resolved at length to move on. I had an idea that if I could make my way over one of the bridges and get out of London, I might find the sun shining. It must be a city fog, I assured myself—just a fog. Anyhow it would be more tolerable if I could find my way to Blackheath, to my own rooms, and to people who knew me—if anyone knew anyone now.

Presently it grew warm again, from which I inferred that the sun still rose, though I could not see it. Soon afterward I came to a bridge. I took it for Blackfriars. When I had gone some way across two hands clutched

my legs. They were such small hands that I did not fear them greatly. I stooped down, and felt a small child lying on the lap of a woman. The woman's hair was loose and hanging over her face. I thought she was young. She shivered at my touch, but I sat down beside her. She laid my hand on the child as if she appealed to me for help. I felt its mouth moving, as if it cried for something. I tried my alphabet on the girl, spelling F-R-I-E-N-D, but she put my hand to her head to feel that she shook it. I could tell by the way she held my hand that she did not mean to refuse my friendship, but to show that she could not understand my signs.

After this she put my hand to her mouth and made motions of eating and drinking. Also she put it to the child's mouth and it nearly bit me in its famished eagerness. I gave them the few sandwiches I had not eaten and they ate them ravenously. She then made signs of drinking. I plucked at her sleeve to rise and come with me, and she came. She was scarcely able to stand, so I took the child from her and carried it. She hung heavily on my arm and the child kept feeling around my face with its dry lips. I thought there was a drinking fountain at the end of the bridge, but could not find it. My search was greatly hindered by having the child on one arm, and its mother—as I supposed her—hanging upon the other.

We came to shops, but most of them were shut or had the living-rooms locked up. We could not find water for a long time, though I obtained some dry biscuits. At last we brushed against a man and a woman in a furniture shop. I made signs of drinking and they led us within—it seemed unwillingly—and gave us a large jug of water. After we had drunk and eaten my biscuits, the girl lay on a sofa with the child in her arms, while I sat on the floor beside them, and we all went to sleep. I woke to find the girl passing her hands softly over my face. When she

had finished with my face she felt the texture of my clothing carefully and my scarf and watch chain and even my handkerchief. She evidently wanted to know what manner of man I was. Apparently she was satisfied, for she held gently to my sleeve when she had finished her inspection.

After a few minutes I stretched myself, as though I woke, and took her hand and tried my alphabet again; and this time she understood and answered. This was the conversation, spelt out slowly, letter by letter:

I. F-r-i-e-n-d.
She. F-r-i-e-n-d.
I. J-o-h-n C-a-r-t-e-r. F-r-i-e-n-d.
She. Y-e-s. F-r-i-e-n-d. A-l-i-c-e
T-h-o-r-n. W-h-a-t i-s i-t?
I. D-o-n-t k-n-o-w.
She. S-h-a-l-l w-e d-i-e?
I. D-o-n-t k-n-o-w.
She. W-h-a-t s-h-a-l-l w-e d-o?
I. F-i-n-d y-o-u-r h-o-m-e.
She. F-a-r-q-u-h-a-r R-o-a-d, N-o-r-
w-o-o-d.
I. W-i-l-l g-e-t f-o-o-d d-r-i-n-k
f-i-r-s-t.
She. D-o-n-t l-e-a-v-e u-s.
I. W-i-l-l c-o-m-e b-a-c-k. T-r-u-s-t
m-e.
She. C-o-m-e b-a-c-k s-o-o-n. S-o
f-r-i-g-h-t-e-n-e-d.
I. B-e b-r-a-v-e. W-i-l-l c-o-m-e
b-a-c-k t-o y-o-u a-n-d y-o-u-r b-a-b-y.
She. N-o-t m-i-n-e. F-o-u-n-d h-i-m.
C-o-m-e b-a-c-k s-o-o-n.
I. I w-i-l-l. T-r-u-s-t m-e.
She. I d-o. C-o-m-e s-o-o-n.
I gave her hand a long, strong pressure, and went on my search. I felt every piece of furniture several times, arranged the chairs in a row, cut notches on the doors and doorposts and scratched a mark along the wall to trace my way back to them. At last I found the man and woman and made signs of eating and drinking. They gave me more water, but no eatables. I could smell that they had food, but when I tried to get some they pushed me away. I suppose they feared to exhaust their supply. The man threatened me, touching my head

significantly with a hammer. I would have fought him for the food, but I feared what might happen to Alice and the child if I came to harm. So I felt my way back, by the marks, taking the water, and told her in our alphabet what had happened.

We went out again into the street, holding one another and carrying the child in turn. We talked with our fingers as we walked. Every now and then we met people walking as we were, one foot before the other. They were usually in groups, clinging to one another. From their motions I judged that many had lost their reason. We stepped on some lying upon the ground. At certain places the pavement was covered with prostrate forms. At one of these places a man caught hold of Alice and nearly dragged her away; but I struck him furiously till he released her. We learned to know the dangerous spots by the smell of liquor, and went out into the road to avoid them. On these occasions we frequently knocked against horses and vehicles, many of the latter overturned.

We were very hungry, and at last we met some policemen who understood our new language. One of them took us to an eating-house. I offered him money, but he refused.

"N-o u-s-e," he tapped. "E-n-d o-f w-o-r-l-d."

Alice was holding our wrists to feel the conversation, and she answered him. I could feel what she said:

"G-o-d c-a-n s-e-e a-n-d h-e-a-r a-n-d s-a-v-e."

The policeman tapped back:

"G-o-d b-l-e-s-s y-o-u. H-e-l-p u-s a-l-l."

The three of us put our hands together in prayer, Alice's slender hands between his and mine.

We had a good meal and lay down to sleep in an inner room.

"G-o-o-d n-i-g-h-t," Alice tapped out. "K-i-n-d f-r-i-e-n-d. T-h-a-n-k G-o-d f-o-r y-o-u."

I thanked Him very sincerely for her.

In the morning—if it were morning—when we awoke we found a basket,

filled it with food and bottles of water, and started again. We were nearly knocked down by a restive horse in crossing a road, and some rough men seized us violently. I struck out and dispersed them; but I lost Alice and the child. I groped about wildly, crying cries that I could not hear, till I tripped over something. I was going on, when a hand tapped my ankle. "F-r." I knelt down and found Alice. I knew her hair and the ribbon and locket at her neck. We wrung hands excitedly and both "talked" at once. "T-h-e c-h-i-l-d!" We groped about, holding one another firmly, and at last we found the child. It was trembling and sobbing. Alice kissed it passionately and wiped its tears. She gave my arm a pleased squeeze, and put my hand to her face to feel her smile!

"I a-m h-a-p-p-y n-o-w," she spelled out. I began to spell out an answer, but the letters would not come quickly enough for her and suddenly she caught at me and wrote with her finger on my cheek. I could read the writing easily, and it was much quicker than the taps. We were so pleased with our quicker conversation that we stood still writing on one another's faces as fast as our fingers would move. (We always used this way afterward.)

We discussed at length the calamity which had come upon the world. The sun still rose, we thought, because of the changes in temperature, only something in the air would not let us see it and prevented us from hearing one another. "It must be some change in the ether," I wrote; and then I had to explain what ether was.

"Perhaps," I concluded, "it is a sort of fog over London. Shall we try to reach the country?"

"I will do whatever you tell me," she wrote back. "You are very clever and very, very kind. I should not mind so much for myself, but I want the sun for the dear baby. It must be so lonely for him because he cannot write as we do. I keep kissing him to let him know that we love him. Think

if all the love had gone from the world instead of only the sun and the sound!"

Only the sun and the sound! I laughed at first at her words; but she put out her hand and felt me laughing, and when I went to write my answer on her cheek I found tears, and she pushed my finger away and wrote on me.

"Suppose you could recover sight and hearing by sacrificing baby and me? Would you?"

I took my handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"No," I wrote. "No, dear friend. You are right. We should lose more than sight and hearing if we lost one another. I like you very much."

"Perhaps you won't like the sight and sound of us when the sun comes back," she wrote.

"I think I shall," I wrote. "Tell me just what you are like. What is the color of your hair? How old are you?"

"I shall not tell you," she wrote, "because you like me now, and perhaps you would not then. If the sun never rises again I can look just as you like me to look, and be just as old as you wish. Now shall we go on?"

We walked on for a long time, and at last we came to some railings. As we felt our way by them we met a woman coming along in the other direction. We felt one another with our hands and accepted acquaintance. She was a very intelligent lady and understood our writing.

"It is Kennington Park," she wrote; "I am looking for my son. He went out for more provisions and has not come back. Have you met him?"

"No," I answered. "Can we sleep anywhere?"

"My house," she offered, and took us there.

We stayed with them for two days. Their name was Roberts, and they were a very pleasant family. We learned to know them all by touch, to find our way all over the house, and even to do work in the dark. We used to sit, "talking" upon one an-

other's faces. I liked them all; but I liked Alice best.

The son came home soon after we arrived. He brought a lot of provisions. Mrs. Roberts managed to keep house in the dark, and even made a cake and baked it. She was a cheerful, brisk lady, and she declared that, in time, we should get on very well without the sun. "One's family and friends are all that really matters," she often wrote.

Alice wanted to get to her family, and I offered to take her. So on the third day we took a stock of provisions and started off together. We left the baby with Mrs. Roberts. (She afterward adopted him, as his parents were never found.)

We lost ourselves in the first few minutes and could not find anyone who could understand our signs and direct us. Indeed, we met very few people at all, though now and then we found dead bodies. (Most people stayed in their houses, or those to which they had come, during these days, we learned afterward.) We found many dead horses in the shafts of the vehicles they had been drawing.

The temperature had grown appreciably lower during the last two days, and I feared that the cause which had stopped the sun's light so suddenly was stopping the heat from him in a more gradual manner. We could not find a place to rest during the first "cold time"; but in the succeeding "warm time" (these terms had replaced night and day in our vocabulary) we found a deserted railway station and slept in a waiting-room. We had finished our provisions and could not find any shops open for a long while. People had evidently locked themselves in to keep their eatables for themselves, knowing that they could not replenish them. We came to a fruiterer's at last, and took a few vegetables from the open window, but the proprietors came out and drove us off with sticks. My hand was cut, and Alice thought she had a black eye.

"But you can't see how ugly I

look," she wrote. She seemed very cheerful, and I grew much attached to her. I took her to be about twenty (I was then twenty-eight), and I fancied she would have dark hair and black eyes. Her features felt as though she must be pretty.

We ate our fruit and still felt hungry. We found one shop open, but it contained only sweets and tobacco. We took all the chocolate we could find, and I took some cigarettes. We wandered on till we came to open gates. From the size of the gateway we judged them to belong to a large house, and went in, hoping to get something to eat. We were quite lost by now.

Presently we found a "shelter" and concluded that we were in a park—possibly Battersea. We could not find the way out, and felt the "cold time" returning. Alice wrote on my cheek, "Very cold, hungry, tired, frightened." She wanted to sit down, but we were shivering already, and I dared not stop moving till we found a heap of small leafy branches cut from the trees. We laid down and covered ourselves with these as well as we could, and clung to one another for warmth. I could tell that she was crying, and I knew that my teeth were chattering with cold, though I could not hear them. I slept a broken sleep. When I finally woke all my limbs were numbed, and when the "warm time" returned we were too feeble to free ourselves from our covering for a long while.

We were sick with hunger and thirst, and walked about aimlessly. We came to the park railings, but she could not climb them and I was too weak to lift her. My mind was numbed as well as my body, and I did not think of following the railings to a gate, until we had gone away from them. We could not find them again.

We found bodies lying on the grass—three men, a woman and a dog. They had evidently been shut in and perished from cold and hunger—unless fright had killed them more quickly and mercifully. We ran away shuddering, till we came to a path. We followed

it round and round and reached a café. Dead bodies were lying all over the floor. We thought they would have eaten all the food before they died, so we went away.

We were so weak from hunger that we could scarcely stand. The thirst was worse. We sat down and walked for a few minutes alternately. Then I slipped into some water, about three feet deep—I guessed a bathing pond. We drank greedily, and I wrung the water out of my clothes. Then we crawled away to a seat and fell into a sleep or stupor. I was roused by Alice shaking my arm.

"The darkness is moving," she wrote on my face. "Moving!"

I have often asked her to describe what she saw, but she can find no other words than this. To me it seemed as if the blindness of my eyes had gone, but they could not see through the darkness outside me—an overwhelming blackness that rolled upon us in black waves outrunning the black mist at the back. I could feel it, taste it—It almost stifled me, and my tongue swelled till it nearly filled my mouth, and I gasped for breath.

"The end," I wrote. "Good-bye. God bl—"

And suddenly the black waves passed and the world sprang upon us out of the dark! It was a bright day, and the sky was blue. A bird fluttered unsteadily in the air, and a man rose from the grass—staggered and fell. I scraped my foot along the gravel just to hear the sound. Alice grasped my arm till her fingers hurt. We turned to one another and saw—strangers!

Alice has never told me what she expected to see and what she saw, and I have never told her; but I think she expected to discover a handsome, well-groomed young gentleman, and I know that I had thought of her as a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked, prettily dressed girl of twenty. She found a creature who looked like a tramp; a bent, unkempt, unshaken ruffian, who might have been forty. I saw a fair-haired, blue-eyed, white-faced, travel-

stained—child! For she whom I had taken for the lady of my dreams was but a tall schoolgirl of fifteen!

We sat and stared at one another. Our lips trembled when we tried to speak. I think we should have hurt one another if we had spoken, but the woman's heart in her childish body saved everybody. She took my hand and wrote on it slowly.

"Friend! Kind friend!"

And then I took her hands in mine and spoke. My voice was hoarse with thirst and weakness.

"God bless you, dear!" I said. "God bless you— This is 'only the sun and the sound.' We are the loyal and loving friends that we have been— that we shall be always."

"Always," she said; and we rose and walked forth to find the world, hand in hand.

It was Brockwell Park, we learned, and the people gave us food and drink; and in an hour we reached her home at Norwood. It was evening, and we were too tired to do anything but sleep. The next morning when I had shaved and borrowed new clothes I came downstairs, and found Alice bright and smiling and dressed in fresh white with a blue ribbon at her neck and another in her hair. She came forward holding out both hands to me.

"Why, child!" I cried. "How pretty you are!"

To my astonishment she burst into tears.

"I thought if I put on my best dress," she sobbed, "perhaps—perhaps you would like the—'the sight and sound' of—of your friend."

"Dear," I said, "I shall like to see you and hear you as long as there is

sight and sound; and even if they are gone, I shall like you!"

That is the end of my story of the dark days that men lost. You know as well as I that the astronomers reckon that they were seven; and say that the darkness and deafness were due to our passing through an etherless space which stopped light, and, in some way which they cannot explain, deadened the sound vibrations of the air. You know, also, how the earth was decimated and trade disorganized; how crops failed and hard times came; and how trouble made all the world friends, and strife ceased, and armies were disbanded. And so we came to these days of plenty and peace. Sometimes I think that the days of darkness were not in vain; and last night I almost wished them back.

I was leaving Alice's house, and she saw me to the door as usual. We have always loved one another as a man and a child may love, and now she has ceased to be a child, and does her hair up in a golden knob. I think her very beautiful.

We had just reached the door when suddenly the electric light went out. She gave a sharp cry, and in a moment she was in my arms— The light spluttered up noisily again, but she did not raise her eyes. And I did not let her go. Instead, I reached out one hand and turned out the light. Then I lifted her face and wrote with my finger on her cheek:

"I love you—love you—love you!"

She did not speak, but pressed my hand upon her face to feel her smile—the smile that lit my heart in the dark days, and lights it still!

Christmas Chimes

A CROSS the crisp and sparkling winter snow
Sweet, mystic bell-tones float from far away,
In memory of that night so long ago

When the dear Child in Bethlehem's manger lay.

EUGENE C. DOLSON.

THE MAN IN THE VALLEY

BY

SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN.



IT had been no accident, then; she had felt quite sure that it was not. She opened the letter crumpled in her hand and read it again. It was brief. It said only that the man who was not a stranger to her, although the tie that bound them was no more than a handful of dead violets, found it impossible to forget her loneliness. And the hunger in her eyes as they rested on the mountains, the letter said, had turned the hills he loved into a prison wall that shut her in from the life beyond them.

A soft little color mounted to the very roots of Mary Carleton's hair; a curious little exultation thrilled her. She had been so alone. All her life down to the very day the gray-eyed city doctor had tapped her chest and explored and listened as he talked to her, saying by way of preparation that the condition was an old pneumonic one, she had been alone.

"It isn't that *yet*," he had said kindly. "I want to get you away before it is *that*. Five thousand feet up. I know the very place. A college mate of mine has the hospital, and it's on the shoulder of a big rugged mountain down South. You'll feel like a fighting cock after a few weeks of that air blowing through you. They, the natives, call it God's country, and it is."

"But, doctor," she had said, when the meaning of what it meant to her to give up had beaten in on her dazed brain, "I can't go! Life is just coming to mean something. I've been climbing stairs of sand all along, struggling and starving but climbing, and now—now that they are turning

into marble—I—I'd eat my heart out to get back. I," she had implored, "can't go!"

For a long moment there had been silence, then, as if from a distance, the doctor's voice had swayed to her, saying: "It's too late to stay. You must go at once—tomorrow."

A little smile touched Mary Carleton's crimson lips and traveled on to her shadowed eyes. It almost seemed that in her need she had found a friend; it almost seemed that she had called and he had answered.

The morning he had dropped down beside her, as she sat aloof from the hospital inmates in her special corner of the portico, he was awaiting directions for his day's tramp. She had suddenly felt herself a ghost chained to a walking cough but with strength still left to creep into the sunshine and watch the passing of this vivid, eager-eyed, sun-brownèd young woodsman. His eyes had paid irresistible tribute to the wistful glance from her eyes, and when he left, the violets that he held in his hand as he waited, toying with them idly, lay on the chair beside her. Vaguely moved and feeling that something in each had crossed the bar of sunlight that lay on the floor between them and touched in greeting, she had lifted the frail woodland violets and pinned them on her gown.

Impelled by he hardly knew what impulse, the doctor of the mountain-top hospital moved to Miss Carleton's side. He had been watching her as she read the letter. For a month he had been watching her. Women were not much in his line—he hated the

symptoms they poured over him and fled from them, and their loquacity—but the silence of this woman who asked no questions but sat day after day, her listless hands folded, her listless eyes on the shining ranges that lost themselves in the sky, irritated him.

"Don't we look like lizards as we sun and sun and try to slip out of our old, unhappy skins?" she asked. She made a little gesture that took in the cots and invalid chairs on the long stretch of porch. She couldn't have explained her sudden graciousness, but the curious little thrill was still warm at her heart.

"Like lizards," the doctor spoke vaguely. He searched his suddenly unfurnished brain to see if anything conversational that had to do with lizards was lying around, and finding nothing, he gasped and choked like a candle about to go out. Save in a professional way, women were decidedly not in the doctor's line.

Miss Carleton laughed—a low little laugh of amusement.

The doctor looked at her dumbly. He hadn't heard her laugh before, and he wanted to say that he had been feeling old; that the gray hairs thickening in his dark thatch had depressed him vaguely, but that it was all a mistake; that he was deliriously young, bubbling with youth and buoyancy since—since a moment before when she had laughed.

What he did say was: "You don't like this Eagle Nest hospital?"

"But I do," she declared, almost gaily. "It spreads out its wings to us like a loving hen-mother. 'Come under,' it says, 'and be sheltered a while, you poor, panting little chicks. This is just a landing on the great big stairway that leads to heaven, it's just put here for your convenience, for all of you are precious.'" With a little mischievous glance over her shoulder, she had risen and was gone.

"Violets," the doctor said maybe two weeks later. "Aren't they coming pretty often? The women here say you get them every day. I'm

glad they're interested in your affairs—anything is better for them than bending over those eternal waists they embroider."

"To wear in heaven," Miss Carleton flung in saucily.

"And it relieves me from talking cough to them—I get mighty tired of talking cough. I'd rather hear about letters that come every day; rather smell violets—"

But Miss Carleton was gone.

"You're laughing," she complained to the violets, having reached the safety of her own room. "I never meant to do it. I didn't care, really I didn't, if the valley brimmed over with men who wanted to make me less lonely. But I couldn't resist you. I had to write a wee note when you came—and then— You may put your naughty faces together and laugh if you like. You may lift your noses in perfumed scorn, little sisters. But you know. You lash and toss and strain when your big storm-lover comes along. You're wild to sweep out on the mighty roaring diapason with him. And when he's gone you wring your hands in tortured longing. Violets have woman hearts. If one forceful enough should come along and catch one up into a very splendor of romance, little sisters—" She broke off to bury her face in the violets.

"It's just that I'm lonely," she whispered. "It's unbearable, the loneliness—since I no longer have my work. I wonder?"

But she shook the thoughts from her fiercely—the strange new thoughts that thrilled her through and through. How it would seem to be loved; how it would feel to await one's coming; what he would say, and whether she could let herself be gathered up for a full moment of happiness.

June came and drifted away; July was ushered in; the summer rested on the mountain-top like a full tide that has no ebb, and, as day followed day, wheeling on, more than one mountain-top dweller saw the change in Miss Carleton.

"How strong she is growing; how

beautiful!" they would say as she passed. And it was true. Under the influence of the letters that were laid at her plate morning after morning, from a man whose very name was unknown to her, for he signed himself simply, "The Man in the Valley"; under the kindness that was wrapped about her in folds of velvet, her nature was sweetening, seeding at its core for larger, dearer life. Before she was aware of it he had become the central point of her consciousness and she was simply living from letter to letter. She was reckoning time by them; breaking into song as she moved about the house; smiling when no one might see; living the unseen life of her dreams as the days rounded in delicious sequence through fragrant dawns and quiet noondays to the wonderful nights that held big moons.

"Did you ever write letters to a woman you idealized, Dr. Herbert?" Miss Carleton, sitting in her special corner of the portico looking out over leagues of space to mountain-tops luminous with the prophecy of a coming moon, put the question to the hospital doctor who was not far away—he was never far away when Miss Carleton sat in her special corner.

"In my *Lochinvar* days," the doctor said.

"And did something come between you? And did it hurt so? Is that why you left a big city practice and came five thousand feet up to minister to ugly coughs?"

"No," said the doctor gravely. "I had a better reason. Isn't making you well and sending you back reason enough for my being here?"

"Sending me back?" in sudden terror. "But I'm not going! I ate my heart out to go back when I came, but now—now—I was trying to build a stairway of marble, doctor. But marble stairways are such cold, dumb things. One gets so lonely, so tired out. I had to come here."

"In time. It's worth everything to me, comrade. I've got no regrets for the life I left back there."

"No memories?"

"The memories will be here—a palace full of memories," softly.

"I don't understand." Miss Carleton spoke wonderingly.

"No," said the doctor gently; "you don't understand."

When the silence grew heavy between them the doctor spoke again. "I once knew a chap who wrote letters to a woman—a white slip of a woman whom he didn't idealize," he said. "He didn't know he loved her at first. The whole sweep of his life was away from women. But this girl was so lonely, so pathetic, somehow, that he found himself writing these letters to her almost before he knew it. He had an idea, a theory—he was a great chap for theories—and he kept himself in the background. He asked nothing of the girl. He—"

"But love asks everything," breathlessly.

"He was not thinking of himself—he put himself out of the question. It was of her that he thought. He could hope for nothing; he had left his youth behind him. But she was a flower without the sunshine. He said to himself that if he gave her what her life lacked—warmth, color, intimacy—she would be as ready for the love that would surely come to her—as a flower is ready to open under the heat of the sun."

"And he blundered!" she cried. "Suppose the woman had never had a lover; suppose the sweep of her life had been away from men, that she had been so busy that she had never thought of one until she got those letters. Suppose that her heart was as tight shut when the first one came to her as the hard little laurel bud was in the spring—that under their influence, as they came day by day, it stirred as the laurel bud did under the sun's warmth, until it burst into wide flower, like the crimson laurel out there now."

The doctor moved restlessly, but the woman went on, unheeding.

"Suppose she had never had any girlish weaknesses, but had kept at her

self-appointed task with stern, ungirlish doggedness to dream now suddenly, in spite of herself, of that face that would be just a table length away; to think of what it would mean to share his intimate, everyday life."

"Child!" The doctor spoke sharply.

"Suppose through the whole long wonderful summer-time she had reared her Joy Castle, at first afraid it would vanish like the bubbles she had blown in childhood, until she had come to believe in the writer of those letters with the same terrible, childlike faith she gave to her God——"

"Child, child," the doctor implored her.

"Suppose she waked sometimes in the night to find a storm gathering and pounding and crashing like the breakers from an unseen sea and stared into what the lightning's flash showed her to be the vagueness of space, and dropped back to sleep again unafraid—like a cradled child—since the storm voices shouted of him. Suppose, storm or sunshine, he was in the air she breathed. Don't you see he blundered, that man who meant to be nothing to her? No other could come into her Joy Castle. With another its walls would fall in and crush her."

With a little unsteady laugh Miss Carleton got to her feet. "How that big moon stares," she said. "Wouldn't you like to climb on its chin and sail to your Heart's Desire? Haven't you a land of Heart's Desire, doctor?" She leaned and looked deep into the moon-filled, sleeping valleys as she spoke.

The doctor tried to answer. He drew back into the shadows as she said good night. He had seen a woman's soul, and the sight had shaken him.

Stepping lightly across the big gold blotches of sunlight on the wildwood path that led down the mountain-side, Miss Carleton broke into a snatch of song. Now and again she stopped, listening. At every turn her eyes swept the forest path for the lithe young

figure that she had seen but once. At the sound of approaching footsteps her heart leaped up to almost stifle her with its swift beatings. "Be a good little heart," she implored.

It was the doctor who swung around the curve and faced her. "Why," he cried joyously, "how good of you!"

A man would have been blind not to have seen that the color rippling her face like a rose in a breeze died out at his words. He would have been blind not to have seen that the light went from her eyes. The doctor was not blind.

"Come," he said gently, and in silence they climbed to the hospital.

Not many days later a fairy-tale happening came to Mary Carleton in the shape of a telegram that told her of the death of an old great-aunt and the arrival of a fortune, all in a breath.

The doctor came back from the valley settlement, where he had been visiting a patient, to hear the story and slip away from everybody. In the quiet of his den, with the little fire on the hearth fighting the growing dusk, he tried to realize what life would be with the glory gone out of it. A log broke and fell, shattering his reverie. The fire leaped, and she came swiftly down the room to drop into a chair beside him and nestle there as if she meant to stay indefinitely.

"She's done it at last," she said cheerfully.

"Done what?" the doctor asked stupidly.

"Died," more cheerfully. "I thought she never meant to. Only the good die early, you know. It has been a discipline—waiting for that fortune. Many's the time I've defied fate with it when I've been so hungry. Cocoa and toast for breakfast, toast and cocoa for lunch and my great-aunt's fortune for dinner. How the money has changed things," in sudden gaiety. "I'm not going to ride on the moon's chin. It wouldn't be dignified for an heiress."

"Don't you ever mean to grow up?"

The doctor's lips twitched in a way that would have gone straight to a woman's heart if she had loved him.

"I'm grown up," contentedly. "I'm—"

"And I'm not less than fifteen more," miserably.

"Are you?" politely. "I could never do arithmetic." The laughing shaft of her dark eyes struck straight into the middle of a heart that wasn't aging, and the blood that wasn't jaded, although the doctor had tried so hard to think so, pounded and leaped, hot and strong.

"A yacht headed up the Mediterranean sounds more in keeping than a honeymoon dangling from the moon's chin. Don't you think so? Can't you feel the flutter of the white satin ribbons on the mast as the Mediterranean breezes blow through them?" Her soft little laugh rang golden with joy.

But the doctor caught her hand in a grasp that hurt her.

"I've been a brute," he cried. "I saw that fellow leave the violets there, and it came to me to try the experiment. I believed to interest you in anything, anybody, was to save you. There was no other way to woo you back to life. I saw no other way. Child, child, I never meant to hurt you! That first little letter—heartbroken that you'd had to let go and come away from your work—touched me. You know the rest. I've tried to tell you—a hundred times. And that day down in the woods when you met me instead of the man you hoped to meet

I tried again. But I could not do it. As it was I felt that I had struck you—had struck a little, trusting child."

He flung out his hands in tortured helplessness. "Say something! Comfort me—if comfort is left in the world!"

But there was silence in the room the twilight had claimed.

The doctor's head went down. He had a new strange sense of utter desolation. He had walked into that little white sacred room of her soul, the room that was all glitter and shine and perfume, wearing his loud creaking boots, and had suddenly blown out all the candles burning there.

"Don't you understand yet? There's no man in the valley. There never was. I wrote those letters. I sent those violets. To save your very life."

The shadows swayed. The doctor had an odd sense of swaying with them. He wanted her to cry out—to relieve the strain—and she sat still—so still—hushing the cry of the aching thing that he in his blindness had thrust on her.

The doctor looked up, dazed. A low little laugh had shattered the room's tense stillness and rippled over him.

"There's no man in the valley," he said dully. "There never was."

"But," her voice, very small and shamed and golden with content, whispered, as she came close, close, till the marvelous softness of her cheek brushed his, "but—since yesterday I've known—there's one—on the mountain-top."



Robbing the Farmer

BY TILDEN SEMPERS

THE farmer buying a gold brick has done yeoman service to the humorist and cartoonist of many years. Although the theme is somewhat trite and instances happen a thousand times in the humorist's fancy to once in actual fact, still the farmer's honesty, simplicity and trust in human nature make him the victim of other birds of prey besides the gorgeously plumaged buncoer with a surprising fund of rural knowledge and acquaintances. Gold bricks and gold mines are not entirely subjects in which the farmer has a chance for expert knowledge, and his infrequent undoing by such means is not, therefore, greatly to be wondered at. When, however, it comes to the everyday routine of the farm we should not expect him to play so readily into the hands of thieves. Yet he does. The business firms which object to a term so opprobrious are doubtless quite as respectable as others not yet caught at the game, but the interests of the public will not suffer from plain speech.

Readers of magazines and papers of every description are familiar with numerous advertisements setting forth the astonishing merits of various condition powders, condimental foods and remedies for farm stock. A prosperous-looking hen, a corpulent hog, a powerful bull, sleek-appearing cow or spirited horse not infrequently illustrates the alluring advertisement. Sometimes the same proprietary article will make hens lay, fatten hogs, increase the flow of milk in cows and cure every disease known to poultry or any other farm stock, and even some ailments of the human animal.

Thus one stock food, "a product of

science prepared by graduates of medicine, pharmacy and veterinary," will cure all diseases of horses, prevent loss of cud, bloat, flatulence, cure diarrhea, constipation and rheumatism in cattle, and all diseases of swine. This marvelous scientific compound is shown on analysis to be made chiefly of wheat feed and corn, with a little mixture of common salt, lime, charcoal and Glauber's salt. All that the farmer has to do is to administer a very small dose of the wonderful mixture to his stock and find himself rapidly traveling on the highway to wealth.

Testimonials, of course, are not lacking from enthusiastic farmers who have used the magic foods or remedies with the most gratifying results. There are in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty of these preparations on the market, all of them virtually swindles. Competent experimenters in this country and in Europe have demonstrated the worthlessness of these foods and remedies, yet the sale goes on because the results of their experiments are unknown to the great farming public. The confiding farmer is usually assured, as in the instance cited, that these condimental foods are prepared according to some scientific formula. Undoubtedly this is true, but it does not belong to the science of agriculture. One element in this formula is, perhaps, the great American showman's saying, that the public likes to be humbugged, or the equally classic remark that a sucker is born every minute. The other element is the venerable dictum of political economy which instructs the seeker after wealth to buy as

cheaply as he can and sell as high as he can. As the almighty dollar is the supreme interest of our lives, the cost of these foods may appropriately be mentioned first.

The variations in the prices of condimental compounds follow no known law except that, familiar to captains of industry, of exacting all the traffic will bear. Thus a horse and cattle powder containing wheat, oats, sulphur, saltpeter and Epsom salt retails at 36.3 cents a pound, which is precisely \$816.75 a ton. The farmer knows the price of wheat, but he does not know the mysterious drugs in the wonder-working food, nor their cost. If he did, the horse medicine man's occupation would be gone. Mystery always has been the medicine man's strong card. The farmer knows that wheat feed retails at \$1.20 per hundred pounds. He ought to be told that sulphur is quoted by drug trade papers at 2 cents and under a pound, saltpeter at 4 cents and less, and Epsom salt from 1 to 1.3 cents a pound. Less than 5 per cent. of this horse and cattle powder consisted of these inexpensive drugs, yet for this insignificant addition, at the most representing an outlay of two or three dollars a ton, the price is raised \$789.75.

This is tolerably high, but it is by no means the limit of costliness. An excellent bulletin (Number 144 of the Virginia Experiment Station) quotes one of the best known condition powders as bringing \$1,600 a ton. This is something of a reduction, possibly for quantity, since Bulletin 71 of the Hatch Experiment Station at Amherst, Mass., announces that this same condition powder, Sheridan's, retailed at \$1 a pound, or \$2,250 a ton. The purchase of so expensive a preparation should certainly be justified by very definite and pronounced results. What these astonishing results are may be reserved for later mention. Others of these powders bring \$1,000 a ton.

In the most recent of the bulletins dealing with this subject \$816.75 is the highest priced of the foods ana-

lyzed. Mr. John P. Street, of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, has written a very full account of this and other analyses in Bulletin 184 just issued by that station. Other foods mentioned by him vary in price down to 6 cents a pound, or \$135 a ton. As this lowest priced of all the condimental foods is made of wheat feed, worth at retail \$27 a ton, with the addition of some pepper and carbonate of lime, it would appear that the farmer is paying a somewhat pungent price for the addition of a little of these inexpensive condiments to the food of his farm stock. If he will subtract \$27 from \$135 he will see that something over \$100 is the least the firms making these medicinal foods charge for their more than doubtful services. Another sample examined at the New Jersey Experiment Station was found by Mr. Street to consist of a damaged wheat product, over 30 per cent. of common salt, some carbonate of lime, Epsom salt, carbonate of soda, resin and fenugreek—a remedy costing about 2.5 cents a pound. Pure salt can be had for half a cent a pound. The price of this mysterious stock food was \$12.60 per hundred. As the wheat feed in it was worthless, Mr. Street points out that the compound was virtually nothing but adulterated salt.

So much for the exorbitant price of these foods and powders. It remains to ask whether they do what they are sold to do, aside from making large profits for their proprietors.

The reply to this inquiry is foreshadowed by the medicinal properties of the vegetable remedy fenugreek just mentioned. This divides the honors with pepper in the affections of the men of science who minister to the health of live stock and their own pockets. Out of fifty samples examined by Mr. Street 25 per cent. showed pepper and fenugreek to be the marvelous medicines which would banish disease from the barnyard and poverty from its owner. Fenugreek, or Greek hay, was a favorite remedy among the Greeks of antiquity. It is now used in Europe, by people who

do not know any better, for making poultices—not that it is any more dangerous to a wound or sore than most poultices, except those thoroughly antiseptic, for fenugreek has no medicinal virtues. It is not mentioned in the official publications of American pharmacists. Those works which do mention it do not include it among the official remedies. It is classed as a condiment or aromatic, and is said to be stimulating. In fact, it has about as much value medicinally as a marshmallow. However, even were it possessed of remedial virtues, it would take from one to two ounces to have any effect on a horse. The proprietors of these foods direct that from one to two or three tablespoonfuls be given to stock two or three times a day, and sometimes the dose is smaller. As the proportion of drugs in the foods ranges from less than 5 per cent. up to about 20 per cent., it is easy to see that the treatment more than leans toward homeopathic principles.

Indeed, the suspicion might be pardoned that these stock feed men were really applying Christian Science to the treatment of animals at a good round price. So small was the quantity of some of the vegetable remedies used in certain of the fifty foods examined at the New Jersey Experiment Station that they could not be identified even with the aid of a microscope. One might think that whatever else the farmer may have to dread he has little reason for apprehending an overdose of medicine for his stock from these medicinal foods. It would seem so, and yet the unexpected happens here also.

A Rhode Island farmer, ambitious to have his stock well nourished, purchased a feeding stuff for them. The first hen that partook of it promptly died, and visions of a nocturnal enemy visited the unsophisticated farmer's mind. What unfriendly neighbor could have stealthily poisoned the stuff? With this idea troubling him he sent the fowl and a sample of the food to the Rhode Island Experiment Station at Kingston for analysis. This finally

led to the discovery that the food was poisoned when he bought it. Analysis showed there was enough poison in it to kill an ordinary fowl and possibly other farm animals, the poison being none other than common salt, which, like other poisons, is poisonous only in poisonous doses. When the fact was discovered the distributers of the too tonic food explained that the salt got in by accident. A full account of this incident is given in Bulletin 105 of the Agricultural Experiment Station of the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

The bases of all these condimental foods are more or less common feeding stuffs which the farmer generally has or can easily buy, and at a saving of several hundred per cent. Thus, the feeding stuffs found in a large number of condimental foods analyzed at various experiment stations in this country and in Europe are found to be wheat feed or bran, cornmeal, cotton-seed meal, linseed meal, barley, rye, oats, rice, gluten feed, rape seed, millet seed, flaxseed meal, cob meal, malt sprouts, lentils, and bean meal. The mineral drugs found are common salt, Glauber's salt, Epsom salt, the carbonates of soda and lime, phosphate of lime, saltpeter, copperas, antimony, alum and oxide of iron or Venetian red, which has no medicinal value and is used apparently to disguise by its red color the other materials. The vegetable drugs used are black pepper, cayenne pepper, fenugreek, gentian, ginger, turmeric, anise, senna, asa-fetida, elecampane root, bloodroot, juniper berries, liquorice root, resin, coriander seed, valerian, lobelia, charcoal, mandrake root, sage, oak bark, bayberry bark, poplar bark, walnut bark, hemp and other herbs. Besides these, other miscellaneous substances are used, like meat, ground bone, dried blood, oyster shells, limestone, silicate of alumina, weed seeds, mustard hulls, cocoa shells, linseed husks, and last and by no means to be omitted, that old friend of the grocer who must make a good profit on sugar—sand. The addition of sand to a poultry food is not

reprehensible, as chickens need grit, but \$800 a ton is a tolerably high price to pay for it, especially as chickens ordinarily will pick up all they need of it for nothing. It is fair to state that only one out of fifty condimental foods was found at the New Jersey Experiment Station to use sand as a makeweight. Its use in many others may be left to the imagination.

Indeed, imagination is necessary to believe in the virtues of these foods. The faith of their proprietors in them is touching, very touching. As current slang has it, it touches the farmer. The wisest counsel the farmer can get as to their use is summarized in these words of R. W. Clothier, chemist of the Kansas Experiment Station, regarding one of the cheaper condimental foods: "If you have \$229 that you do not know what to do with, give it to your boy and let him use it in obtaining an education at an agricultural college instead of investing it in a ton of condimental stock food worth less than linseed meal." The same advice applies in measure to the commercial feeding stuffs. The Rhode Island farmer's dead hen ought to be an eloquent sermon.

Not only must the farmer expose his stock to the danger coming from the carelessness of the compounder of these foods, but, if he is pleased to have faith in the efficacy of the remedies they use, he must brave also the consequences of their ignorance. They do not hesitate to put together medicines that are incompatible. Thus, one condimental food is said to cure both constipation and diarrhea in stock. The enterprising inventor of the mixture accordingly puts in it a drug used for one of these ailments and another drug used for the other. Evidently he expects each of these remedies to have no effect except when it is needed, in which case the one not needed obligingly loses all its qualities. He does not appear to know that they have chemical relations with each other, and that while each of them may have virtues when used

alone, they practically annul each other when used together, so that the actual result may be nothing, or possibly a dangerous compound. The latter is a remote danger, but it does not cease to be a real one.

One of the best of these bulletins on this subject is that of the Virginia station of January, 1903, which has been previously quoted. Messrs. D. O. Nourne and Meade Ferguson are its authors. Concerning the mixing of incompatible drugs they report one condition powder containing twenty-four different ingredients, among them laxatives, astringents, tonics and diuretics. When the medicines are mixed so that the action of one counteracts the action of the other they report that the "drugs are not present in sufficient quantities to have any appreciable effect when fed according to directions." The owners of one of these precious concoctions announce them to be "unanimously indorsed by all prominent veterinary surgeons and horsemen, both in Germany and the United States." This and similar modest claims the bulletin pronounces "ridiculous, if not unscrupulous." Dr. James B. Paige, of the Hatch Experiment Station at the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, speaks with even greater plainness on page 35 of the Eleventh Report of that institution: "For the promoters of such mixtures to claim that they have any knowledge of compounds and compounding not common to veterinary medicine is charlatanism in its most offensive form." Furthermore Dr. Paige declares: "In the great majority of cases where tonic foods or condition powders appear to be necessary they can be dispensed with and usually to the advantage of the animal." In passing it is to be said that this report, together with Bulletin 71 (Hatch Experiment Station, 1900-02), must be placed among the ablest of the documents prepared by our scientific agriculturists on this important subject. They were among the very earliest and have served by their thoroughness and fulness not

only as models, but as a substantial base for subsequent studies. It is regrettable that they are now out of print and not easily procurable. For this reason the more recent bulletins have been more frequently mentioned in this article.

The supreme test, ultimately, for everything, whether a philosophy or a stock food, is found in its use. No matter how infinitesimal the dose of medicine, no matter whether the remedy used is in the books or not, no matter whether the medicines are said to be incompatible or not, if the food does what is claimed for it within reasonable limits, farmers and other sensible folks are satisfied. A theoretic objection could not stand against demonstrated fact. Here theory and fact coincide so closely as to leave no room for doubt except, perhaps, in the minds of the proprietors of these compounds, whose self-interest naturally dampens any excessive ardor for impartial scientific conclusions. Mr. R. W. Clothier, of the Kansas Experiment Station, interviewed the users of these foods to see what results were obtained. Few of them could give any positive information, and only one of them had ever weighed his stock at the beginning and end of the feeding period to see what gains were accomplished. They depended wholly on observation. Two of these thought they saw slight gains, but not enough to pay for the food. Mr. Clothier narrates in the *Industrialist*, published at Manhattan, Kan., Vol. XXVI, 1900, an account of a test made with a certain stock food which is full of suggestiveness. The agent for the food asked Mr. Clothier to be present at the weighing of the sheep that were to be used in the experiment. He could not be present, but the agent was, and the sheep were accurately weighed. The agent then went to the feeder and substituted a different food from the one he contracted to supply. According to the feeder's statement he said the college had analyzed both feeds and found one as good as the other. Mr. Clothier knew nothing of this and

the college had made no complete analysis of either food, but Mr. Clothier was working on the food the agent represented. Two lots of sheep were weighed, one containing 211 sheep and the other 209 sheep. They received the same food—ear corn and alfalfa hay. The 211 sheep received in addition the condimental food. Both lots were given all they could eat. At the end of three weeks the sheep were weighed in the presence of a witness. The sheep that had not received the condimental food gained 117 pounds more than those that had.

This last condimental food, in common with all others, is supposed to increase the appetite and stimulate digestion. A summary of experiments cited by Mr. Street in Bulletin 184 of the New Jersey station gives the same results. Out of sixteen experiments the addition of a condimental food to the feed of stock either showed no effect at all or was injurious. In three experiments there was a slightly favorable effect, but the cost was so greatly increased as to render the use of such foods impracticable. In one of these experiments, that at the Iowa station, steers fed with one condimental food showed a loss of \$1.40 per steer. Another condimental food yielded \$8.16 per steer less, and still another \$8.92 less. In all these cases the cattle received the same rations, excepting the addition of the condimental food to some of them. At the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., Professor Brooks fed a condition powder to some hens that were receiving the same rations as other hens. Those not fed the powder produced 195 eggs at a cost of 1.8 cents per egg. The others, equal as to numbers, in the same time produced 163 eggs at a cost of 2.7 cents per egg. Those receiving no condition powder had laid twenty-four eggs before the others began laying. A similar experiment was tried with another condition powder, Sheridan's, costing, at \$1 a pound, \$2,250 per ton. The hens that did not get it laid more eggs of the same average weight as the eggs

of those that did get it; they required less food, and the cost of production was much less. Professor Brooks naturally remarks that poultry keepers throw away money expended for condition powders.

Mr. R. W. Clothier, of the Kansas station, who has been previously quoted, writes in the *Industrialist* of May 22, 1900, that he analyzed a stock food and found it had less protein and fat than five ordinary feeds used by farmers and only a little more than bran. He further says that all the condimental foods he examined contained salt, which he regards as the chief stimulant to digestion in them all. He quotes Dr. Dammann, of the Royal Veterinary College of Hanover, as ranking common salt above all other condiments, but as condemning the continued use of any condiment, organic or inorganic. On this subject Dr. Dammann is one of the best authorities in Europe, and indeed in the whole world. He declares that the long continued use of all compounds that abnormally stimulate the digestive process weakens the constitution and permanently impairs the digestive organs—a remark applying equally well to human beings. It may be noted here that in a most interesting account of a model farm at Flourtown, Penn., in the Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1903, the writer, W. J. Spillman, states that stall-fed Jersey cows are there given a small daily ration of salt mixed in their feed with the most satisfactory results. The cows never leave their stalls from one end of the year to another, yet they are in perfect health and produce large quantities of the highest grade milk. This, however, is by no means in conflict with Dr. Dammann's view, since there is no attempt at abnormal stimulation of the cows. To resume, Mr. Clothier states that there is no food or compound known to chemists or veterinarians that will permanently increase the digestive powers of a healthy animal.

This is entirely in accord with the

results of experiments conducted in 1893 by the Vermont Experiment Station, and in 1896 by the Maine Experiment Station. In the first of these tests, conducted by Mr. J. G. A. Kulender, Nutriotone, a largely advertised condimental food for cows, was shown to have but slightly more feeding value than wheat bran. Mr. J. M. Bartlett, who conducted the experiment with the same food for the Maine station, got the same results. On page 55 of the report of the Maine station for 1896 he says: "It is significant that no experiments conducted by disinterested parties have shown a return equal to the cost."

Even further back than this Sir John Lawes, of Rothamstead, England, writing in July, 1858, with characteristic English sound sense, arrived at identical conclusions. He began an article detailing his experience in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* for 1859, pages 201-204, not without a touch of grave English humor, in this wise: "In common with other agriculturists I have been invited by advertisements in the papers, by placards on the walls, and by circulars containing numerous testimonials from distinguished persons, to employ certain manufactured foods in the feeding of the animals on my farm." Succumbing to the allurements of these invitations he made an experiment, but saw to it that it was an accurate one. He selected two lots of three pigs each of similar weight for the test. Both lots were fed alike except that one lot received the condimental food. This lot ate nine pounds more feed than the other lot, but weighed no more at the end of the test than the pigs that had not received the condimental food. Commenting on this rather decisive result, Sir John Lawes remarks: "It is rather strange that among the numerous testimonials in general terms, no evidence based on exact comparative experiment, showing actual weights of food consumed and increase in live weight obtained, has been brought forward in favor of the costly foods." This important defi-

ciency is supplied by more recent manufacturers of these compounds.

A healthy skepticism in the farmer's mind will appraise them at their true value. And finally a little more condensed testimony from disinterested sources will aid the farmer in forming a true judgment of their worth. Thus Mr. C. S. Plumb, Director of the Indiana Experiment Station at Purdue University, reports in Bulletin 93 two tests. The first of these, conducted by H. E. Van Norman, found that pigs fed under identical conditions, except that one lot received a condimental food, showed a greater gain in weight and profit for those that did not receive the condimental food. The second test by Mr. C. W. Ely gave similar results. Mr. D. H. Otis, in Bulletin 119 of the Kansas Experiment Station, page 26, says of the two tests of the Acme and the Globe stock foods with cows: "The tests of these two stock foods indicate that they are worthless for dairy cows accustomed to a good balanced ration." He obtained a little more butter fat from the cows in these tests, but on computing the cost of the condimental foods he found this additional fat was costing 48 and 57 cents per pound.

Messrs. Harry Snyder and J. A. Hummel report, in Bulletin 80 of the Minnesota Experiment Station, that a ration of alfalfa hay fed with corn was much more thoroughly digested by steers not receiving a condimental food than those getting the same feed with an addition of the prescribed quantum of condimental food.

In spite of Sir John Lawes, in spite of the numerous experimenters and bulletins in this country, this robbery of the farmers goes on. The Virginia bulletin previously quoted says that in a village of 875 inhabitants and a city of 16,000 population, no less than twenty-three different kinds of condimental foods and condition powders were found to be sold. In reply to questions the storekeepers, including druggists, reported that "considerable quantities" of these worthless preparations found a regular sale.

Not only are condimental foods and condition powders the means of robbing our farmers, but the spirit of the age sends the undismayed freebooters of commerce into other operations where exposure would seem even more certain. The mystery of a secret medicinal formula does not cloak the transaction when commercial feeding stuffs are sold with certificates of their food value affixed to them according to law. As intelligent farmers know, the value of any food for stock depends primarily on the amount of protein it contains. Fat that can be readily digested also adds to its worth. Over a hundred of these commercial feeding stuffs were analyzed during the winter of 1904 and 1905 by Messrs. H. J. Wheeler, B. L. Hartwell, J. W. Kellogg and Matthew Steel, of the Rhode Island Experiment Station. Their report is made in Bulletin 105 of the Experiment Station, and is of the highest value to farmers everywhere. Among the feeds examined by them was a Horseshoe Brand cottonseed meal ostensibly from the firm of Hugh Petit & Co., Memphis, Tenn. They found it heavily adulterated with cottonseed hulls; so much so that it contained only 26.25 per cent. of protein, while it was guaranteed to have 43 per cent. It was also guaranteed to contain 9 per cent. of fat, but had only 6.24 per cent. Thus the farmer who bought this fraudulent feed for his stock was mulcted of over 40 per cent. of the purchase price. The lowest in food values of the feeding stuffs examined at the Rhode Island station contained only 3.88 per cent. of protein and 1.77 of fat; yet this highly nutritious food was known under the stimulating name of "Vim Oat Feed." Saving the vim with which its proprietors pursued their exorbitant profit, it is not likely that animals fed upon it displayed that gingery vivacity the name artfully insinuates, for it showed to analysis about the same food value as straw.

Since laws have been enacted requiring that commercial feeds have a tag attached to them stating the per-

centage of protein and fat in them, many farmers imagine that all feeds with such tags are equally good. Yet the percentages given on the tags may and do vary greatly, and they may be untrue. The experiment stations, however, are doing efficient work in exposing and preventing frauds of this kind. The Rhode Island station, in Bulletin 105, gives the exact food value of some one hundred and twenty-five of these feeding stuffs. It is not surprising, in these days of graft, that an altogether unpleasant number of them were found to contain less fat and protein than their labels called for. On the other hand, it is refreshing to note that a few of them contained more protein and fat than was guaranteed.

It is a lamentable fact that the great majority of those for whom these excellent bulletins are prepared will never see or hear of them. The merry trade of buncoing the honest farmer will, therefore, go on till he educates himself to the use of the publications of our national Department of Agriculture and the various state experiment stations, which may be had without charge for the simple asking. The Virginia station sets a good example, which other experiment stations might

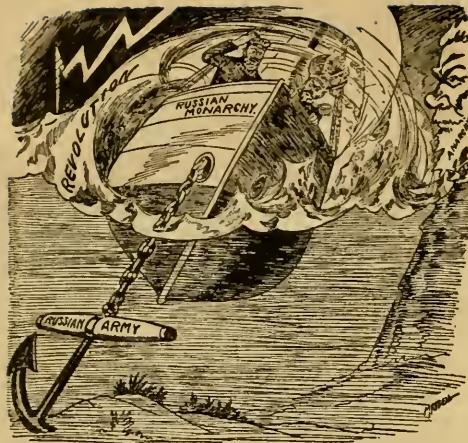
with advantage follow. On the title-page of Bulletin 144 it states in large type that any farmer in the state can procure a copy free of charge by applying for it by mail.

It is hardly possible to leave this subject without remarking that both the sale of these foods and powders and the experiments made to show their worthlessness illustrate accurately the enormous waste of human energy and resources which is typical of our day. With the exception of the experiments of the Iowa station, described in Bulletin 65, and those at the Minnesota station, described in Bulletin 80, in both of which the condimental foods were used incidentally, many of the other tests were, to a considerable extent, repetitions of one another. With some differences as to the foods and condition powders of local markets examined, they represent an expenditure of public money and the time and energy of trained intelligence that could be greatly economized. There is, admittedly, an advantage in cumulative evidence, but there is no need of endlessly multiplying that evidence. Sufficient evidence is now at hand for all the farmers of the nation, and the nation should see to it that they get it.

His Sarcastic Rejoinder

“THAT’S a—ee-hee! hee!—joke, Squire!” chortled Hi Hilligoss, the village humorist, concluding his yarn by jabbing his thumb among the Old Codger’s ribs. “A—ee-hee!—joke, and——”

“I hear what you say, Hiram!” grimly replied the veteran. “I know it’s a joke, b’cuz I laughed at it all I wanted to, ‘way back in ’58. So you can hardly expect me to do anything for it now. However, I will say that it reminds me of Ivan the Terrible, that monster of inhumanity who once ruled Russia. I am not thinking of his cruelties, but of one of his commendable deeds, for everything has its better side except a bass drum. Ivan was not wholly bad. He executed some political and legal reforms; he had a certain instinct of statesmanship which he often exercised to excellent advantage; and he had a most admirable sense of humor. At one time he repaid the court fool—don’t giggle and wiggle, Hiram; I have already thought about the court fools of today being on the jury!—he repaid the court fool for springing a dank old joke on him by summoning an artificer and ordering him to nail the funny man’s hat on his head. Thus you see, Hiram, that even a tyrant will now and again act like a benefactor.”



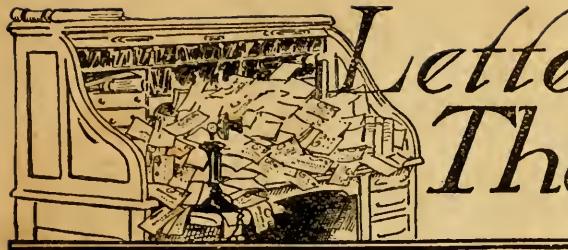
Will the Anchor Hold?
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle



The Russian Idea of Freedom
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle



He Runs With the Hounds and Holds With the Hares
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle



Letters From The People

OUR readers are requested to be as brief as possible in their welcome letters to the MAGAZINE, as the great number of communications daily received makes it impossible to publish all of them or even to use more than extracts from many that are printed. Every effort, however, will be made to give the people all possible space for a direct voice in the MAGAZINE, and this Department is freely open to them.

Oliver S. Jones, Prescott, Ark.

I subscribed for TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE in time to have my name on the roll for the first number. It has proved to be just what I expected—the best publication on economic questions ever offered the public. I conceive democracy to be, not a mere name or label, but definite principles in the interest of *all* the people. If this is correct, I am a Democrat and have been all the time. I stand on "the ground" and wait for the people to bring the "House" back and plant it upon the rock of "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." This is the theme of your excellent Magazine, and it will create a political revolution.

A Missourian, Warsaw, Ill.

I am no longer interested in politics, but the toils and variegated happenings of this world haven't caused me to forget Watson with his keen sense of right and wrong, with his genuine patriotic instinct and manly statesmanship. . . . The opportunities of the past always found me voting for Watson. Many good wishes for him!

I am reading, or rather, have just read, the current issue of your Magazine. I assure you, though a Democrat of the Wiggle-tail stripe, that I was both entertained and edified. There is this difference between the Wiggle-tail you so mercilessly ridicule and myself. I am not one of the kind who believe in the doctrine "The King can do no wrong." I realize that no system, no philosophy, no government, directly controlled by human agency, is perfect.

It is not my purpose to consume your time in reading platitudes, or to seek to win you from your chosen way to benefit the people of Georgia. I believe in this God-given, free country—the freedom bought by much spilled blood—that the people of Georgia—the common citizen or the élite—should be taught to realize the fact that in

their hands lies the power to remedy all evils of the body politic. Were I equally as able, it would be my highest pleasure to preach from mountains to the seashore, in eloquent, persuasive speech, logic—that the people of the great State of Georgia are responsible for the evils they endure and point them to the remedy. They complain of graft, of corporate influence, of ring rule. In the meaning of the words of the great Commoner, Gladstone, I would say: The people are Supreme. The ballot, sir, the ballot, therein lies the remedy, so long as the present constitutional government continues.

H. M. McCuistion, Paris, Tex.

Yes, I am a regular reader and reread the Magazine and pump the argument into every Democrat and Republican voter until he retreats. He moves on at first fire. He knows the powder is dry and the shell is pointed with truth. If anything will improve the Magazine, it is more of the same sound reasoning, and a good one is National Politics and Policies on page 387 of the June issue. I advise you to run a patent-medicine ad., provided it is warranted to remove prejudice. Yours from now till victory.

W. C. Wright, Bonham, Tex.

In the October number of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE I notice an editorial on "Tolstoy and the Land." Your clear, logical reasoning has, for the past ten or twelve years, filled me with wonder and admiration, and your conclusions have been, in almost every case, built upon sure foundations of facts that were undeniable. But here you have offered, in my judgment, the weakest argument of your life. From a standpoint of common sense and reason and in the light of history and facts, you have used reckless statements without any regard to their foundation or truthfulness. That has never been a characteristic of your writings, for

they have always been stamped with deep research and hard study, and founded on self-evident truths. . . .

P.S.—Tom, I wish you would step over and see Dick McCurdy, and tell him to please not give away any more of my money without consulting me. I don't blame him for taking care of his trifling kinsfolk, but I think they are too *darned* extravagant. I have a policy in the Mutual Life, but if Dick don't take a little better care of our surplus I'm going to sell it.

General William Phillips, Marietta, Ga.

As is my custom whenever opportunity offers on meeting my friends of sufficient intelligence to read and understand and appreciate your Magazine, I asked Mr. George Green, of this place, if he had subscribed or was reading TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE. He replied that he had not, but would, and handed me the inclosed dollar, and gave me the address of his son, Clarence L. Green, Henderson Street, Marietta, saying: "Tom Watson will be the next President of the United States; I want my sons to read all he writes, and be guided by him. To encourage them I subscribed in the name of my youngest boy, who is a hard student, and we will all read and study together."

A close observer and one of the "old guard," true as the "needle to the pole," Mr. G. further remarked "That he came in contact with a great many people in Tennessee and Georgia and that the trend of public sentiment was to Mr. Watson, as the only leader who could save the Republic. That none of our politicians or leaders of the old parties seemed to know or understand the situation or remedies for the evils afflicting the people, or if they did, their smartness was manifested by concealment of the truth."

Meeting a very intelligent farmer this afternoon I asked if he was a subscriber to your Magazine. He replied, "No, but we are making up a club in my neighborhood. I am selling a little cotton today and will have the money. We farmers," he said, "want to know how it is that Wall and Lombard Streets can so manipulate the prices of our cotton, and, in fact, of all we produce, as to get all the profit out of our labor, and leave us poor. Mr. Watson can tell us, if any living man can, and we know he is honest, a patriot, and can't be bought or frightened." I suggested to him that all your writings were as clear, plain and simple as truth always is, that if he got twenty subscribers in his neighborhood and formed a club of those twenty persons who would read and study their number each month and the last Saturday hold a meeting, open doors, free to all, that he and his neighbors could understand and know for themselves not only the answer to the question he had asked me, but also to every other problem now agitating the country. I

believe that such a club in every precinct in Georgia would revolutionize the state, and why not extend it over our great commonwealth? Certain it is that every topic discussed by your pen in the Magazine up to this time from the first number to the last demonstrates the truth of your every contribution.

Miss Genie M. King, Milledgeville, Ga.

Your Magazine is doing a great work and is causing its readers, regardless of party, to do some thinking. Your editorials and the "Educational Department" aid me in my college work.

May your noble efforts be crowned with the greatest success.

Norton J. Hillhouse, Toone, Tenn.

I think your Magazine the best ever. It is for a good cause. I would not be without it for twice the price. May it prosper in its work!

Edward Boothe, Ellsworth, Wis.

Have read your Magazine carefully and can say you give the best explanation on Government affairs of any man I know of.

Alfred Hoffman, Des Moines, Ia.

It was while here last winter that I got acquainted with your Magazine. It has been of more aid to me in preparing debates than any other magazine. I like Watson's ideas. His editorials can hardly be awaited. I think it is the best paper to read for any young man no matter what party he belongs to.

N. P. McNable, M.D., Big Spring, Tenn.

I regard Tom Watson as being one of the greatest men of his age. I voted for him for President last November, and was proud of my vote then, and am prouder still since I have been reading his Magazine. I don't see that the Magazine can be improved at all.

Joe F. Merrett, Chadwick, Ark.

The Magazine is all it could be. Most sincerely hope your efforts will be crowned with success. I was the only one that voted for you here last year. Would like to have the Magazine, but I am giving all my spare money just at present in the interest of the Union. . . . The people are studying the situation.

W. R. Pearson, Reidsville, Ga.

I never get weary placing Tom Watson to the front. I love Tom because he will tell the truth and stick to it regardless of who is behind the throne, and he never gives it as a joke. If he does, the joke has gotten

the Life Insurance people in more trouble than any one joke I ever heard of, and if there is any one thing I know it is that there is not Life Insurance money enough in the world to get Tom to let up on the joke. The political world owes Tom Watson what the Religious world owes Tom Paine, and the white folks are going to pay Tom Watson off just about the same as they are paying Tom Paine. Both get the reward one hundred years after death. This is done in order to monopolize power, profit and gain with human beings.

B. L. Bingham, Clayton, Ga.

I am a constant reader of **TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE**, and think it comes nearer preaching Democratic doctrine than anything I have read in ten years. I have always been a Democrat. Went through a period when it tried men's souls to be a Democrat. Am a Democrat still, but I am a Democrat without a party. What would Zeb B. Vance, Alexander Stephens, Allen G. Thurman and Samuel Randall think if they could read a line or two of the democracy advocated by the latter day saints? . . . Give us the old Democratic principles, such a platform as was given us in 1884 and in 1896, and a Democrat advocating those principles. There would be so many Democratic votes they could hardly be counted. Yes, sir, I read **TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE** and I think the time is coming when it will be read by millions.

W. J. Hicks, Ashford, Ala.

I regard this as a struggle between Democracy and Aristocracy; between honest labor and dishonest graft. The conflict for freedom from the shackles of deceit is on, and is irrepressible. I may not live to witness the close of the battle, but I firmly believe it will, in the end, be a Waterloo to the Aristocracy. . . . The people have been unmercifully goaded by the railroads, and the yellow dog Democrats seem to have an indefinable dread of conversion.

M. E. Rose, East Rodman, N. Y.

I like your outspoken way of calling a thief a thief, or a robber a robber. I have the Magazine from the first. Am a subscriber, through our news agent. I now vote the Social Democrat ticket, the only one the money power fears. There is more hope for reform through the Republican Party than the Democratic Party, which is hopelessly swamped. If Bryan had bolted at St. Louis and come out a full-fledged Populist, there would have been fun in 1908 and something done, but with opposition divided into several factions (with but little difference of demands) they are hopelessly engulfed. The rottenness of corporations is making Socialists of a well-educated class. Thinkers may be visionary in some

respects, but then all reformers have been called so some time or other.

Politics up this way are corrupt as hell. Voters sell their time to go and vote as openly as they would dig potatoes or any other occupation. Consequently a large corruption fund during a campaign is necessary. The corporations are called on for large sums and the investigations show that they respond generously.

W. E. Cummings, Preston, Minn.

I have been a Populist since 1891, opposed fusion first, last and all the time, and hence read your great Magazine with much satisfaction. I am especially thankful for your answer to Tolstoy in last number, as it furnishes me the argument I need to meet some over-enthusiastic Socialists.

"Text-book Heresies" I put out in local paper July 7, 1902, and it was copied in other papers. I am a school-teacher by profession. The attitude of the Fiske School History will certainly interest as great a student and author of histories as yourself. I intend to add your "Story of France" to my meagre library as soon as I can raise the price. Your "Life of Jefferson" is listed by our state contractor from whom our school library supplies are ordered. In two different orders I have included "Life of Jefferson," but in each case they substituted something else.

A. H. Nelson, Minneapolis, Minn.

I am owner and publisher of the *North East Argus*, a weekly newspaper and the only true blue, dyed-in-the-wool Populist paper published in this state. There is never an issue of this paper that does not in an editorial treat the question of trusts and combines, how they came to exist in this land of the free and home of the brave, and how we can get rid of them, always favoring Government and Municipal Ownership and Operation as one of the cures, and am pleased to know my efforts are rewarded, not in bringing back to the fold Populist backsliders, but I am making new converts daily from the old parties who take my paper and heartily subscribe to the principles of Populism. Minneapolis will be one of the first cities that will adopt Municipal Ownership.

E. Hollenbeck, Davison, Mich.

Have just now been looking over the Declaration of Principles in June number. I think I must have been a Populist for years, since I desire all these reforms and more. . . .

Did you ever notice that every "Liberty Pole" is a dead tree? Still, it does seem as though the sap still circulates with **TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE**. I like your Magazine. I wish I had every issue. . . . I'd like

to see you win out, for you champion the people's cause, and I am one of the common people.

Francis J. Bowen, San Antonio, Tex.

I take pleasure in offering my quota of expressed appreciation for the good work and endeavors of yourself and Magazine.

I am a Democrat, but not of the Cleveland or Parker quality. If they are the Bourbons, I am the other kind. I have read your Magazine from the first number, although I have not had time to masticate and digest all the solids found in them. I have enjoyed your treatment of the various public questions and have profited by same, too, although there are some things between us upon which our opinions differ, which is nothing strange.

When the people truly realize that their moral quality and mind is the foundation and the all-important factor in their welfare and government, and that the practice of the Golden Rule is the tonic that must be used, then their representatives will be the kind that we hope for and the country will be practically safe.

The money question, although so intensely important, with all other questions, is secondary to and dependent on the moral question. It is consoling to think that the public mind is undergoing a change for the better, and it is certainly to be hoped that a unison of action may be had between all parties and forces opposed to plutocracy and graft, and by such action secure to the people that which is theirs.

I hope that you are sincere and honest in the eyes of God, and I wish you the truest success and the great reward that true philanthropy merits and no doubt will receive, if not in this life, at least in the next.

O. Colby, Arlington, Neb.

I think it a fine Magazine, and more. I think that all good people who are acquainted with the condition of our country and of mankind at the present time, and who have a reasonable knowledge of history, must think so, too.

I shall do all I can to make its clear and brilliant thoughts popular. I know the editor is a good historian and writes like an honest man.

The Magazine makes me think of times long ago—when Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin concurred in the theory that "good paper money, based on the credit of the people, is the best money ever invented by man." Other good men have thought so, too, and are still thinking so. It makes me think of thousands of packages of new crisp greenbacks perfectly insured, when on deposit in government hands, against loss by fire or flood.

Stick to your good work, boys, for you are *right*. I was a little boy when Thomas

Jefferson was with us almost eighty-four years ago.

Samuel Montgomery, Summerdale, Cal.

I have been your admirer ever since you came into public life, and your political supporter also until last year. Then I preferred you to anyone else in the field, but I have become persuaded that the Socialists have the right view of the economic side of the question, and were their ranks dominated politically by liberal-minded men their future usefulness would be assured. I am not trying to read you a lecture, but candidly trying to learn what can be done to get a unity of action among the people who really and truly desire a solution of the problem "How to make the struggle for existence less severe for the masses," and "How to restrain the classes from exercising an undue influence on our Legislative Assemblies."

Now, there is no doubt but what the Socialist Party has come to stay, and, while there are certain features about it that are so distasteful to me, I can hardly reconcile my feelings to my judgment. Still, as a matter of fact, believing in and advocating as they do the principles of direct legislation, how is it possible for any obnoxious laws to find their way to the statute books when a majority of the voters would have to support the measure?

J. R. Spurling, Elba, Ala.

I am proud to inform you that I have been reading your Magazine ever since May. I am a full-blood Populist and a Watson man.

James A. Holcomb, Belton, Tex.

I truly and sincerely believe it to be one among the best, if not the very best, of any magazine published today in or out of the United States of America. Its editorials are the acme of perfection, and its Educational Department is unsurpassed. The only possible objection which I have to the TOM WATSON MAGAZINE is it is published monthly instead of weekly. In other words, it does not come to me often enough.

William Charles Siebert, "Smithtown Herald," King's Park, N. Y.

I have been a reader of your Magazine since its first issue, having procured same through my newsdealer, whom I am desirous of helping along in any way. I would not be without it for any price; and I earnestly believe that if the Democratic Party is ever going to be what it ought to be, you are the *one* man who will bring it about. The signs of the times, I think, read success for the people and their rights, with yourself as their standard bearer.

I might also add that many times have I

thought over your remarks in reference to William Jennings Bryan in your address at the Grand Central Palace and the banquet at the Palm Garden, "that he would have been the Moses of the Democratic Party had he bolted the convention and come out upon the true and only principle." But alas! he has fallen by the way, but perhaps he may yet be rescued from the gang, and not until then will I or many more like myself have any confidence in him.

It is my earnest hope that your health may be secured to you, that you may continue in the great work you have before you. Keep along the lines you have adopted and show no mercy unto the knaves that bind men to slavery; then they will have a factor to contend with at the next election.

I shall shortly leave this field to take up a family weekly in the city, and shall then be only too glad to render to your Magazine all the aid that lies within my power.

R. L. Baker, Crump, Ala.

I, with many other loyal Alabamians, regard it as a great privilege to do honor to the illustrious name of Tom Watson as the *greatest living American*.

Your Magazine is, indeed, a most worthy document, and should and will receive the unstinted support of every true lover of liberty and justice when once introduced.

John D. Farris, Timbo, Ark.

Will say it is a splendid political journal and up to date on most issues. I am a backwoods farmer in the remote county of the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas and have to work hard for a common living.

Tom Watson is an honest man and should be our next President of this United States of America. But just as long as Bryan, Butler and Teller are in power, all of whom were once Populists, just so long honest men can't hold office. Those men sold out to the old political parties to the highest bidder. They are like the seven years' itch, always irritating, and we get them given to us free of charge on the eve of every political campaign, you see.

W. E. McDaniel, Duluth, Minn.

It is with some degree of hesitancy that I attempt to write you, but a friend loaned me your August Magazine, and I was so much impressed with your editorial and *Maple Leaf* and other articles on the money question that I thought I would send you a little pamphlet that I wrote and had printed in the spring of 1904, entitled "A New System of Government," a copy of which I send you under separate cover, and you will find on page 12 my ideas of how the Government should own and control all the finances or mediums of exchange. When the Government would issue all the money or medium of exchange and control it

through its own depositaries in place of banks, it would be in a position to buy the railroads or build others, as it would not loan its money out to individuals or corporations, but pay it out in exchange for labor on public works, paying its money direct to labor and for material for all general public works, including municipal franchises and public buildings. If county and state public improvements of all kinds and conveniences were constructed and paid for, the Government, in place of corporations, would own and control them. The people of each local government, state, county or city would have the controlling power by majority vote and the majority vote would be the ruling power of government. That would give the people "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." Then about all that would be lacking for the people to have absolute control would be for them to have the initiative and referendum ballot placed in their hands with the right of recall. Then the voters would have their inalienable rights of majority rule returned to them. I do not think there would be much danger of there ever being too much centralization of power at the head of government, as Mr. Bryan has expressed his fears.

I would like to say a few words about the tax system, for our present system could hardly be worse, and I can't quite make up my mind that the Henry George single tax on land values without improvements is right. It would be about as hard to come to a just and equitable decision between where improvements began and the bare land values commenced to accumulate as it is under our present system to tell how much household furniture depreciates in value year after year, or the house and other buildings, or the natural growth of land would increase in value. These are questions which I can't quite give satisfactory answers to in my own mind.

William C. Lee, Washington, D. C.

You know the anti-horse thief association of Kansas and Missouri and Oklahoma and the jewelers' protective association, and how effective these are. An idea that has appealed to me strongly of late is a combination of all patriotic people, regardless of economic opinions, to prosecute criminally both corrupt officials and corporate law-breakers—i. e., the officers of corporations, not the corporations. Such an association would brace up the public prosecutors, would supply funds and would furnish an outlet for reform feeling between elections that would surely enhance that feeling and spread it. What do you think?

J. H. Vandegrift, Branchville, Ala.

Your Magazine is certainly doing a good work, showing up the light of truth.

O. S. Campbell, Mantorville, Minn.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE will certainly fill a great need, namely, a purely independent social and political Magazine. I shall hope to interest my only son in you, so that he will be led to subscribe, so that he may have your help, as he is in his eighteenth year and will finish school here this year. I believe in public debates, as they develop originality, quick thought and self-possession, and I believe your plan to help the young in this direction is just right.

Again the South stands in need of a representative magazine which shall stand for and defend its past, present and future from unfair, unjust and prejudicial attacks.

In regard to your Magazine, please excuse me for saying I am sorry you find it necessary to uphold or defend partyism of any kind, since prejudice is the bitter enemy of social, financial and political freedom, equality and justice; and I think you must agree that any act or word calculated to increase partyism or sectarianism is productive of bad and dangerous prejudice.

A. Freeland, Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

Judge Russell's exposure of the Beef Trust methods strengthens the faith of those who insist that the highways over which a nation's products must be transported from the producer to the consumer should not remain in private hands. The steel highways should be placed on the same basis as the dirt and the water highways. They should be maintained by the public and be free to all carriers. This would eliminate all forms of discrimination and reduce rates to cost of service. A beginning could be made in a single state, or the Federal Government could initiate the plan by building or acquiring a transcontinental line and two or three lines running from the Canadian border south. A tier of the progressive Western states which are not yet owned by the corporations or frightened by a new idea might with profit try the experiment.

A railway with all its fixed appurtenances can be built from the Manitoba line to the Gulf of Mexico, through North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas for the comparatively insignificant sum of \$20,000,000. This would be, say, \$5,000,000 for Texas and \$3,000,000 each for the other states and territory. The cost of the rolling stock on American railroads approximates \$3,000 per mile. At this rate \$5,000,000 would provide ample rolling stock to meet the present demands of a railroad of that length.

There are any number of interests, such as cattlemen's associations, farmers' unions, business men's leagues, manufacturers, etc., along the line of this proposed railroad who are able to equip trains, and who, doubtless, would do so, hauling their own goods and competing for carrying business of others.

Under present conditions of private ownership of public highways a railroad such as the one here proposed, 1,500 miles in length, pays dividends on \$60,000 per mile, or \$90,000,000. What a margin for reduction in rates were dividends to be paid on but one-twentieth of that sum—\$3,000 per mile, or \$5,000,000! Can you see the point, you cowman, you farmer, you merchant, you manufacturer, you producer, you consumer?

There would be a tremendous cut in rates, particularly within a zone of 100 miles on either side of the new road. That zone would increase in population 50 per cent. in five years, or 2,500,000. Every individual added to the population would enhance the value of the land within the zone \$500. Here would be an increase in land values in five years of \$1,250,000. A state tax of forty cents on \$100 on this increased land value, not to speak of an equal increase in improvement and personality values, which would follow, would yield \$5,000,000 annual revenue, or sufficient to maintain the road in splendid condition and repay the cost of construction in six years. This road can be built in one year. These states that are croaking over the exactions of the Beef Trust and the Oil Trust have the remedy in their own hands. Have they wisdom to apply it? The highway from the Gulf port to the world's ports is free. See the connection?

B. M. Jackson, Omaha, Neb.

About three weeks ago I wrote a letter to Dr. Robert C. M. Lewis, of Marion, O., in which I embodied the same arguments which you used in the editorial, "A Wiggle-Tail," in reply to Mr. Keely's letter. You are eminently correct in your arguments that true reforms never generate from within institutions, parties or individuals, but always from the assaults of those who are without. It takes an outsider to see conditions of stagnancy, because one who is within is too conceited or hypocritical, and hence too blind to see straight.

D. H. Welch, Winchester, Ill.

The Democrats in my county (Scott), also in Pike, Green and Morgan counties, are all at a loss to know where to go. They say the Populists are right if they could win. I tell them we know we are right, win or lose. We are in the field to stay and to fight the battles for the whole people and our country. W. J. Bryan or Teddy can't stop the fight till the people have equal rights and justice and our country back in the hands of the people, where our forefathers left it. I am an ex-Union soldier and a Peter Cooper Greenbacker, never to fall back. Always in the fight. Sixty-four

years old. Too old to be fooled or to be bluffed. Success to your Magazine and our principles.

Elymus Hackett, North Yakima, Wash.

Your idea of the Government issuing money would be well enough, but your plan of getting it back into the Government is not in accord with my mind, as the people are taxed and tarifed to death now. I would have the laws changed so that the interest would be paid to them, or rather, to their Government, and stop their taxes. I would have every borough, city, county and state treasurer elected as a banker by the people, each to have a bank, the commissioners acting as the custodians of the money and ordering all money from the Government for the bank. Make all loans to the people. Give all checks for money loaned, the treasurer or banker to give receipts for all deposits and taxes as deposited, and all receipts to be indorsed by the commissioners to make them valued and to charge the bankers with the money deposited and what they order from the Government. The banker to be under bonds to the amount of money likely to come into his hands. I would make the interest on all money loaned out 5 per cent. Three cents to the Government, two to the bank for expenses and expense of county, city or state. This will be like paying it to yourselves or paying it to your wife, and she using it for family expenses. And stop the trusts, tariff interest and taxes.

Fifty years ago the laboring class, the only producers of wealth, owned 80 per cent. of the wealth, and 80 per cent. of the homes. Now they own less than 20 per cent. of the wealth and less than 15 per cent. of the homes. Where have they gone? The Government has given the people two millions of homes clear from debt. They, too, have gone. In 1900 there were only 2,000,700 acknowledged home owners in America out of 15,000,000 homes. The home owners include the rich and poor. And in 1890 there were 9,000,000 mortgages against the American people. Are there any less now? All the Western banks are charging 10 and 12 per cent. interest and loan the same money two or three times over. I would have 3 per cent. interest paid on all deposits by individuals, taxes or from the general Government. I would have all officers under oath, and this should read that this oath shall last as long as their term of office, and every official act be as though sworn to this very act. And if convicted of any crime in office, then the crime of perjury to be added to the sentence.

I would have every dollar of the new money have, by law, the same debt-paying or purchasing power as gold or silver, and have the people's bank receive all national bank bills, and send them to the Government and receive the same amount of new

money back, the national money to be applied on the bonds now held as security for this money, then canceled.

No danger of too much money, as no man will loan more than he wants to use, as one can borrow at any time by giving good security. No danger of its being too scarce, as no one will hoard or hold it, as he can deposit it and get interest on it. And no danger of the banks breaking as they do now, as all the people, the Government, and all the taxable property is their security.

There is now money in circulation \$32 per capita for every man, woman and child in America. There are 82,000,000 people. This makes \$2,000,624,000 in circulation, and somebody is paying interest on all this. At 6 per cent. the interest would be \$120,037,440 each year. Now, railroads cost \$20,000 per mile, and this interest will build over 6,000 miles of railroads each year. With this interest paid to the Government, could not it build railroads? This would lay two and one-half lines from New York to San Francisco each year.

George Harmwell, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Your editorial on the land question surprised me much, for I thought you understood the question. If not, why not read "Progress and Poverty" and other works? If you do understand it, you must know that it is not the intention of Tolstoy to give everybody a piece of land. You say that private property in land is right because it is. Why are not the things you complain of right? They are here by man-made laws. If man-made institutions fixed by the supreme power of society are right, for goodness' sake leave them alone.

Mary Jensen, New York City.

The editor of a "Magazine with a purpose back of it" should have more knowledge on a subject of vital importance than this editorial would imply. While we give thanks for the information contained in "Tolstoy and the Land," the following questions are respectfully submitted:

Do you read *The Public*, and, if so, is there nothing else you can see in the land question?

Do you know that money, machinery, rails, cars and even men are dependent on land and without it would cease to exist?

Do you know that there is no monopoly that is not at some end a land monopoly and that even the great Rothschild's property has to rest on lands?

Do you know that the ground rent of New York City is five hundred million per year?

Do you know that if that were taken for the community labor products need not be taxed?

Do you know that it goes to the few who

do very little besides waiting for the population to come along?

Do you know that our civilization might become more civilized?

Do you know that 75 per cent. of all that is produced goes to the earth-lords, who own the natural materials, and 25 per cent. goes to labor and capital?

Do you know that the land question is not settled, but can be without parceling our land in this absurd way?

T. J. Madden, Kansas City, Mo.

I read each issue of your Magazine with increasing interest, and I feel that I ought to express by personal letter my appreciation of your very able and earnest battle for the common man. I like your Magazine because it is animated by a bold and aggressive spirit. You say what you mean in no uncertain terms, and you seem to have the untrammelled courage of self-assertion. This age demands candor. We all may differ as to policies and principles, but all honest men should be united in a desire for candid discussion. Right action will some day be taken, but it must come as the result of an open and fearless expression of views. I like to see a man big enough to attack anything that is wrong, and I commend you because your Magazine has more courageous honesty than any other publication that has appeared in my time.

There is one feature of it that I want to see continued, and that is with reference to the courts. The articles "Monarchy Within the Republic" were good, and there should be more of that discussion. There is nothing under our system of government that so directly affects the people as our courts, yet the abuses of the judiciary are rarely considered or discussed by our reformers. The courts are the last stronghold of arrogated power. The organizations that are today plundering the public have implicit confidence that they will not suffer at the hands of our judicial tribunals. No sooner does the legislative department attempt to apply a remedy for existing abuses than these organizations resort to the courts for protection in their predatory enterprises, and they usually get it. The courts are the protectors of every commercial robber that haunts the highways of American enterprise, and they should be assailed by every friend of popular rights till the people awaken to their favoritism and venality.

The people are not aware of what is going on in our courts. The average citizen does not have business in courts once in a lifetime, and he does not hear of the misfortunes of the man who has to go there for relief against some powerful corporation.

The courts are constantly augmenting their power. The highest tribunals are encroaching more and more on the other branches of the Government, and all the courts are curtailing and diminishing the right of juries to determine questions of fact. . . . Lucky indeed is the poor man with a meritorious damage suit if his widow or children are blessed with a paltry recovery for his suffering or death many years after the grass has grown thick across his grave.

The Federal courts are much worse than the state courts, and their hostility is so notorious that the injured party in cases against non-resident corporations usually brings his action for a small amount so as to avoid the Federal jurisdiction. Juries in the United States courts have very little to do, and even when they act in their limited capacity they are dominated by a corporation-favored judge and their verdict is a useless formality.

Government must be brought closer to home, and the trouble with this Government by judges is that it is too far removed from the people.

Student, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.

I do not agree with your article on land in the October number, but regard the land monopoly as the parent of all trusts. Of course, there must be fixity of tenure and let the man have such land as he can use; but the policy of land ownership without use of the land, degenerating into land rents, is in my view contrary to natural justice and gives to the owner the unearned wealth. Take the Astor land monopoly in New York, for clear illustration. The land bought by the original John Jacob has increased a hundred-fold. Without causing this increase in value his descendants have acquired it, and it is perhaps the worst specimen of monopoly now at the surface. But you do not attack it.

Of course, the Populists cannot fight this monopoly, most of them being landowners. But remember the Standard Oil Monopoly could never have attained its present condition if rival companies could have got a right of way for their pipe lines.





Educational Department

FRANCISCO, ALA., November 11, 1905.

Editor TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Will you give a brief outline in the Magazine of the principles of the Populist, Democrat and Republican parties?

Thanking you in advance for this favor, and for your excellent Magazine, I remain,
A permanent subscriber,

ANSWER

To give the platform of each of the political parties would take up too much space at this time, and I will therefore answer a question as to what each party stands for by saying that the Republican and Democratic parties, so far as their national organizations and principles are concerned, are practically the same. Both the Democratic and Republican parties favor the single gold standard. Both of them favor the national banking system. They are both committed to the protective policy by which the Government gives to the manufacturers a monopoly of the home market, while agriculture has to compete with the whole world. Thus one industry is built up at the expense of all other citizens who are not engaged in manufactures. The trust system of the present day is the legitimate offspring of the protective principle which gave to the manufacturers a monopoly of the home market. This monopoly of the home market would not be so destructive to the unprotected producer and consumer if there were free competition between the different manufacturers. To prevent this competition they combine for the purpose of limiting the output, and of controlling the price. This agreement to limit the product and to control the price is what is known as the Trust. And the National Democratic Party is as much committed to it as the National Republican Party. Each of the Trusts is composed of Democrats and Republicans.

Again, both of the old parties are committed to the principle that private corporations should own and operate what are called public utilities.

The People's Party contends that the greatest of evils from which the American people suffer today grows out of those things which I have already mentioned, namely, the national banking system, which allows five thousand national banks to circulate

their own notes as money and to charge the people for the use of these notes, while at the same time the national banks are given millions of dollars of the public funds to use in their private business, free of interest. For instance: During the month of November, 1905, the rate of interest on loans in New York rose to 25 per cent. The national bankers of New York not only had many millions of dollars belonging to the taxpayers of the country which they thus had the opportunity of lending out at 25 per cent., but they actually had the cheek to get Jefferson Levy, one of their lawyers, to telegraph to Leslie Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, to allow them, the Wall Street bankers, the use of \$25,000,000 more than they already had. In addition to the power of using their own notes as money, and of lending out at private profit millions of the public funds, they can expand and contract the currency and thus fix and unfix values. Thus a financial despotism of the most dangerous sort is created by law for the benefit of a favored few. The People's Party contends that the Government should create and control its own currency; that the money of the Constitution should be restored; that is to say, our circulating medium should be composed of gold, silver and paper, and that every dollar created by the Government, whether of gold, or of silver, or of paper, should be made by law the equal of every other dollar. This, of course, should be done by making each dollar *equally* a legal tender in the payment of all debts, public and private.

We contend, further, that public utilities, such as railroads, express companies, telephone companies, telegraph companies, should be owned and operated by the Government, in the interest of all the people. We contend, further, that the burdens of Government—that is, the necessary expenses of conducting the public business, should be borne by each citizen in proportion to his ability. Under the present system taxes are collected in the purchase of goods, the tariff duty being added to the price of the article and paid when the citizen buys the article. Thus the Federal Government supports itself on the necessities of the people. We say that the Federal Government should support itself upon the wealth of the country, that the millionaire

should pay in proportion to his millions, and not in proportion to the number of hats, coats or shoes that he buys; for, if you collect the Federal tax in that way, the man in moderate circumstances who has to buy just as many hats, coats and shoes will pay just as much tariff tax as John D. Rockefeller, whose net income for three months of the year 1905 was more than \$5,000,000.

The People's Party is also in favor of a parcels post, which would liberate the public from the oppressive charges of the express companies. We also favor direct legislation, by which the people can pass such laws as they want, without waiting for the ring-ruled political organizations to be put in motion. We also favor the article which is the right of the people to vote a man out of office when he fails to do his duty, just as they now vote him in. We also favor a graduated income tax which would put a part of the burden of Government upon accumulated wealth, the percentage of tax to grow larger as the fortune grows larger. We also favor postal savings banks, in order that the common people may have a safe and convenient investment for their little savings. With the money of the people deposited in banks like these, the Government would have an enormous accumulation which would make it unnecessary to issue bonds or to float loans. And with the savings of the people deposited in thousands of postal savings banks all over the country, one of the main instrumentalities by which the wealth of the country has been concentrated in the great cities and used for speculative purposes would be destroyed. We are in favor of the eight-hour day, the regulation of child labor in factories, sweat shops, and similar vocations. We are opposed to land monopoly, and we contend that tariff taxes, when levied at all, should be levied on the luxuries of life which only the rich use, and not upon the necessities of life which the poor must have to live.

Neither the Democratic Party nor the Republican Party now stands for these reforms. The Democratic Party, previous to 1904, had stood for some of these reforms, and for eight years had pretended to be fighting for them, but in 1904 the Wall Street plutocracy captured the Democratic Party again, and at the present time the Democratic Platform is as much like the Republican Platform as it was possible to make it, without using the very same language which the Republicans had used.

SCHOOL 97, JACKSON PLACE,
BALTIMORE, MD., September 20, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: A club to which I belong is going to debate on the following subject:

"Resolved, That taking into consideration architecture, painting, sculpture, government, military glory and civilization, Greece is more entitled to renown than Rome."

I am going to debate on Rome's side.

What histories of the two famous nations of antiquity would you advise me to peruse for material?

My teacher advised me to write to your Educational column; for, by so doing, she assured me, I would not waste time and energy.

Thanking you for this favor,
Sincerely,

ANSWER

The only books in the New York Library that bear directly upon the comparison of the Greek and Roman civilizations are "A Treatise on the Art, Manufactures, Manners and Institutions of the Greeks and Romans," by T. D. Fosbroke, 2 volumes, London, 1833; "Greece and Rome: Their Life and Art," by Jakob von Falke, translated by W. H. Browne, Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1882. In "Ancient History of the East," by V. Duruy, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, 1899, there are several chapters that bear more or less directly upon your point. Much of the material for your subject you will probably have to find in works upon either Greek or Roman history.

Here is a list of some of the best authorities:

Greece

Becker, "Charicles; or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks"; Felton, "Greece, Ancient and Modern"; Grant, "Greece in the Age of Pericles"; Grote, "History of Greece"; Mahaffy, "Greek Life and Thought"; Mahaffy, "Greece Under the Romans"; Saalfeld, "Hellenismus in Latium"; Jules Martha, "L'Archéologie Etrusque et Romaine."

Rome

Becker, "Gallus; or, Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus"; Boissier, "Cicero and His Friends: the Study of Roman Society in the Time of Caesar"; Church, "Roman Life in the Days of Cicero"; Gibbon, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; Mommsen, "History of Rome"; A. S. d'Arnay, "Manners and Customs of the Romans," London, 1740; H. Banks, "The Civil and Constitutional History of Rome," 2 volumes, London, 1818; A. H. J. Greenidge, "Roman Public Life," London, Macmillan, 1901.

You can probably find a good deal of material in any of the standard histories of Rome and Greece.

MANHATTAN, KAN., November 7, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly answer the following questions in your Educational Department?

(1) Is the waterworks system of Kansas City, Mo., owned by the city or by a corporation? Am told they have municipal ownership, yet the papers are full of charges of graft and overcharges. Please explain just what the system is, and its weak places, if any.

(2) It is contended by the opponents of the

Government ownership of public utilities that it would build up a strong, centralized government and make it impossible to defeat the party in power. Will you please give the main facts and arguments as opposed to these contentions?

(3) Many seem to think that the only thing the people suffer from is the non-enforcement of laws. They argue that our laws are all-sufficient, but that we must elect more men like Governor Folk, of Missouri, to executive positions, and all will be well.

Please elucidate this question, for there are many mixed theron.

Respectfully yours,

P.S.—I never read a publication with so much interest, profit and pleasure as *Tom Watson's MAGAZINE*. It seems too good to be true that we, the great common people, have so able, fearless and faithful a champion as Tom Watson armed with a weapon so powerful and far-reaching as his splendid Magazine. Long life to him and it!

ANSWER

Your favor received. I have no knowledge of the local situation in Kansas City, Mo., and am therefore unable to answer your question. It may be that the city has employed dishonest men in the operation of its waterworks. If so, the fact that these dishonest men have been able to misuse their opportunities and to fill their own pockets is no argument against *the system* of public ownership of public utilities. You certainly would not be in favor of turning over our Post-Office Department to private corporations. You certainly believe, as I do, that it is best for the Government to run the Post-Office; yet the Government has to keep detectives at work all the time rooting out individual thieves. A dishonest postmaster, or other official employed by the Government in its mail department, will find his opportunities to rob either the people or the Government, or both. This was illustrated year before last when Machen and others were detected, tried and convicted. In like manner, individual thieves might rob the community where "public ownership of public utilities prevails," but the advantage of public ownership is that the entire system, the whole corporation, could not possibly for any length of time do injustice to the community without detection, punishment and removal of the dishonest official, whereas, under private ownership of public utilities, such as railroads, express companies, telegraph companies, street car companies, gas companies, water companies, the robbery is systematized, and the full power of the entire corporation is exerted in the effort to compel the community at large to submit to extortion. For example, the railroads were built for the amount of money represented by their bonded indebtedness, yet the capital stock which runs up to something over \$600,000,000, is just that amount of *fictional value* upon which the people are made to pay dividends by reason of extortionate

charges, and by means of this extortion, the success of which is evidenced by the dividends, a real value is put into the stock. To the extent that real value is thus forcibly injected into the stock by unjust freight rates, a robbery of the whole people has been committed.

Answering your second question, in reference to the concentration of power in the Government which would follow governmental ownership of public utilities, I can only say that concentration of power in the great transportation lines of this country *has already been accomplished under private ownership*. Five men in Wall Street exert a power over the commerce and the prosperity of the people of this country which Congress itself could not exceed. By an advance in freight or passenger tariffs, by discriminations for or against individuals, communities or industries, the life can be struck out of any individual, any community, any industry by these Wall Street railway kings, who use for their private purposes the unlimited powers of taxation which have built up the tremendous fortunes which now endanger the Republic. As the power has to be wielded by somebody, had it not best be wielded by the Government which is supposed to represent us all, rather than by five Wall Street speculators who represent nobody but themselves, and whose motto is, "The public be damned"? In other words, is it right for this concentration of power to be in Wall Street, where it is not responsible to the people at all and where the people exercise no control over it at all? Would it not be better to have this concentration of power vested in our sovereign, namely, the Government, so that the people at large, if they really try to do so, can influence its management for the public good? Whenever the government of any country *where the people are allowed free speech and a free vote*, gets to the point where it oppresses the people, *the people themselves are to blame*. There is nothing on earth today to prevent our people from restoring the Government to its first purpose of doing "the greatest good for the greatest number," if the people themselves will intelligently study the issues involved and fearlessly vote their honest convictions without reference to party names or sectional prejudices.

Third, it is *not* true that our laws at the present time would give good government to the people if those laws were enforced. The national banking system is established by law, and every reader of this Magazine ought to understand by this time how its legal exercise of special privilege by a favored few does vast injustice to all citizens of the country.

Again, our monstrous tariff system, which gives to the manufacturers the power to monopolize the home market, and to organize the trusts while, at the same time, it sells goods in Canada, South America, England and China cheaper than they will sell

them to us home-folks, is also the law of the land.

Again, the powers exercised by "the public service corporations" which have been so injurious to the people at large, and have done so much to increase the inequalities of fortune among the American people are all established by law. Therefore, it is not true that the only thing the people suffer from is the non-enforcement of laws. On the other hand, they suffer from bad laws, and what we reformers say is that those laws should be repealed.

LINDEN, TEX.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: I would like to have some light on Mr. Cleveland's last administration concerning the tariff duties. Our Republican friends claim that he reduced the tariff to one for revenue only, which caused the hardest times we ever had since the Civil War.

I hope that your Magazine may find entrance in enough homes to bring about the desired effect. Good will to you all, and God be your helper!

ANSWER

There has never been a Revenue Tariff since the Civil War. They have all been Protective Tariffs. They have all been robbery tariffs. Between the schedules written by the old parties there have been some slight degrees of difference in the amount of the robbery, but the principle of robbing the great body of the people for the benefit of the few favored has not been departed from since the Morrill Tariff of the War period.

The Tariff Act passed during Cleveland's second administration was an ungodly and unblushing sell-out to the Sugar Trust, the Standard Oil Trust, the steel and iron men, the greedy manufacturing interests generally. There does not live the man who can demonstrate that the Wilson-Gorman Tariff bill lightened the load of Tariff taxation for the common people. I could mention item after item, articles of daily and necessary use among the common people, on which the Democratic Cleveland Tariff was worse than it had been under the McKinley bill.

The cause of hard times during Cleveland's second term was that "Bankers' Panic" which Wall Street deliberately planned for the purpose of giving the country an "Object-Lesson" and driving the Government to that violation of the Constitution, of the statute law and of the practice and precedent of a hundred years known as the single gold standard.

By the Cleveland Tariff law, which you say the Republicans accuse of being a Revenue measure, the duty on

Horseshoes and mule-shoes was increased 27 per cent.

Does that look like Revenue or Protection?

The duty on wire cloth was raised 81 per cent. The duty on tubes, pipes and flues, etc., was raised 145 per cent.

Doesn't that look like *Protection* to some poor, downtrodden Carnegie-Frick Infant Industry? The tax on rivets of iron and steel was increased 20 per cent.

Umbrella and parasol ribs were given a raise of 11 per cent. Hardwood lumber was protected by an increase of 66 per cent.!

The duty on molasses was just simply doubled—a neat, cool, clear lift of 100 per cent. over the McKinley bill.

The Sugar Trust got an increase of 100 per cent. on the grade not above No. 16 D. S.

Above No. 16 D. S. it got an increase on Beet, 185 per cent.!

Cane, 236 per cent.!!

MAPLE, 569 PER CENT.!!!

Wasn't the Cleveland Tariff a sweet, sweet thing for the Sugar Trust?

The duty on cheap knit shirts and drawers was increased by 42 per cent.

Quite a number of other articles of common use upon which Tariff duties were increased might be cited, but these will answer my present purpose.

To sum up the whole matter, the Wilson-Gorman Tariff bill proposed to reduce the income of the Government by \$76,670,000, but made this reduction in such a way that the rich got the benefit of \$46,218,000 by reductions on articles of luxury, while the poor got the benefit of only \$30,462,000 by reductions on articles of necessity.

To make good the loss in revenue, the Democrats levied a tax of \$45,000,000 on sugar, which, under the McKinley bill, came in free of tax.

The balance of the reduction in revenue they expected to make good by an Income Tax, but either the law was so badly framed, or the Supreme Court was so well packed, that the Income Tax was knocked higher than a kite.

PAUILO, HAWAII, H. I., September 29, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: I think you can hardly realize the eagerness with which I look for and read your Magazine, particularly what you write. Some of it I read once, some twice and some thrice or more. I suppose I am criticizing some as well as reading for information.

I feel a big interest in your aim of reforming or changing our present money system. I am fully convinced there is only one just and permanent way of settling the money question, and that is by the inauguration of Public Money as demanded by the Omaha platform, which will install the whole people, rich and poor, to be the money power.

You are to be commended for your vigorous effort thus far. I am fully convinced if you continue to walk this path onward you will surely succeed in your money venture, as the People's Party is the only party demanding a change. When you win the money question, all other matters for improvement aimed at in the platform I see in your Magazine will be assured. The money improvement is the first of importance to be made. Nothing of importance can be effected for the better while our present money power hold

control. I am vain enough to believe I know the right path to success, having searched until I found it. I am now looking with a critical eye for detecting side steps.

Of all your writings upon the money question in the five Magazines I have received I find only two points to object to of the many touched upon. This, to me, is very encouraging. I will now refer to one of the items. The *Maple Leaf* inquires, "What would be a sufficient amount of money?" You answer, "The Government itself must decide what is a sufficient amount of national money." My opinion is, the people themselves must decide the amount required in their regular order of business. Here we differ. I or you must be wrong, both may be, but sure it is, both cannot be right. After thinking, I reached down the book of which I sent you a copy to see what I had written upon the subject many years ago. I read them carefully, and have nothing to add now or reject. So *please read Chapter XVI, page 69, and Chapter XIX, page 83, of the book I sent you, which treats upon the subject.* My anxiety for your success is great, and also anxious that we both know the truth, that everything may rest on a solid foundation that cannot be shaken. Knowing if you succeed you will have introduced for the good of man the most important financial revolution the world has ever known,

Yours truly,

ANSWER

Turning to that portion of his valuable book on "National Finance" referred to by Mr. Horner, I find that he quotes General Garfield thus:

"But I admit freely that no Congress is wise enough to determine how much currency the country needs. There never was a body of men wise enough to do that. The volume of currency needed depends upon laws that are higher than Congress and higher than Government.

"The laws of trade alone can determine its quantity."

Again, Mr. Horner quotes General Grant:

"The experience and judgment of the people can best decide just how much currency is required for the transacting of the business of the country. It is unsafe to leave the settlement longer to the Secretary of the Treasury or to the Executive."

Again, Mr. Horner quotes Mr. Sears, whose measure for the volume of currency is the "demand for use."

Demand for use, Mr. Horner contends

(page 69 of his "National Finance"), is the *natural law* of money supply.

As I understand Mr. Horner, his position is that the Government should furnish such an amount of *public money* as may be *legally* demanded; the idea being that the *business of the country* will absorb as much as it needs, and no more. The Government is to supply this demand by lending its *public money* on demand and always when legally demanded.

Instead of lending to 5,000 national bankers at one-half of 1 per cent. the five or six hundred millions of dollars which they will turn round and lend to the people at 8 per cent., Mr. Horner believes that the Government should lend to the people directly, on security which will be equally as good as that which the bankers furnish.

Under Mr. Horner's plan all public money loaned to the people *will be redeemed by the borrower or his property*, just as the notes of the national bankers are now redeemed.

Thus the Government would reap the rich annual harvest of from sixty millions to two hundred millions which now goes into the garners of the various banks.

Public money would supplant private money, the special privilege of the national bankers would give way to the Jeffersonian doctrine of "equal rights to all," and the Government would resume the sovereign power of creating money which the national banks have usurped.

The awful terrors of contraction would haunt us no more, panics would be things of the past, a flexible currency would automatically respond to the needs of the people, and thus the arteries of commerce would *always have enough life-blood pulsing within them, and never too much.*

My friend, Mr. Horner, will find no antagonist to his *principle* in me.

I simply claimed for the Government the right to control the question of supply—a right which the bankers now exercise.

Mr. Horner really stands for the same principle. By his method the Government merely decides that the amount of currency issued shall be that which is legally demanded.

That is detail.

In *principle* we agree that the control of the matter must be a governmental function and not a private bank function.





"STATUTES," says President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia College, "will not put moral principles where they do not exist."

This may be so; but we know of one thing that statutes would do if properly applied: they would put some of our leading life-insurance men in jail.

The consignment of these persons and their outside fellow-conspirators to a Government institution where plain living and hard thinking prevail would have a powerful tendency to put moral principles into portions of the business community where such principles certainly do not now exist.

It would be far more effective as a moral agency in the community than any lesson ever taught by the accomplished President of Columbia University or within the walls of the famous institution over which he presides.—*New York Sun*.

PEOPLE'S PARTY ORGANIZATION

HON. H. L. BENTLEY, Abilene, Tex., has been appointed President National Federation of People's Party Clubs, and is now actively engaged in the work of organization. He asks for voluntary contributions to aid in the work. In a recent number of the *Old Guard News-Letter* Mr. Bentley says:

"As nearly as I can figure it out, there are 2,862 counties in the United States and not less than forty school districts, or other similar civil divisions, to the county, on an average. This means that there are quite 114,480 communities in which it is possible and desirable to secure a Populist club. My idea now is to secure, with as little delay as possible, an organizing committee of five tried and true Populists in each of said 114,480 communities, to be charged with the duty of organizing therein an Old Guard Populist Club. This will mean 572,440 Populists, each commissioned to look up and interest other Populists, and also to engage in propaganda work in the interest of Populism.

"I am sure that there is not a Populist in the United States who cannot afford to contribute 25 cents, 50 cents or \$1.00 to this work, and there are many who can well afford to contribute much more. You must

be the judges, my friends and comrades, of what you should give, and let me say to you in advance, that I will be deeply grateful to you for whatever you shall contribute, whether the sum shall be small or large."

"THERE is now talk of a railway rate bill that will not meet opposition in Congress," says a contemporary. There is also talk of universal peace, perpetual motion and a railway to the moon.—*Baltimore Sun*.

GENERAL GREENE's frank testimony gave what should be the deathblow to the movement to induce President Roosevelt to interfere in Venezuela in behalf of the Bermudez Asphalt Company. He admitted that the company had aided and abetted a revolution against President Castro. Within his knowledge \$100,000 had been spent to finance Matos in his fight to oust Castro. We are quite aware that the Bermudez Company has some show of right to redress for the seizure of its property in Venezuela. To invoke, however, the intervention of this Government requires it absolutely to come with clean hands. How can Secretary Root, or the President, think after this of shaking the Big Stick at Castro? The proposal is that this should be done on account of money damages to a company which confesses itself to have been a party to a treasonable conspiracy against the very life of the Venezuelan Government.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

WHEN the advocates of cheaper postage have proposed a reduction they have not made a convincing reply when told that it is an "impossibility under present conditions." They have been compelled to accept that statement as final and conclusive. But there is good reason to believe that "present conditions" are not what they ought to be. It has been charged time and again, for example, that the Government of the United States pays an excessive rate for the transportation of the mails; that if greater care and perhaps greater honesty were exercised in making contracts for transportation, the Government would save large sums of money every year. The

recent investigation of frauds in the postal service showed that the Government was robbed by some of its employees. If the service were conducted in every department with strict honesty, if there were no "graft" and no extravagance, is it not possible that one-cent postage might prove to be not so wild a dream as its opponents declare it is?—*Baltimore Sun*.

PRIVATE monopoly being the most heinous of all predatory crimes it should be treated the most relentlessly; there should be no thought of any regulation of it except that involved in preparation for its obsequies. And it is not difficult to find starting-places for such preparation. One limb of the monster will be lopped off by a postal telegraph, which will bury the telegraph monopoly. A parcels post will give the express monopoly a blow that any other sort of regulation cannot inflict. A few lines of Government owned and operated railroads will destroy the private monopoly in railroading. The coal monopoly will be destroyed when the people realize the enormity of the crime they commit when allowing such a vital natural resource to become the property of a few citizens; and a dose of the same realization administered to petroleum will prepare Standard Oil for the undertaker. There can be no steel and iron private monopoly if it be prevented from owning the iron mines of the country, so that all who desire to make iron or steel may have access to the mines on equal terms. These are the methods by which private monopoly can be destroyed, the only sort of "regulation" that can be effective, the only kind that a really intelligent and patriotic people will be satisfied with, the kind that in the ultimate must be resorted to if the beneficiaries of private monopoly are to be prevented from literally "owning the country."—*Farm, Stock and Home*.

STEALING is stealing, no matter by whom committed, and the man who steals is a thief, whether he steals a chicken or a railroad, or whether the thief wears rags or shining broadcloth.—*Augusta Tribune*.

"MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP" has come to stay. "Direct Primary Leagues" are being organized. Petitions are being circulated all over the city for the "recall of delinquent officeholders." The Populists should feel satisfaction at these apparent results of their labors: even if it is not conducted under a Populist banner.—*The Patriarch, Seattle*.

It is high time for plain dealing; the country is weary of scandals in high places; of men of reputation who are suddenly

discovered to be without character; of moral sham and humbug among the eminently respectable. There are too many pious schemers; far too many well-behaved self-seekers. If we cannot be honest, we can at least stop pretending to be what we are not. Let us hoist the black flag and stop sailing as a missionary ship.—*N. Y. Outlook*.

The Philadelphia *North American* prints, apropos of the failure of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, owing to its being plundered by politicians, the following results of the Quay machine's control of the State Treasury:

GANG TREASURY DEATH ROLL

J. BLAKE WALTERS, State Treasury cashier; suicide.
AMOS C. NOYES, State Treasurer, died from broken heart because of disgrace.
WILLIAM LIVSEY, State Treasurer, fled in disgrace; now dead.
BENJAMIN J. HAYWOOD, State Treasurer and cashier; died of grief over disgrace.
WILLIAM B. HART, State Treasurer; died under the strain.
JOHN S. HOPKINS, cashier of wrecked People's Bank; suicide.
AUDITOR-GENERAL NORRIS, died of worry.
T. LEE CLARK, cashier wrecked Enterprise Bank; suicide.

"When an issue is clearly drawn between honesty and dishonesty the people are not bound by partisanship." It is because Joseph W. Folk has seen this so clearly that he has been enabled to render distinguished service to his party and his commonwealth, and it is by reason of it that the State of Missouri can now furnish to the East a conspicuous exemplar of law and inorality in government.—*Kansas City Times*.

THE Clark Howells, the Joe Terrells, the Hamp McWhorters are killing the party by their leadership; Howell by his everlasting stipple for the letter of fealty without any principle behind it; Terrell by his general stupidity and incompetence, and McWhorter by his corrupting interference in state legislation for the Southern Railroad. Decent Democrats have grown tired of a leadership that leads nowhere but to the feet of capital and corporate domination; that cares for nothing but a record that is apparently correct on the surface but which is as cowardly and colorless as it is correct. True and honest Democrats are weary of an impotent governor and an impotent senate who can do nothing but block honest and needful legislation at the instigation of a lobby that swarm like vultures through the executive and legislative halls with never an executive hand uplifted to stay their unholy purposes.

For God's sake give us Watson, give us

Populism, give us anything, give us nothing rather than this icily regular, splendidly null, ignominious, incompetent, corrupting domination! For heaven's sake let Georgia rise up and put out this crowd of ninnies and political hags that have been handed down from an age of cobwebs and antiquity!

Think of it, ye people of Georgia, that Clark Howell has become the expounder and keeper of your Democracy! Ye gods and little fishes, have a care that your Democratic crowns are on straight, and your little red fins have not too much rouge, for this monitor of the Jefferson party will declare that your Democratic record is not divine or that your fins, dear little fishes, are too much akin to Populism, or Socialism, or some other rubric malady!

If Mr. Howell were brighter and broader he would know that Georgia is not as politically hidebound as she was a decade ago. He would know that there is more liberality and political freedom stalking abroad, and that the people are not going to take fright at the scarecrows that made them tremble then. His cry of wolf at the sight of Tom Watson isn't going to frighten even a little bit. Tom Watson is about the most popular man in Georgia today, and the people are learning to love and respect him more with every issue of his Magazine. If Mr. Howell thinks he is discounting his opponent by bugabooring Mr. Watson at the people, it is but another evidence of his mental limitation. We are gratified that Hoke Smith has finally come to an appreciation of this great Georgian whose "Life of Napoleon" alone has done more to honor Georgia than all the achievements of Clark Howell and his ancestors. The people of Georgia would rather play in Tom Watson's backyard than be guests of honor on Clark Howell's palatial front veranda.—*Waycross (Ga.) Journal*.

SOME of our contemporaries are booming Roosevelt for a third term. No use, when we have reached that point when we have only one man fit to be President we better throw up the sponge, quit the republican form of government and trot on a Czar.—*Girard (Pa.) Herald*.

It is a matter of fact that Governor Joseph W. Folk refused to tackle the New York Tammany Tiger in favor of good government, and W. J. Bryan left the country to keep out of the fight. But William Randolph Hearst bearded the Tiger in his den, and left his hide on the corrupt political fence and his carcass to bleach in the sunlight of public opinion and public ownership.—*Missouri Sharpshooter, Rolla, Mo.*

BOSS MURPHY, Boss Durham, Boss Gor- man, Boss Cox, Boss Odell! All deposed in

a single day. Ye gods, how the mighty have fallen! And none so lowly as to shed a tear.—*Dalton (Ga.) Herald*.

WOULDN'T it be interesting to have a "grafters' convention"? If such could be called and all the members attend there would be a larger crowd than was at the Dallas fair.—*Rising Star (Tex.) Record*.

"THE great question of the day is, did Garfield promise the members of the Beef Trust immunity or did he not?"—*Colman Argus*.

How about it, Garfield? Did you or did you not? If you made this promise you have betrayed the confidence of the people, disgraced the memory of your father, and should in the future place yourself at the foot of the class of which Benedict Arnold is at the head.—*Fulton (S. Dak.) Advocate*.

JUDGE PARKER, late Democratic candidate for President, has been employed by Tammany to help beat Hearst out of the Mayoralty of New York. Parker is, and always has been, a Democrat of the Tammany stripe.—*Independent Review, Garnett, Kan.*

THE supporters of Hearst in New York, and of Weaver in Philadelphia, should join with the other reformers in a call for a national conference to take the same independent political action in the nation that has been taken in the two cities named. The time to act is now while things are hot. The nation needs reform as bad as do those cities, and the reform movements in the cities need the backing of a great national organization—a great party of the people.—*Missouri World*.

SECRETARY WILSON showed his ignorance and his desire to play into the hands of the cotton bears when he issued a report on the condition of the cotton crop on November 1. He undoubtedly did not know that the cotton plant was a dead number before November so far as making any more cotton. Yes, it shows his ignorance and incompetency to hold so important a position as Secretary of Agriculture.—*Headland (Ala.) Post*.

"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT seems to be making just as good a Democratic President as any man whom the Democrats could have elected.—*Guthrie Leader*."

The Republicans said about the same thing concerning Grover Cleveland. If it be true that Roosevelt is a better Democrat than Grover and Grover a better Republican than Roosevelt, will some Republican or Democrat please define the difference between the two old parties other than a differ-

ence in the name under which they transact business?—*People's Voice, Norman, Okla.*

JOHN KRUP voted in Boss Murphy's district on another man's name. When he was arrested he had not a cent in his pockets.

A few hours before Krup was to be brought into court a Tammany worker, ex-Assemblyman Charles P. Dillon, put up \$5,000 cash bail for him. Abraham Levy and Henry W. Unger, Tammany lawyers, were retained for him. The last seen of Krup he was in the company of his attorneys. He jumped his bail.

To what man in Murphy's district is it worth \$5,000 to get this man out of jail? Who is paying big attorneys' fees? Who had him spirited away?—*N. Y. World.*

WILLIAM R. HEARST came within 3,484 votes of beating the Tammany crowd for Mayor of New York. Any decent man who can do that deserves the thanks of the nation.—*Effingham County News, Guyton, Ga.*

GOVERNOR HERRICK very wisely got his Thanksgiving proclamation off his hands before Election Day. The task would now be of a much more onerous nature.—*Venice Graphic, Ross, O.*

THE packers now claim that Commissioner Garfield promised them complete immunity from prosecution under the pending indictment returned by the Federal Grand Jury several months ago. That man Garfield has been under suspicion for some time in connection with the Beef Trust investigation, and it is about time that the Administration should promote him to a job that doesn't smell so bad.—*Renfrew's Record, Alva, Okla.*

A PRESS despatch says "the indicted packers are prepared to astonish the prosecution when the cases come to trial." All the way they can do this is to either plead guilty or accept a conviction. The statement seems to smack of triumph; but they outrageously misjudge their fellow-citz if they expect anyone to be astonished at their acquittal.—*People's Review Henrietta, Tex.*

ASSESSORS are at last waking up to the fact that railroads, valued at \$40,000 to \$50,000 per mile, should, at least, be assessed for taxpaying purpose at one-third their values.—*Santian News, Icio, Ore.*

WHEN a man steals a loaf of bread he goes to jail; when a millionaire packer or oil magnate violates the law by stealing a

million he is fined. This is strange justice.—*Cresson (Tex.) Courier.*

WITH oil coming up and cattle coming down, the trusts can afford to pay a few fines.—*The Reveille, Sinn Creek, Mo.*

THERE seems to be universal carnival of crime in the big cities. The high-class grafters have lived in splendid homes luxuriously and with what is called "high society." They are likely to go down into low society and wear stripes instead of silk and fine linen.—*Thomas (Okla.) Tribune.*

THE Rockefeller income is equal to a tax of thirty-three and one-third cents per annum on every man, woman and child in the United States.—*West Mansfield (O.) Enterprise.*

THE result of the election in a number of the states last Tuesday contained many surprises. The salient feature is the independence of the masses of voters. The trusts had best take warning from the Hearst vote in New York on a municipal ownership campaign. Patience at last ceases to be a virtue, and unless the people are given a fair show they will inside of ten years elect an administration favorable to government ownership of railroads, which would kill two-thirds of the monopolies in this country. Let capital beware.—*Sanbright (Tenn.) Despatch.*

THE gang lost out in New York, the gang lost out in Ohio, the gang lost out in Pennsylvania, the gang lost out in Memphis in the recent elections. It seems to be the rule and not the exception for men who are not for sale to take hold and run things. The great majority of the voters cannot be bought, and when they strive to win they win. Great is the people when the public conscience is aroused.—*The Wasp, Waldron, Ark.*

THE election returns from New York City, Philadelphia and the State of Ohio reflect much credit on the voters. Mayor Weaver, the Reform candidate, won easily in Philadelphia. In Ohio the Democratic ticket was victorious. The result was a surprise, but indicates an aroused public conscience. In New York City Jerome, the Independent Reform candidate for District Attorney, won out against Tammany, one of the most corrupt political machines on earth, while William R. Hearst, the Municipal Ownership candidate for Mayor, is close behind McClellan, Tammany's candidate. In fact, Mr. Hearst and his friends believe he has been elected and will contest the election. The people are becoming tired of boss rule

and corrupt politics, and may God hasten the day when we will have purity in public life. The grafter and boodler must go.—*Graphic Truth, Granbury, Tex.*

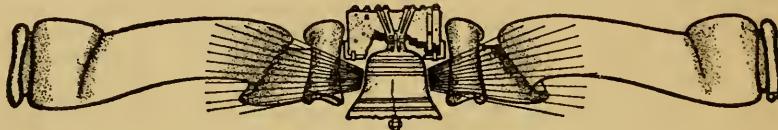
THE numerous investigations into the different commercial enterprises show almost universal corruption.

The crookedness exposed in the different corporations and companies is no doubt small in comparison with that in full swing which has not been exposed.

The ugly feature, the demoralizing effect of these commercial thieves is that they are not from the Bowery, not from the farm nor factory, but from the highest and best (?) strata of human life.

The princely thieves are of the highest education, in all the lines of life and yet low down, common thieves—because a thief is a thief and only a thief.—*Manhattan (Kan.) Mercury.*

If our esteemed contemporaries, the railway corporations, would be wise in their generation, they will lose no time in calling off the lobbyists, emissaries and assorted agents who are now infesting Washington, annoying everybody, including the newspapers, with their untimely and offensive importunities. Nobody wants to hear what they say. They have their little lesson to repeat, and we know it all beforehand. They convince none, influence none, and serve no useful purpose for their employers. The newspapers of this city understand the question perfectly and need no advice or light from salaried advocates. What the country wants is to have the battle fought to a finish on its merits. These volunteer advisers do no good for their cause. They merely persecute innocent third parties. Call 'em in, and do it without the smallest loss of time. They have no function in this problem save that of general irritation.—*Washington (D. C.) Post.*



Love's Logic

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

BECAUSE your eyes look into mine
And read my heart and understand,
Withholding nothing, dear, they are
The fairest eyes in all the land.

Because your lips, a budding rose
With half its glories still unfurled,
Surrendered to my kiss, I count
Those lips the sweetest in the world.

Because your heart still beats with mine
Up all the thorny way I go,
Beneath the sun no other heart
Holds any secret I would know.

A Marked Resemblance

“YOU might just state,” feebly said the prominent Kansan, who had been mercilessly rattled around, pulley-hauled, gec-twisted, mishandled and otherwise abused by the angry elements—replying to the inquiries of the newspaper correspondent—“that the cyclone ‘peared to mistake me for an innocent bystander.’”

BOOKS

BY

Thomas E. Watson.

Perdita and Other Poems. By Charles J. Bayne. Cole Book Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Those who appreciate tender sentiment and refined thought clothed in the raiment of exquisite verse will thank me for commanding to them this collection of the poems of Mr. Bayne. Very few living writers can approach him in beauty and melody of expression or in that play of fancy and feeling which catch up a subject, however commonplace in itself, and breathe into it the breath of another life. I wish that space allowed me to quote from "Vivien"—a wonderful little bit of verse-making, "A Ballad of After Days," "Undertones" and "Dead Fadette." One of these cameos, however, must have place, a perfect poem of its kind and *not* the best of the collection:

TROVATO

Is it but the idle fancy
Of a mocking necromancy
That together, leaf and blossom, by the Indus once we
grew,

And that Hafiz came, or Omar,
To imprison the aroma
In some half-remembered measure which has rhythmed
me to you?

Is it false or is it real
That, in ages more ideal,
I was song and you were Sappho; you were sunbeam,
I the dew?

For I long have felt the burgeon
Of a passion, vague and virgin,
Which you quicken to remembrance of a former life
we knew.

Were you stream when I was willow?
Was I shell when you were billow?
For your voice has ever echoed through the hushes of
my heart;

And it seems, as I behold you,
That the very air foretold you
By the fragrance which, in welcome, all the budding
boughs impart.

But at last I stand beside you,
And the fate which long denied you
Yields, in recompense, a dearer incarnation than my
dream.

What I sought to what you are, Love,
Was as twilight to the star, Love,
As the languor is to summer, as the murmur to the
stream.

And since age on age has perished
But to bring the soul I cherished,
Wherein thought and feeling, blended, are as petal
and perfume,
Let us linger here forever,
Where the pride of all endeavor
Is a fervor which to passion is as glamour unto gloom.

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Yet, if Fate reserves its malice,
But to break the lifted chalice,
Let me mingle with the elements, where once I was a
part;

Then, on some supernal morning
Which your beauty is adorning,
As a dewdrop in a lily, I may nestle in your heart.

Mister Bill. A Novel. By Albert E. Lyons. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

Charles L. Waldron, of New York, is ruined and driven to the grave by his fellow-Christians who do "business" in Wall Street. William, the son of Charles, goes West and grows up into a splendid manhood among the rough followers of mining camps and mountain towns. He is fearless, honest, sympathetic, noble-minded, golden-hearted, broadly intelligent. The story begins at Arapahoe, New Mexico, where William Waldron, "Mister Bill," owns the Consolidated Mines and where he treats his laborers in the ideal way with ideal results. The Eastern Syndicate owns all the other mines, and, of course, the Syndicate resents the independence of Mister Bill and seeks to crush him. The fight ends in victory for Mister Bill; and in a short while we find him "carrying the war into Africa." He goes to New York, lays a Wall Street trap for his enemies, catches them in it and levies the customary indemnity. Among those whom he punishes is Mr. Burrows, who had ruined Mister Bill's father. Cathalee Davidge, a charming young widow, who had been married by her parents to an old gentleman of good taste—proved by the fact that he died out of the way soon after the marriage—fascinates Mister Bill and he her, and thus we have the love story and happy conclusion without which novels cannot hope to live. The book is full of life, and Mister Bill is a character of superb strength and native worth.

The Unwritten Law. A Novel. By Arthur Henry. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

The story of a simple-minded, warm-hearted German engraver who lives in Brooklyn, and who nevertheless loves beauty in his backyard—thus, by the cultivation of vines,

shrubs and flowers converting an entire block of Brooklyn backyards into things of beauty. Karl Fischer works steadily from month to month, from year to year, and as his limbs stiffen so that the chalky fingers can no longer give satisfaction to the employer for whom he engravés, he finds himself in easy circumstances, with \$10,000 to his credit in a savings bank. The president of the savings bank and his family are eminently respectable people, active in church work and sufficiently crammed on pious formula. But the president takes a few plunges in speculative ventures, with the result that his bank goes to smash. Poor Karl Fischer! He loses every dollar. His former employer refuses him work. Nowhere can he find anything to do to earn an honest living. What would you? Karl must live; Karl must feed Katrina and the girls; Karl has hunted for jobs without finding them; therefore Karl must improvise a job of his own. He is an engraver—he begins to engrave counterfeit money. Two daughters have been born to Karl. Emeline, the oldest, is cold, intelligently selfish, proud and ambitious. Thekla is impetuous, trustful, sociable, unselfishly affectionate. With unerring logic and with a natural progress of events which enlists one's profound interest, the author takes these two girls to their respective goals—the one to a "successful marriage," the other to the realm of "fallen women." The tragedy of old Karl and Katrina, the rigors of the law to the weak, the thorny crown worn by would-be reformers, the unpunished crimes of the respectable, the horrible grist ground by our present system—the book throws light, lurid light, on all these and thus wins a place far above the average among those which deal with existing conditions.

Heart's Desire. A Novel. By Emerson Hough. The Macmillan Co., New York City.

A story in which Wild West life and adventure is interwoven with Eastern capital greed and a dramatic case of True Love which did not run smooth, but which reached the customary destination just the same. The book is full of clear character-drawing, genuine humor, pathetic touches and stirring incident. The episode of Tom Osby, the phonograph song, Donatelli and her singing of the song "Annie Laurie" for Tom makes of itself a complete and "human document" of rare originality and power.

The Menace of Privilege. By Henry George, Jr. The Macmillan Co., New York City.

This book, published November, 1905, is thoroughly up to date in its treatment of economic and political questions. It contains a mass of interesting information,

gleaned from official reports, judicial decisions, magazine articles and newspaper publications. Mr. George quotes from many eminent authors and makes many historical references. The tone of the book is exceedingly lofty, there being no appeal to passion and prejudice. In statement the author is conservative and fair; in style he is delightfully clear, simple and positive. Dealing with the Menace which Privilege has brought upon us, Mr. George stresses *land monopoly, the Protective System, franchise grants, taxation of production and its fruits, powers of incorporation and various sorts of immunities in the courts*. To illustrate the working of land monopoly, Mr. George makes use of the Astor fortune in New York. To illustrate the results of Protection he refers to Carnegie and Rockefeller and their huge accumulations. He shows how the Privileged make use of the courts, the Legislatures, the machinery of Government. He shows how Privilege despoils the masses, reducing them to poverty and crime, while it piles up corrupting wealth for the favored few.

He shows how Privilege shackles the press, overawes the pulpit and pollutes the fountain-heads of education. Mr. George states his "Remedy." He says that we must (1) abolish Private ownership of natural opportunities; (2) abolish Tariff and other taxation on production and on its fruits; (3) abolish Special Government grants, such as Public service charters; (4) abolish grants under General Laws and immunities in the courts, such as the New Jersey corporations, the great insurance corporations. Under this subhead Mr. George briefly indicates his approval of Postal Savings banks and of postal insurance.

In a book of 413 pages, dealing with the abuse of Privilege and fairly reeking with citations from Thomas Jefferson, I am astonished to find no reference whatever to our National Banks, a form of Privilege which was not only the pet aversion of Jefferson, but also of Andrew Jackson. Indeed, so far as his book can show, there is no "Money Question" in the philosophy of Henry George, Jr. Five thousand money-lords usurp a governmental function, create and control currency, supply the sinews of war to other predatory usurpers of Privilege, fatten on the free feed of Government deposits, compel bond issues to support their system, absorb millions of dollars every year by lending three dollars to every one dollar they have on earth, drawing *compound interest at this moment on more money than there is in existence in the United States*, and yet Mr. George does not even give the National Banking a place of mention in his catalogue of the *Privileges* which constitute a menace to our people! This omission, I repeat, is amazing. Again, Mr. George makes the reader open his eyes rather suddenly wide by quoting with seeming approval the statement of Dr. McGlynn, "I would bring about instantly, if I could, such

a change of laws all the world over as would confiscate property in land, without one PENNY OF COMPENSATION TO THE MISCALLED OWNERS." When Mr. George applies his doctrine of confiscation to the industrious millions who have put their honest earnings into town lots or country farms, paying the fair price demanded by the state or by the former owner whose title was sanctioned by the State, I want him to explain why the confiscation should stop at the land. Why not go further and confiscate the horse or mule which plows the land, the cows which graze in the meadow, the hogs that fatten in the pen, the watchdog that keeps guard while the tired owner sleeps? God made the land for all? Yes; but didn't He make everything else on the same principle? You can't, to save your gizzard, draw a line of distinction of principle between title in the one case and title in the other. If I were Mr. George I would "go the whole hog" and declare for Socialism. I would follow my logic to the legitimate conclusion and stop at no way station. To preach the doctrine of "confiscation without compensation" is just as sweet a sound to the Privileged as a siren song would be minus the peril. The Privileged know that "confiscation without compensation" as a remedy for existing ills INSURES THE EXISTING ILLS.

The Brothers' War. By Colonel John C. Reed. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

All things considered, this is the most valuable of the contributions to the literature of the Civil War and Reconstruction periods of our national history. Mr. Stephens's "War Between the States" is the elaborate, unanswerable argument of the Southern states in favor of the right of each state to retire from a voluntary contract relation whose conditions had been violated. Mr. Davis's "History of the Confederate States" presents the Southern view of the Civil War period, and is perhaps too much like an official report to be interesting to the general reader. The books of Generals Hood, Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, Maury, Gordon, Mosby, such readable volumes as "A Belle of the Sixties" and "A Confederate Diary," the works of Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, Thomas Dixon, such biographies as Du Bois's "Life and Times of William L. Yancey," Stovall's "Robert Toombs," Browne & Johnson's "Alexander H. Stephens," Mrs. Davis's "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," Hill's "Life and Speeches of Benjamin H. Hill," all do their share in giving the student a knowledge of the men and the events of the Civil War. "The Brothers' War," however, gives the most complete, comprehensive view of the period that can be found in any book. It is the only picture gallery of the times in which the portraits of Calhoun and Toombs are hung in the light which they need and de-

serve. It places each of these masterful men in the historical niche where he belongs. Not traitors, not destructionists, not vindictive and frenzied, but statesmen, patriots of the highest order, who have been denied justice for no other reason than that they failed. Just as O'Connell and Grattan would have met England's encroachments upon Ireland, sword in hand—if they had thought themselves strong enough—so Calhoun and Toombs threatened armed resistance to stop sectional aggression; and just as Calhoun gave ready consent to an honorable compromise in the days of Andrew Jackson, Toombs did his utmost to secure honorable compromise before he carried the Empire State of the South out of the Union. Eminently judicial, entirely fair is the temper in which Colonel Reed discusses the differences between the sections—conceding honesty to both sides. He himself served as a soldier from Manassas to Gettysburg—and after. He himself was a Kuklux. He himself was a builder-up of the prostrate South. He himself wrote the first law book after the War which made a manly, generous plea for *justice to the negro*. This was one of the books I studied in 1878 while waiting for clients to come. This statement is worth the mention, because certain critics have taken Colonel Reed to task for his failure to join in the chorus of "The Wonderful Progress of the Negro." Certain critics contrast Colonel Reed's statements concerning the decline of the mass of the negro race in virtue and industry with the statements to the contrary, made—by whom, think you? Why, by *Joel Chandler Harris!* God save us! For the last thirty years that most innocent and lovable man, Harris, has been shut up in a private room reeling off delightful little stories about Uncle Remus—a glorified old "uncle" of the ante-bellum species, who used to take little Joel upon his knee in Putnam County and tickle his fertile fancy with yarns about Brer Rabbit. Joel Chandler Harris will live in Folklore Literature as long as Time shall last; as a Georgian I am proud of him. But what on earth does a hermit-scholar like Harris know about the present generation of negroes? Why, Joel doesn't go anywhere, and whenever he sees anybody coming in at his gate he runs and hides. Let the honored scholar continue to reel off just as much as he likes of immortal stories about his ebony angel, Uncle Remus—whom he knew and loved in Putnam County before the War—but he shouldn't really ask us to consider seriously any opinion of his on the men and women of this generation—white or black. *You haven't been anywhere, Joel, and you don't know!* The world moves swiftly, and if one wants to keep up he must come out of his box and mix and mingle. The statements which Colonel Reed makes about the Reconstruction period and since can be taken without hesitation as absolutely true. What he says of the growing shiftlessness, the immorality

and the criminality among the masses of the blacks may also be taken, however unwillingly, as a fact. Every Southern town—swarming with the idle, the degraded, the vicious, who sprawl at the doors of the negro women during the day and prowl the streets and backyards at night—corroborates the story of Colonel Reed. As the old-time darky dies out the old friendliness between white and black shows a constant tendency to give place to race antagonism which the most trivial accident fans into instant flame. Colonel Reed is the first author to expose the weakness of the argument for negro prosperity based on Census Reports. Those of us who compare the present with the past *as shown by our own eyes* know that the negroes are not rapidly acquiring property. Colonel Reed's treatment of the Race Question, based, as it is, upon perfect knowledge of the facts as they existed before the War, during the War and since the War, is by far the best which has yet been put in a book.

The Divining Rod. A Novel. By Francis Newton Thorpe. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A story of the Oil Regions, in which the Rockefeller process of crushing competition is shown at work. A farmer, Bostwick, sells land to Webster, who is looking around for grazing land ostensibly but for oil land in fact. Webster strikes oil and begins operations on a large corporate scale. Bostwick strikes oil on the unsold portion of his farm and begins operations individually. The fight between the Corporation and the Man develops intense passion and the story becomes dramatic. Old Bostwick is worn out and dies under the strain. The beautiful daughter of the farmer is the heroine, and the love story weaves itself about her very naturally.

An Eye for an Eye. A Novel. By Clarence S. Darrow. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York City. \$1.50, postpaid.

Hank Clerly, a common laborer of Chicago, visits Jim Jackson, an old friend, who is in jail for wife murder and who is to be hanged next morning. Jim gives Hank an account of how he came to know his wife, how he

came to marry her, how he came to have quarrels and fights with her, and how he came to kill her. This story is told in the simplest, most natural manner, and the pathos of it is irresistible. Whoever reads it will learn something of the life of the poor, the "point of view" of the poor, which he has not learned before.

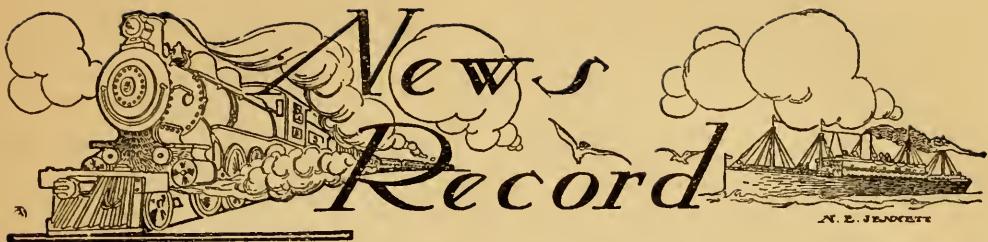
The Breath of the Gods. A Novel. By Sidney McCall. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. \$1.50.

A beautiful Japanese girl of the higher caste is sent to America to have her education "finished off." She meets a handsome young Frenchman and they become attached to each other. When she returns home her lover follows, and the remainder of the story evolves itself in Japan. The invisible gods of her country call the maiden to the service of her country. Her heart urges her toward the Frenchman. Between Patriotism and Love, the two millstones, the fragile girl is ground to powder. The climax of woe is worked out by the author with a power which is almost overwhelmingly painful.

The Deluge. By David Graham Phillips. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

A story of love and Frenzied Finance, which will hold you from start to finish. Matt Blacklock is a sort of composite of Tom Lawson and the hero of "In the Market-Place." He is self-assertive, egoistic, even brutal, but he is strong. He plays the game unscrupulously, but is not wholly without scruple. He can be grateful and he can love. The money king who is Blacklock's chief opponent resembles John D. Rockefeller. He is pious, smooth, plausible—and a knave to the core. The struggle between the financiers—the treachery, the hypocrisy, the deadly hate concealed behind the smiling mask, the stab in the back, the lack of pity or remorse, the ferocity of the combat—stand out vividly in this absorbing story. Anita Ellerslie draws to herself a deepening interest as the narrative proceeds, and by the time the climax comes we are almost inclined to think her too rich a prize for the man who wins her.





FROM NOVEMBER 9 TO DECEMBER 7, 1905

Home News

November 9.—Prince Louis of Battenberg, Rear-Admiral of the British Government, and six cruisers under his command are received in New York Harbor by the North Atlantic Squadron under Admiral Evans.

The New York Life Insurance Company obtains from the United States Circuit Court in Missouri an injunction restraining the State Insurance Department from enforcing the order barring the company from Missouri.

A despatch from Cleveland says that the Standard Oil Company has advanced the price of refined oil one-half cent a gallon.

The receiver of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny says that he has found a good portion of the \$800,000 missing securities of the bank.

November 10.—President Roosevelt orders the consular service rules changed so that promotion will be put on a merit basis.

Hardware Manufacturers' Association endorses President Roosevelt's plans for railroad rate regulation.

United States Grand Jury, at St. Louis, returns indictments against Senator Burton, of Kansas, for complicity in postal frauds.

New York Grand Jury takes up the election fraud cases.

The President asks for the facts of the killing of Midshipman Branch at Annapolis.

President Hegeman, of the Metropolitan Life, admits to the Insurance Investigating Committee that he gave favors to bankers with whom he had a speculative account. Hegeman admits making large payments to Andrew Hamilton, the lobbyist who looked after insurance interests at Albany.

Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, O., establishes an anti-suicide bureau.

New York Appellate Court rules that a foreman is not a fellow-servant of his men, and holds his employers responsible for his error.

November 11.—Seven thousand citizens in mass meeting in New York City protest against Tammany election frauds in late municipal election.

Coroner's jury finds that student Pierson, of Kenyon College, was killed by a train after being tied to the rails.

Later returns from Ohio show that the Republican candidates on the state ticket have been elected, except for Governor.

Students of Northwestern University, at Highwood, Ill., raid the saloons and confiscate a wagon-load of gambling machines.

Secretary Bonaparte orders Midshipman Meriwether, who killed Midshipman Branch in a fist fight at Annapolis, court-martialed on a charge of manslaughter.

President Roosevelt announces that he will ask Congress to save Niagara Falls from destruction. The New York Legislature recently gave the Falls over for commercial uses.

Governor Pennypacker calls an extra session of the Pennsylvania Legislature for January 15, 1906, to consider reform legislation.

November 12.—Statistics show that there are 18,000 deserted wives in Chicago. Andrew Carnegie gives \$10,000 for the relief of Russian Jews.

New York and Bermudez Asphalt Co. claims that President Castro, of Venezuela, tried to make the company pay \$400,000 for certain legislation in Venezuela.

Tammany plans to depose Charles F. Murphy and many of his lieutenants, from the leadership, on account of last election.

James Speyer gives \$50,000 to endow the Theodore Roosevelt professorship of American history at the University of Berlin.

Attorney-General Moody sues the Pabst Brewing Co. to test the giving of rebates to private car lines.

More than \$125,000 is raised for the relief of the sufferers from the Hebrew massacres in Russia.

The Secretary of Agriculture orders the Forestry Department to prepare plans for planting a forest on the Pennsylvania coal lands, which have been ruined for agricultural purposes by mining the coal from under the ground. In a few years the H. C. Frick Co. will be able to make a fortune out of the lumber from these forests.

Asphalt Trust again seeks the aid of the United States Government in its troubles with Venezuela.

Great reform wave sweeps over Indiana following the recent city and town elections. Arrests are made by the wholesale in every town and city where saloons are run under special charters, and the places are forced to conform to the law.

Archbishop Farley, president of the Italian Immigration Society, advises the Italians to go South where they can find large undeveloped farms which they can make yield them profits.

The Steel Trust purchases the iron mountain, Caro del Mercado, near Durango, Mexico. The mountain is about 70 per cent. iron, and will enable the Trust to manufacture its wares in Mexico and save the duty which they now have to pay.

November 13.—John A. McCall, president of the New York Life, promises the trustees to pay out of his own pocket the \$235,000 given to Alexander Hamilton, the Albany lobbyist, if Hamilton himself does not pay it. McCall also promises to send for Hamilton, who is somewhere in Europe, and to render an accounting for all the moneys disbursed by Hamilton.

Fourteen hundred American and 1,200 British sailors dine together at Coney Island.

New York Grand Jury indicts six persons for election frauds.

Depositors of the German Bank of Buffalo, N. Y., send a second set of charges against Bank Superintendent Kilburn to Governor Higgins, of New York.

Mayor Dunne submits to the Chicago Council three ways of acquiring the street railways by the city.

The United States cruiser *Minneapolis* is ordered to Cronstadt to protect Americans.

November 14.—J. H. Hyde testifies in the insurance investigation that he was advised by Harriman to settle Odell's suit against the Mercantile Trust Co., which was owned by the Equitable Life, as there was a possibility of a bill being put through the Legislature repealing the Mercantile's charter. He further testifies that Harriman and Frick tried to get rid of him and get possession of the Society's \$400,000,000, by having him appointed an ambassador by President Roosevelt. Jacob H. Schiff

and Senator Depew also tried to carry out this plan.

Ex-Governor Odell admits that the Mercantile Trust Co. paid him \$75,000 to settle his suit against them.

James H. Hyde testifies that he paid \$212,000 of the \$685,000 loan which was a fund to settle lawsuits, buy Equitable stock and make political contributions. W. R. Hearst begins his fight before the courts for a recount of the vote for Mayor.

Five labor organizations of railroad men protest, possibly at the instigation of the railroad magnates, to President Roosevelt against railroad rate legislation, as it may lower wages. The President informs the delegation that the proposed regulation will have no such effect.

Charles W. Barron, proprietor of the *Wall Street Journal*, has a warrant issued for Thomas W. Lawson charging him with criminal libel.

Two hundred and sixty American residents of the Isle of Pines secede from Cuban control. They elect local officers and decide to send a delegation to Washington to inform the Government of their action.

Policyholders of the Equitable, at Richmond, Va., circulate a petition to have John Skelton Williams made one of the Equitable directors. The policyholders contend that Williams knows Ryan's tactics from past experience.

Secretary Taft declares that the war on bosses has just begun.

November 15.—E. H. Harriman testifies in the insurance investigation, and contradicts the testimony of J. H. Hyde.

Despatches from Chelsea, I. T., state that the Cudahys will combine their oil interests in the Indian Territory with those of the Cherokee Oil and Gas Co. to compete with the Standard.

The fund for the relief of Russian Jews is increased to \$250,000.

Southern Cotton Growers' Association perfects a plan to take 3,000,000 bales of cotton off the market. The cotton will be held until fifteen cents a pound is paid for it.

The Standard Oil Co.'s dividend for 1905 will be \$40,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller's share of this is \$20,000,000, and his income from railway, gas and subsidiary oil companies will be \$20,000,000 more.

Because H. M. Whitney, Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, misrepresented the President's views as expressed in an informal conversation, the President snubs Governor Douglas and delegates of the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers who appeal to him to use his influence to lower the tariff on rawhides and sole leather.

State of Illinois makes preparations to bring suit against many corporations for \$100,000,000 worth of Chicago's lake front.

November 16.—Trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. make a report calling for radical changes in the management and putting an end to McCurdy domination.

President McCurdy announces that he has cut his own salary in half and reduced the pay of other officers.

Senator Depew tells of his connection with the Equitable, and denies any knowledge of free passes being given by the railroads to influence legislation.

President Roosevelt and Senator Platt begin a campaign to oust Odell from the leadership of the Republican Party in New York.

Ex-Governor Odell denies that he forced Hyde to settle his suit against the Mercantile Trust Co., but admits writing a letter in regard to an ambassadorship for Hyde before the suit was settled.

Secretary Hitchcock denounces a Judge of the United States Court for imposing a fine of only \$300 on two defendants for illegally fencing 212,000 acres of Government land. Secretary Hitchcock says the punishment is utterly inadequate, as the Government has spent four years and thousands of dollars to bring the defendants to justice.

John Krup, charged with illegal voting in Charles F. Murphy's district in the recent election for Mayor, mysteriously disappears after a consultation with Tammany lawyers. Krup's testimony was expected to implicate Tammany bosses, and two hours before his trial \$5,000 cash bail was furnished by some unknown "friend" of Krup's.

Stephen Salisbury, of Worcester, Mass., leaves \$20,000,000 to educational institutions.

William R. Hearst wins his fight for a count of the "void" ballots cast for Mayor.

Citizens' Industrial Association passes a resolution asking the Government to investigate labor unions, and when found to be illegal to prosecute them as trusts.

American Federation of Labor refuses to accept a \$100 subscription from H. C. Frick, because the money was "tainted with the blood of the Homestead strike."

Railroad magnates continue to discuss the rate question with President Roosevelt.

Attorney-General Moody denies the contention of the packers that they were promised immunity from criminal prosecution by Commissioner Garfield if they would testify in the Beef Trust investigation.

John Wanamaker declares that the hope of the nation lies in the churches.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, announces that he will support rate regulation as advocated by President Roosevelt.

The fund for suffering Jews reaches \$302,578.

November 17.—A former employee of Armour & Co. is arrested for trying to levy \$40,000 blackmail upon the company.

Senator Depew is called to the stand in the Insurance investigation to explain some mysterious correspondence in regard to the Equitable's affairs. The letters were from John A. Nichols about a friend who came around yearly for contributions, but the Senator had forgotten his name or for what purpose the contributions were given. Senator Depew also forgot that he had signed passes for members of the Legislature while he was president of the New York Central Railroad.

Another witness who forgot was Frank B. Jordan, son of the former comptroller of the Equitable.

Young Jordan forgot where his father is or where his mother wrote to him from. Counting of protested ballots is begun in New York before Justice Giegerich.

The Grand Jury issues a subpoena for James E. Gaffney, partner of Charles F. Murphy.

Secretary Root determines to report President's Castro's offenses to Congress and demand decisive action.

A fight is begun by trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. to prevent Thomas F. Ryan from gaining control.

The Attorney-General of New York announces that he will make a thorough investigation to locate the bosses who have furnished bail and money for the floaters who have jumped bail.

In the case of Cudahy & Co. charged with conspiracy, the Montana Supreme Court declares the anti-trust law unconstitutional.

November 18.—Consulting engineers, by a vote of 8 to 5, decide on a sea-level canal for the Isthmus of Panama. The report will go to Congress for final decision.

Jones & Loughlin Steel Co. tears down the home of Mrs. Lot, of Pittsburg, after Mrs. Lot had refused to sell and after the courts had refused to allow the company to condemn the property. Mrs. Lot visited court to secure an injunction, and while she was away 1,000 men were put to work demolishing her home.

General Chaffee says there are not enough Army officers.

The National Grange indorses President Roosevelt's stand on the railroad rate question.

Governor Folk declares himself in favor of Municipal Ownership.

Seven battleships and six cruisers will be added to the Navy within the next year. November 20.—The Board of Advisory Engineers estimates that it will take fifteen years at a cost of \$230,000,000 to dig the Panama Canal.

The production of gold in the United States in 1905 was \$80,835,648.

The English fleet, under command of Prince Louis of Battenberg, leaves New York for Gibraltar. Prince Louis visited West Point, reviewed the cadets, witnessed a football game and received many other attentions during his visit. President Roosevelt promises to co-operate with the State Insurance Commissioners in their efforts to put the big insurance companies on a proper basis.

November 21.—Senator Platt testifies before the Insurance Committee that for ten years the Equitable has sent him \$10,000 each year for use in Republican state campaigns; that the Mutual has contributed \$10,000 for the same purpose many times, and that the New York Life has made similar contributions.

Senator Platt supposed the contributions were made to influence legislation.

John A. Nichols, author of the letters to Senator Depew about their mysterious friend, testifies that the friend is W. S. Manning, who was paid \$450 to \$650 a year for his good will. Thomas Comans, a Tammany politician, testifies that he was paid \$6,000 a year to look after the tax assessments of the officers of the Equitable.

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is chosen to lead the fight against the regulation of railroad rates. Senator Aldrich will attempt to block any substantial reform by presenting some measure which will give no real relief.

Cotton advances \$5 a bale. A pool, said to be headed by Hoadley, a broker, and Harvie Jordan, president of the Cotton Growers' Association, makes several million dollars in futures by the sudden advance.

One Tammany "floater" is sent to the penitentiary for two and one-half years. Two more plead guilty.

W. R. Hearst brings proceedings to open the ballot-boxes for a recount.

Two more plead guilty to voting illegally in New York City, making a total of five. The National Grange indorses the order of the Post-Office Department for R. F. D. carriers to deliver packages to all R. F. D. boxes.

The Grange also indorses the employment of convict labor on public works.

November 22.—The court-martial of Midshipman Meriwether for killing Midshipman Branch in a fist duel begins at Annapolis.

Three American Insurance men are sentenced to be shot in Mexico. They

murdered two men to collect their policies.

Members of the Panama Canal Commission are accused of violating the law by making contracts in excess of appropriations made by Congress for such purposes. Several contracting firms are threatened with bankruptcy because they cannot get the money for supplies bought by the Commission.

The Senate Interstate Commerce Committee begins negotiations for a compromise rate-regulation bill.

George E. Tarbell, vice-president of the Equitable, testifies that he received commissions on his own policies and on the policies of members of his family.

Governor Douglas, of Massachusetts, announces that he will run for Congress next year, unless Congress revises the tariff rates.

Mutual trustees cut McCurdy's salary in half and put all agents on a salary. The company will save \$235,000 a year by this action.

November 23.—The Interstate Commerce Committee decides to report a bill in favor of rate regulation in accordance with the President's recommendation.

Justice James Fitzgerald, of the Supreme Court of Missouri, issues subpoenas for officials of the Standard Oil Co. to appear and be examined as to alleged violations of the Missouri Anti-Trust law. John D. Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers are two of those subpoenaed.

W. S. Manning, the mysterious friend of Senator Depew and John A. Nichols, testifies that he has been paid \$450 a year by Nichols as a retainer. His connection with Nichols began in 1888 when he published a book telling facts about an insurance investigation. Nichols bought every copy of the book and has since retained Manning.

Investigation of the Mutual shows that the company raised assessments and formed liens on the policies.

Officials of six Hartford, Conn., insurance companies are requested to appear before the New York investigating committee.

The entire election board of one district in New York City is indicted by the Grand Jury for election frauds.

Medical experts testify that Midshipman Branch was killed by blows on the head. Charles F. Murphy leaves New York City for Mount Clemens, Mich., to rest a while.

The Frick and Carnegie buildings in Pittsburg are to be consolidated. This ends the long war between the Frick and Carnegie interests.

Forty suits, contesting the election of every city and county official in the City of Louisville and Jefferson County, Ky., are filed.

Judge Parker, counsel for Mayor McClellan, fights the motion of attorneys for

W. R. Hearst to open the ballot-boxes and recount the ballots. Only a few days ago Judge Parker stated, in an eloquent flow of language, that McClellan would resort to no such tactics.

One hundred thousand sympathizers of the Russian Jews parade in New York chanting funeral dirges.

November 24.—Senator Foraker presents a bill to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee giving the Federal courts power to investigate complaints of shippers.

Thomas Taggart appoints August Belmont treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

Thomas W. Lawson claims that he now has enough proxies to control the New York and Mutual Life insurance companies.

Senator Elkins, the recognized leader against railroad rate regulation, surrenders to President Roosevelt, and announces that he will support any bill the President recommends.

Bishop Henry M. Turner, one of the most prominent negroes in America, in an address at Macon, Ga., denounces the United States Supreme Court, and advises the negroes to go back to Africa, and build up a republic of their own.

The New York Supreme Court decides that the Legislature has a right to amend the charters of insurance companies.

Insurance investigation shows that the New York Life participated in the United States Steel syndicate to the amount of \$2,325,000. It is also shown that Andy Hamilton received \$59,000 from the New York Life through George W. Perkins.

The New York Appellate Court decides in favor of Franklin B. Lord, in his suit against the mutualization of the Equitable. The Court further holds that the Legislature has the power to amend the charter so that the company may be mutualized.

The New York Supreme Court refuses to grant the demurrers of Harriman and others filed to suits brought against the Equitable directors for an accounting of the Society's funds and a division of the profits with the policyholders. The suits will now have to be tried on their merits.

November 25.—A despatch from Baltimore states that Governor Warfield takes the Democratic control of Maryland from Senator Gorman.

James D. Wells, former vice-president of the Mutual Reserve Company, states that President Frederick A. Burnham told him that former State Superintendent Louis F. Payn offered to let Burnham write the report of an investigation, which the New York State Insurance Department had made of the company in 1898, for \$100,000.

Senator Burton, of Kansas, is again found guilty of practicing before the Post-Office Department in violation of the law.

Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, wife of the recent Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, is killed in an automobile wreck.

Charles M. Schwab gets control of the three largest steel plants in Ohio, valued at \$2,800,000.

President Roosevelt rejects the railroad rate bill proposed by Senator Foraker. The President also sits as judge in investigating a case against Assistant United States Treasurer Leib, for being too active in politics.

Perry Belmont goes to Washington to discuss plans with the President for reforming elections.

Secretary of State Root announces that the United States Government will hereafter conduct all affairs relating to Corea through the Japanese legation at Washington.

Samuel Gompers is re-elected president of the American Federation of Labor.

November 26.—W. R. Hearst begins a state organization in New York.

The assets of the Equitable are \$67,142,865.42 instead of \$80,794,260, according to a statement of President Morton. Sixteen persons are killed in a railroad wreck at Bakers Bridge, Mass.

President Roosevelt announces that he will recommend free trade with the Philippines after 1909, and a reduction of the present rate at once.

Secretary Wilson files his annual report of the Agricultural Department. The value of this year's corn crop is \$1,216,000,000; cotton, \$575,000,000; hay, \$605,000,000; wheat, \$525,000,000.

President Burnham, of the Mutual Life Reserve, denies that Louis F. Payn demanded \$100,000 from him in 1898.

Anthracite mine owners decide to fight the demands which the miners will make in the spring. Large stores of coal are being put aside to meet the demands when the strike is declared.

Butler County, Neb., decides to boycott the Burlington and Union Pacific railroads, because the railroads refuse to pay taxes.

November 27.—President Roosevelt decides on a lock canal at Panama, and will make such a recommendation to Congress.

The Insurance investigation shows that George W. Perkins used several million dollars of the New York Life's funds for syndicate deals and pocketed the profits. Andrew Hamilton, the Albany lobbyist, was also paid large sums by Perkins.

Cubans on the Isle of Pines arm to resist the Americans who wish to throw off Cuba's control.

Nine persons are killed in a powder mill explosion at Emporium, Pa.

Assistant Treasurer Leib is dismissed from office by the President.

Clerks on railroads controlled by E. H. Harriman are requested to withdraw their insurance proxies for Thomas W. Lawson and give them to Harriman.

W. R. Hearst wins his fight to have the ballot boxes opened for a recount in five districts.

In an investigation before the New York State Commission, New York gas companies refuse to produce their books.

August Belmont declares that he will surrender his street railways to New York City if Municipal Ownership proves successful, as it would be for the public gain to do so.

Perry Belmont makes public a number of letters from prominent men indorsing his policy for pure elections.

November 28.—Insurance investigation shows that Andrew Hamilton received \$18,000 more from the New York Life, which sum was charged to the assets of a collapsed bank.

Nelson County, Va., is making an endeavor to force Thomas F. Ryan to pay his taxes. Ryan claims to be a resident of Virginia when in New York, and in that way escapes paying taxes in New York on his stocks and bonds. Virginia gets only \$1,500 on his enormous fortune.

H. H. Rogers is subpoenaed as a witness in the case which the State of Missouri is bringing against the Standard Oil Co. Columbia University abolishes football.

William Travers Jerome declares the New York Supreme Court not entitled to common respect, and that some of the judges are controlled entirely by Charles F. Murphy and Tammany Hall.

Mayor McClellan decides not to resist the order of Judge Amend allowing the opening of ballot-boxes in five election districts.

A Tammany district captain is convicted of fraud.

Surgeons declare that falls and not blows killed Midshipman Branch.

Secretary Root warns the annexationists in the Isle of Pines not to expect help from the United States.

The President and Speaker Cannon reach an agreement on the rate question. The Speaker will support the rate bill, and the President will not urge a revision of the tariff at the coming session of Congress.

November 29.—Richard A. McCurdy resigns the presidency of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., and Frederick Cromwell is elected temporary president. McCurdy's son and son-in-law also leave the Mutual.

President Roosevelt declares against bossism in New York, and refuses to name

his choice of a leader to succeed Odell's man, Halpin.

Senator Patterson, of Colorado, is held in contempt of court for publishing certain cartoons in his two papers.

Coal operators in the Pittsburg district decide to forestall the demand which the miners will make for a 12 per cent. increase by now offering 5 per cent.

Herbert G. Squiers resigns as Minister to Cuba. Edward Morgan is chosen his successor.

President Roosevelt discusses proposed reforms in football with Coach Reid, of Harvard.

Germany gives the Secretary of State notice that she will terminate her reciprocity treaty with the United States March 1, and put a new tariff law in force.

Senator Burton is sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of \$2,000. The sentence debars him from holding office.

The State Commission begins an investigation of gas companies of New York City.

Four more Tammany men are sent to the penitentiary for illegal voting.

Another movement is started to have New Mexico and Arizona admitted as states. The new rate bill prepared by the Interstate Commerce Commission does not suit the President.

November 30.—Republican leaders at Washington agree that the railroad rate bill proposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission does not present the President's attitude on the question.

Report of the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs practically advocates free trade with the Philippines.

The court-martial of Midshipman Meriwether comes to a sudden end at Annapolis.

Hon. Alton B. Parker replies to District Attorney Jerome's attack on the New York Supreme Court, and claims that the court is unsurpassed by that of any state.

Thirty lives are lost in a storm on the Great Lakes.

December 1.—A celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the Jews in the United States is held in Carnegie Hall. Addresses are made by ex-President Cleveland, by the Governor of New York State and by the Mayor of New York City.

The Insurance Investigation Committee of New York decides to make an examination of the State Insurance Department.

It is reported from Washington that President Roosevelt has resolved to have Senator Platt and ex-Governor Odell eliminated in the reform of the Republican State Organization of New York.

The Santa Fé Railroad will extend its Gulf division to New Orleans, and thus become a direct competitor with the Southern Pacific.

Andrew Hamilton, who was confidential representative of the insurance company at Albany, and is now living in Paris, is said to be preparing an answer to the statements made against him.

December 2.—Influential policyholders of the New York Life plan a protective committee to sweep Perkins and McCall out of the company.

Richard A. McCurdy, recent president of the Mutual Life, has sold his country estate at Dover, N. J., and, it is said, is about to enter a sanitarium.

The defunct Enterprise National Bank, of Allegheny, Pa., is able to pay only 10 per cent. on deposits of \$2,700,000. At a meeting of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee it is expressed as an opinion that a time limit of one year should be fixed on all railroad rates determined by the Government.

Four ballot-boxes of the recent New York City election are opened and a recount made, with the result that seven votes are added to the Hearst total, while McClellan loses ten.

December 3.—It has been discovered that land fraud operators in Oregon, in addition to the frauds previously discovered, have forged certificates of the state and disposed of them to bankers and capitalists all over the United States.

Eighteen miners lose their lives in an explosion in the Diamond coal mines at Diamondville, Wyo.

Financiers who have been more or less discredited by the insurance investigation want Postmaster-General Cortelyou to be called to testify about a \$225,000 campaign fund made up by the corporations. At Washington, Postmaster-General Cortelyou, who is Chairman of the Republican National Committee, refuses to discuss the matter.

Tawney, of Minnesota, will be Republican leader in the House of Representatives. Democrats of the House meet and nominate John Sharp Williams as candidate for the Speakership. The Republicans nominate Speaker Joseph E. Cannon. The Democrats sound an alarm against too enthusiastic support of President Roosevelt on his railroad rate policy.

The attorneys for William R. Hearst in the contested election for the Mayoralty of New York assert that Hearst will be found to have been elected on the recount.

Representative Campbell, of Kansas, will introduce in the House a bill to abolish private cars used in interstate commerce.

Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, will introduce a bill to prevent the adulteration of foods, drugs and liquors.

More than a million dollars has been subscribed to the fund for the relief of the Jewish sufferers in Russia.

Thomas F. Ryan is to be called by the Armstrong Insurance Investigation Committee.

John Bartlett, author of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," died yesterday at Cambridge, Mass., aged seventy-five.

December 4.—The first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress opens today. It is said that a member of the Virginia delegation in the Democratic caucus of House members introduced yesterday a resolution indorsing Roosevelt and urging him as a nominee of the Democratic Party in 1908.

Commander Howard, of the Maryland State Oyster Navy, arrives at Crisfield, Md., on an armed steamer to investigate charges against several hundred oystermen of raiding private oyster beds of the Tangier Packing Company. The oystermen are enraged against what they declare an attempt to deprive them of their livelihood and have armed themselves with rifles and revolvers. Ten thousand men are engaged in oyster dredging in Maryland waters, and nearly all of them are opposed to the private ownership of the beds. A bill providing for the lease of barren bottoms, which failed at the last session of the Legislature, will be the subject of a bitter fight at the next opening in January.

On the authority of one of the members of the Insurance Investigating Committee it is said the insurance inquiry will be continued in 1906.

The annual report of the Internal Revenue Bureau, Treasury Department, shows that the receipts for the year ending June 30, 1905, were \$234,178,976, an increase of \$1,284,195 over the collections for the fiscal year 1904.

December 5.—A receivership has been asked for the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railway, on the ground that it is unable to pay its debts.

It is rumored that G. W. Perkins, vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company and member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., will resign the former office early next week.

Representative Morrell, of Pennsylvania, introduces in the House two bills extending Federal power over life insurance companies.

Minority Leader John Sharp Williams introduces several bills in the House which tend to show an effort to drive the Republicans into some sort of tariff revision. One of the bills provides for a minimum tariff and declares the existing schedules to constitute the maximum from which a general reduction of 20 per cent. is to be made to all countries which grant admission

to articles from the United States at minimum tariff rates provided by them. Another of Mr. Williams's bills provides for free trade with the Philippines; a third deals with campaign contributions, forbidding any national bank or corporation of Federal charter, or any corporation in interstate commerce, from making a contribution to influence elections, or the course of legislation before Congress, or any state or municipal legislation, under penalty of a heavy fine.

Secretary Bonaparte, in the annual report of his Department, recommends that the Navy have two vice-admirals and that the rank of commodore be restored. He also opposes a larger tonnage in the Navy.

In New York 125,000 Jews have a funeral parade to mourn for their brethren massacred in Russia.

December 6.—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company issues a statement that in view of the general agitation on railroad rates all rebates and concessions and free transportation will be discontinued at the end of this year.

Charges are made in the House of Representatives that Anthony Michalek, Republican, of Chicago, is an alien. The protest was referred to a committee.

J. H. Brown, of Portland, Ore., who has been engaged in Shanghai, China, in business for many years, calls on the President to say that the boycott against American goods in China was inspired by an American, formerly a consul in China, but now in the employ of the Chinese Government.

The National Convention on Immigration begins its sessions in New York Governor Robert E. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, announces that he will resign the governorship and take his seat in the

United States Senate January 25, 1906.

At the Insurance Investigation Committee it is shown that the Mutual Reserve Company employed a lobbyist to get a license to do business in Missouri, and that this was done upon the advice of an employee of the Insurance Department of that state.

The President's message was read yesterday to the House and the Senate at the opening of the Fifty-ninth Congress. It contains about 25,000 words. The main features are the recommendations for railroad rate regulation; Federal supervision of corporations; emphasis of the Monroe Doctrine; our assistance to maintain order in San Domingo; strengthening of the Army and Navy; the upbuilding of our merchant marine.

December 7.—The House members on both sides begin an attack on the bill to appropriate \$16,500,000 for the work of the Isthmian Commission. Four and

a half hours are spent in sharp discussion.

A despatch from Seattle says that Captain Amundsen, of Norway, has made his way through the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Western Arctic Ocean and that he has found the true magnetic pole on King William Island. Senator Heyburn introduces a resolution for the annexation of San Domingo and Hayti to the United States.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew resigns from the Board of Directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

By an amendment to the Panama Canal Appropriation bill the House of Representatives vote for only \$10,000,000, instead of \$16,500,000.

Foreign News

November 9.—The sailors and troops mutiny at Cronstadt, Russia. The town is on fire. Sailors aboard the warships bombard the Cossacks on shore. The cause of the mutiny is the refusal of the authorities to hear the grievances of the sailors.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the Czar has decided to grant self-government to Poland.

General Trepooff has been removed from his position as Governor-General of St. Petersburg and becomes commander of the Imperial Guard.

Count Witte's plans to form a Ministry of representatives of the various political parties have failed. It is said that Count Witte is suffering from nervous prostration.

The Jews in St. Petersburg fear a massacre. The National Committee for the relief of sufferers by Russian massacres has sent \$75,000 already, and asks for a fund of \$1,000,000.

It is reported from Paris that the Sultan of Morocco will ask of the Powers a guarantee of Morocco's independence, and an agreement that The Hague Tribunal will settle all disputes of details that may arise.

At the inauguration banquet of the new Lord Mayor of London, Prime Minister Balfour appeals to the guests on behalf of the unemployed of London.

November 10.—Americans in St. Petersburg hurry to the American Embassy for protection.

An Imperial rescript suggests that the promised reforms in Russia may not be inaugurated until the disorders cease.

Quiet has been restored under martial law at Cronstadt.

The Powers decide to make a combined naval demonstration against Turkey.

November 11.—Thirty thousand Russian soldiers, being held prisoners in Japan, cheer the Russian revolution.

The Russian Government is using stern measures to preserve order in Poland. At Odessa the prisoners revolt, and are shot down by the troops.

Lord Lansdowne suggests that the Powers take judicial and financial control of Macedonia.

The Powers will make a naval demonstration to enforce the suggestion, and it is hoped to end the Balkan question in this manner.

Russian woman shoots Governor Klingenber, of Moghaleff, Russia, while attending a reception given by the Governor.

Queen Alexandra contributes \$10,000 and initiates a movement for the relief of the unemployed in England.

Government seizes stores of coal in Warsaw in the hope of compelling the strikers to return to work.

Russian naval officers flee from mutinous sailors at Cronstadt.

Plans for a socialistic Utopia in Russia are credited to the Social Democrats, and two new papers are started to expound the ideas.

Poland demands complete autonomy.

November 12.—Peasant rioting in South-east Russia is rapidly spreading.

General uprising is threatened in Poland because of martial law being declared.

Miss Helen Gould is awarded a grand prize by the Liège International Exposition for public philanthropic work.

The Czar rescinds all reforms granted Poland until agitations cease.

November 13.—Russian soldiers at Sveaborg mutiny. The peasant risings grow more serious.

Prince Charles of Denmark is elected King of Norway.

Count Witte's new Cabinet meets and considers the project of making part of the Council of the Empire elective.

Japanese Government decides to issue a \$250,000,000 loan.

Cuban House passes a bill allowing all Cuban newspapers to go through the mails free of charge.

Revolt spreads throughout Russia. Soldiers and machine guns are being hurried to the worst affected provinces.

November 14.—A state of war has been declared at Vladivostok, and most of the town has been burned.

Council of workmen's delegates, held in St. Petersburg, proclaims a general strike throughout Russia.

London County Council decides to introduce a bill in Parliament under which the Council will supply all the electric energy for London and suburbs.

Premier Balfour, of England, denies that he is a protectionist.

British National Union of Conservative Associations adopts a resolution in favor of the preferential treatment of trade between the motherland and the colonies.

November 15.—Prince Charles accepts the throne of Norway, and will rule as Haakon VII.

The Powers at Constantinople, except Germany, present a joint ultimatum to the Porte, demanding the financial control of Macedonia.

November 16.—The Czar publishes his land gifts to the peasants. Under this gift vast tracts belonging to the Czar and to private owners will gradually pass into the hands of the agricultural class. The Czar also promises to abolish the land redemption tax within two years, which means the giving of \$42,500,000 a year to the peasants.

Premier Witte appeals to the workingmen to return to work and end the strike.

Premier Witte appoints Baron Gunsberg to distribute relief money for the Jews.

Armenians destroy two Tartar villages in Caucasia and massacre many of the inhabitants.

Seven hundred thousand men are idle in Japan since the return of the troops. Japan is suffering an industrial depression which seems likely to continue for some time.

President Castro refuses to pay the second instalment of arbitration award.

A false Czar appears in Russia with a following of 50,000.

An Austrian admiral is selected as commander of the international fleet which is to make a demonstration against Turkey.

November 17.—Learning of the revolt in the army in Manchuria, St. Petersburg workingmen call on the soldiers and sailors at home to join them in fighting for a government by the people.

Railroad traffic is resumed in Poland.

A bomb is thrown at a squad of Cossacks in Warsaw.

Germany decides to build six new cruisers at a cost of \$6,750,000.

Despatches state that 25,000 Jews have been murdered and 100,000 wounded in the recent outrages in Russia.

November 18.—Liberals and Conservatives join forces in Russia to prevent the spread of anarchy.

Constitutional party in Finland declares in favor of a single chamber Diet open to both sexes.

German torpedo boat is sunk by a collision with a cruiser at Kiel, and one officer and thirty-two men are drowned.

Cuban secret police find a large supply of arms and ammunition in Havana.

Havana, Cuba, is having trouble with yellow fever, due to neglect of sanitary regulations.

The Corean Cabinet agrees to adopt the proposition of Marquis Ito for a Japanese protectorate.

France will gain \$8,000,000 a year by the separation of Church and State.

The Pope appoints four new Cardinals, only one being Italian.

November 19.—One hundred and twenty-eight lives are lost by the sinking of the Southampton Railway Co.'s Channel steamer *Hilda* off St. Malo. Only one person was saved.

Thirty-nine are killed and thirty injured in a fire in Glasgow, Scotland.

St. Petersburg workmen abandon the strike, but are debating demanding an eight-hour day.

Russian officers call on the Japanese to quell a mutiny among returning Russian prisoners.

The damage done by Vladivostok mobs is estimated at \$25,000,000.

The Japanese press is jubilant over the new treaty with Corea.

November 20.—A coal steamer sinks off the Canadian coast and twelve men are drowned.

Although Corea has accepted the protectorate, the Emperor of Corea is hostile to Japan.

Hendrik Witboi, leader of the Hottentot revolt against the Germans in Southwest Africa, dies.

The British Consul at Odessa demands a passport for the whole British colony at that place.

All consuls at Warsaw demand military guards.

November 22.—Turkey refuses the demands of the Powers for the control of Macedonia.

The Zemstvo decide to co-operate with Premier Witte in support of the Russian Government.

Peasant insurrections get beyond control in three of the provinces, and the revolutionists are urging the agrarians to seize the lands.

Hundreds of Jews are leaving Russia for Palestine.

November 23.—The Governor-General of Poland orders his subordinates to treat agitators as traitors and shoot them down.

The Russian Zemstvo votes in favor of a direct universal ballot, despite the efforts of Premier Witte's friends.

A portion of the international fleet sails for Besike Bay, which is within Turkish waters.

The Zemstvo pledges its support to the Russian Government, provided the promises in the Manifesto of October 30 are fulfilled, and the persons to blame for the Jewish massacres are punished.

November 24.—Turkey replies to the Powers' demand for control of Macedonia. The Sultan declares he will not be responsible for the lives of Christians in Turkey if the Powers press their point. The Zemstvo Congress divides on the question of autonomy for Poland.

The Russian garrison at Sevastopol rebels. Riots are spreading throughout Russia.

November 25.—One regiment of soldiers and many sailors mutiny at Sevastopol, and join the workmen. Soldiers are being hurried to Sevastopol, but are yet unable to subdue the rioters.

Troops restore Russian authority in the Olkuss district, Poland. This district had set up a provisional government, under a Polish engineer.

The allied fleets sail to menace Turkey. The Sultan shows signs of weakening. Several supposed Cuban revolutionists, who were arrested a few days ago, make peace with the Government and are liberated.

The Russian Government asks Japanese prisoners to preserve order at Medoid. The Russians were so pressed for troops to put down riots that the regiment guarding the Japs had to be pressed into service.

Japanese and Russian Ministers at Washington exchange final ratifications of the peace treaty.

November 26.—Premier Witte calls a meeting of the Cabinet, and rumors of a dictatorship are revived.

The 4,000 sailors and regiment of soldiers who mutinied at Sevastopol return to duty.

Returning Russian prisoners revolt at Vladivostok and kill several of their officers.

Plans for a World's Parliament are formed in Paris.

The Turkish Foreign Minister suggests to the English and Austro-Hungarian embassies that the demands for reforms in Macedonia be modified.

The allied fleet seizes the Island of Mytilene.

November 27.—Mutineers get control of Sevastopol. Rumors state that the Czar will appoint one of the Grand Dukes to rule Russia.

Robert W. Bliss, secretary to the American Embassy at St. Petersburg, is severely beaten by a mob.

King Haakon VII formally takes the oath as King of Norway.

Guns on the Russian ships at Sevastopol are broken to prevent the mutineers from taking them.

November 28.—Sevastopol mutineers refuse to surrender, and the Russian Government prepares to send troops against them. The mutineers are in command of several ships in the harbor, and are ready to fight.

Spencer F. Eddy, secretary to the American Embassy in St. Petersburg, requests permission to arm the Embassy messengers.

Marquis Ito states there will be no system of spoliation under Japanese protectorate of Corea. The Corean Minister fails to interest the French Government in protesting against Japan's assuming authority over Corea.

The Emperor of Germany opens the Reichstag, and says he was glad he could aid President Roosevelt in bringing about peace between Japan and Russia.

A whole battalion of soldiers attached to the Military School of Electricity are arrested.

One hundred and fifty thousand Austrians make a demonstration in Vienna, and demand suffrage.

The relief fund for the Russian Jews reaches \$920,000.

November 29.—In a desperate battle between the troops and mutinous sailors at Sevastopol the troops are victorious. Despatches state that the entire rebel fleet has surrendered.

Artillerymen at Warsaw revolt for better food and dismissal of some officers. Their demands are granted.

Martial law and restrictions on the press are rescinded in Japan.

November 30.—Five thousand are killed at Sevastopol in a fight between troops and mutinous sailors. Several of the mutineers' ships are sunk, but the others refuse to surrender.

Disaffection in the army extends to the regiments near the Czar.

Telegraph wires throughout the Russian Empire have been cut, and telegraph operators are on a strike.

Premier Witte's power is growing less, and he may be unable to save the Empire. Many persons are fleeing from Warsaw.

The Powers decide to coerce the Sultan into acceding to their demands if the demonstration of the fleets fails.

The text of the treaty between Japan and Corea gives Japan power to look after Corea's interests in foreign countries, and to see that treaties with foreign countries are actually carried out.

December 1.—It is reported from St. Petersburg that the Czar's guards have been arrested for presenting a series of petitions.

The Balfour Cabinet, it is reported from London, has decided to resign. It is believed that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be at the head of a Liberal Cabinet to succeed him.

President Loubet, of the French Republic, makes a public statement that he will not accept renomination for the Presidency in the approaching election.

An official despatch from St. Petersburg says that the mutiny at Sevastopol has been checked and that the leaders have been taken. Other reports say that half the city is in ruin and that thousands have been killed.

At St. Petersburg a strike is declared by telegraph operators and post-office employees. There has been a panic on the Bourse and a run on the banks.

The Socialist organization becomes stronger. The Cabinet of Ministers of St. Petersburg has resolved to discontinue martial law in Poland.

It is reported from London that the Powers, while not expecting the Sultan to yield as a result of their occupation of Mytilene, have not decided on the next step to be taken.

The Imperial Insurance office of Germany has informed the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of New York, that it must increase its premium reserve in Germany. The company takes the ground that it is not subject to the law requiring this increase, because it no longer takes new insurance in Germany.

December 2.—It is reported from Athens, Greece, that the allied fleets of the Powers now occupying Mytilene will seize the entrance to the Dardanelles if Turkey does not comply with the demands of the Powers concerning Macedonia by noon of December 3.

December 3.—A despatch from Warsaw says that Moscow is on fire. No news has been received from St. Petersburg since December 1. The striking telegraph operators threaten to destroy the Government lines. It is said the whole domestic staff at the Czar's palace is preparing to strike.

A despatch from Cheefoo says that the Corean Emperor was practically forced at point of bayonet into the agreement with Japan. As a result of the agreement several of the palace officials committed suicide. Incendiary speeches have been made at Seoul and the police and infantry are patrolling the streets with fixed bayonets.

December 4.—Rumors of a tragedy in the Czar's palace still persist. Troops have been drafted to St. Petersburg, and prompt repression is argued by the reactionaries lest the workmen and peasants become too strong. The Socialist parties have decided that an armed rising is the only resource. Russia is drifting into complete anarchy, and Count Witte is powerless to stem the tide. All postal and telegraphic communication has stopped. Messages are sent by courier to the frontier.

A despatch from Odessa says that the mutineers at Sevastopol offered very little resistance afloat and ashore, and that the city is restored to perfect tranquillity. At Kieff a thousand men mutinied. Fifty were killed. Fifty dead and a hundred wounded were left in the streets. Martial law is proclaimed. At Odessa the Jews fear another massacre. At Warsaw many families are leaving the city. Seven hundred post and telegraph officers are on a strike.

A guard for the United States Embassy

at St. Petersburg passes through Berlin. The men, who were dressed in civilian clothes, are believed to come from the U. S. S. *Minneapolis*, which is at Gravesend, England.

Yesterday Premier Balfour, of Great Britain, tendered the resignations of himself and the members of his Cabinet to the King, who accepted them. The King sent for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who will form a Liberal Cabinet.

December 5.—A despatch from Vienna says that the international fleet has occupied the Island of Lemnos and that it is expected the Porte will immediately accede to the demands of the Powers.

At St. Petersburg it is rumored that the Czar is preparing to flee to Germany. As a result of the events in Russia European bourses are on the verge of panic. It is said that the postal and telegraph strike will last for weeks.

December 6.—It is reported from St. Petersburg that the city is guarded by 60,000 soldiers. No mails have been received in the Capital since December 2. It is said that the Witte Ministry is doomed to defeat. The strikers are more defiant than ever. Fifty thousand people have fled from Odessa as a result of the massacre. In the Russian

Baltic provinces the military have joined the Socialists.

December 7.—Lieutenant-General Sakharoff, ex-Minister of War, is shot dead at Saratoff by a woman. It is rumored that a revolt is feared in the garrison of St. Petersburg. The post and telegraph offices are open in the city, though the strike continues. All foreign money has been withdrawn from the banks.

Amid scenes of enthusiasm the Senate of the French Republic adopts the bill for the separation of Church and State. The bill passed the Chamber of Deputies June 1, 1905. It sweeps away the system dating from 1801, when under the Concordat signed by Pius VII and Napoleon the churches became Government property and the clergy employees of the State.

It is reported from Paris that the Foreign Office considers the controversy between the Powers and Turkey to be closed and that only details remain to be settled. The international fleet remains inactive.

Reports from St. Petersburg say that confidence in the Government is waning. Witte seems powerless. Fresh mutinies have occurred among the troops and there is an increase of lawlessness on all sides.



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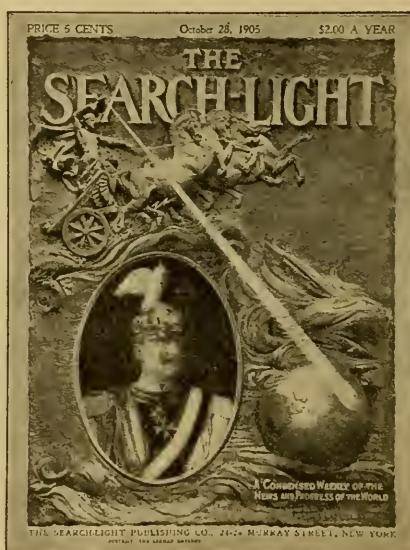
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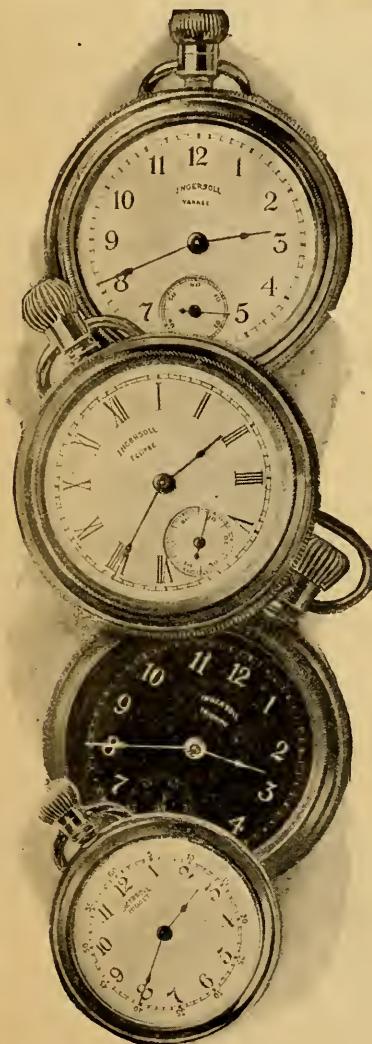
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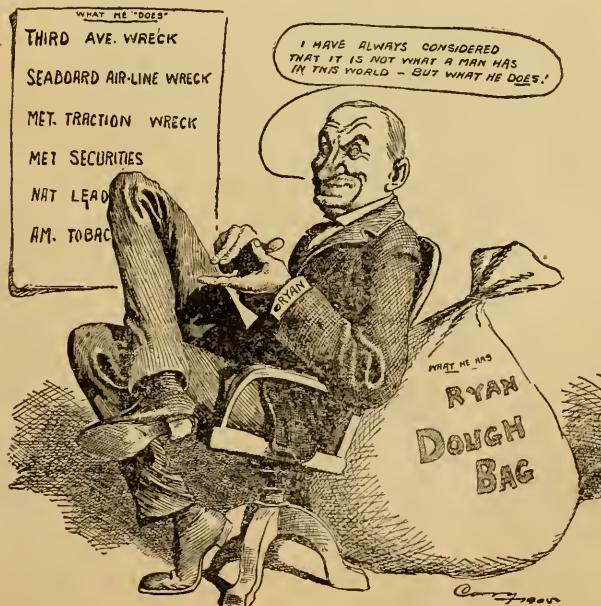
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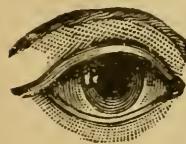
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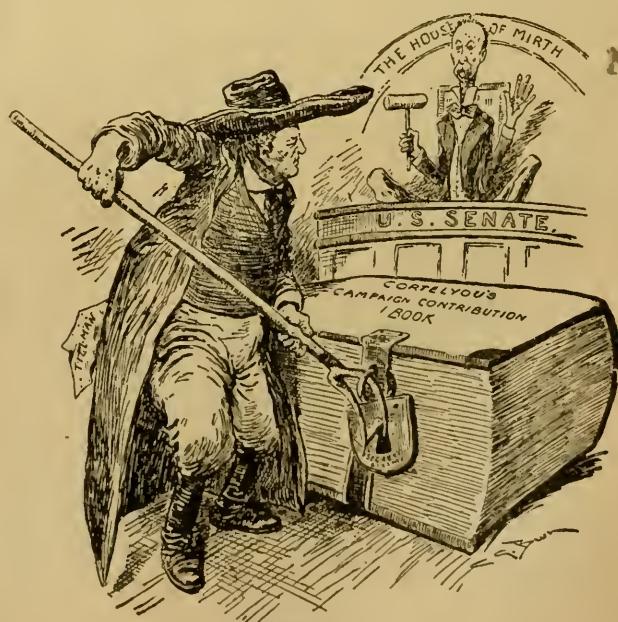
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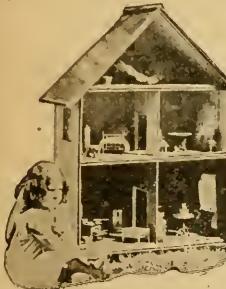
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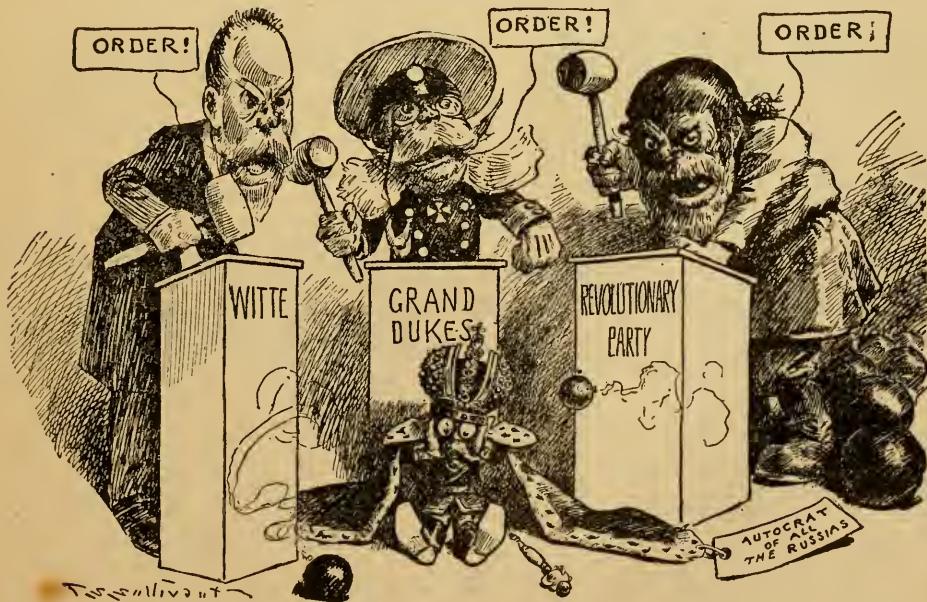
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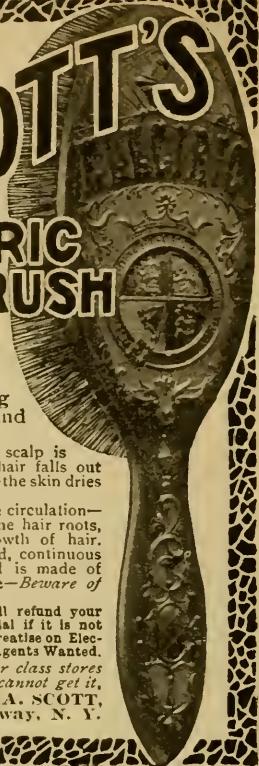
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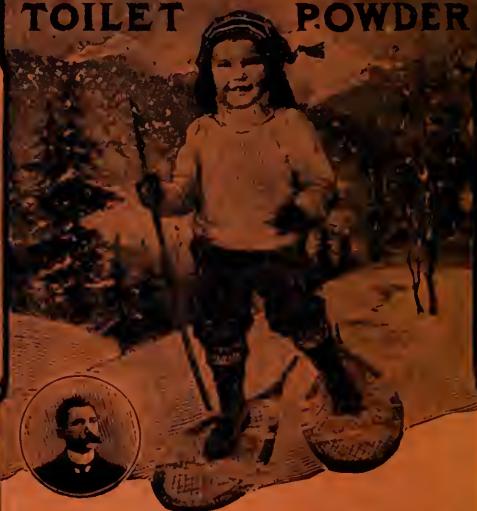
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